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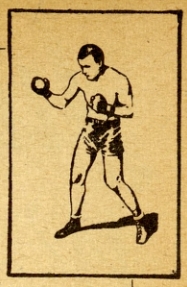

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In Our Next Issue

The Barney Ross-Henry Armstrong fight is the next big fistic attraction. Henry, the Human Buzz Saw, is trying something no other featherweight king has ever tried. Will he succeed?

Read a most interesting story on "Going Down The Other Fellow's Alley," an analysis of world championship fights of the past in which title holders of different classes faced each other with the championship of the lighter division at stake. The author? America's famous boxing critic, Hype Igoe.

Eighty-six years old and still going strong! That's what the dean of world boxing critics, A. D. Phillips, is still doing. A few months ago, when he celebrated his birthday, he paid a visit to the scenes of his childhood days, New England, and in the next issue, he recalls the stirring events of sixty years ago in "A Veteran Reminisces." You'll enjoy the story of this able writer, with his fine flowing style. DON'T MISS IT.

Opportunity may not always make the man, but if you want a good, safe bet, put a small blue stack on the proposition that opportunity makes the fighter. If you doubt it, read "When Fortune Smiles," by Wilbur Wood, Sports Editor of The New York Sun.

In addition, heaps of photos of your favorite fighters and wrestlers, training photos of Ross and Armstrong, stories by Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, Bob Edgren and others. An issue with a Punch.

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Just What IS Ring

WHEN gigantic Buddy Baer turned his back on Gunnar Barlund, looked to his corner and then said to West Point's boxing instructor, Billy Cavanaugh, the referee, "I'M THROUGH," he launched a terrific verbal and written barrage at his own head.

In England, France, and many other boxing centers of the world, Buddy would not have been condemned for what the "Roar of the Crowd" characterized as "quitting."

When a big fellow like Baer, who had punched Barlund into a giddy state in the first, third and seventh rounds, suddenly discovers that he has grown so exhausted that he can't get his hands up any more, is he to be derided? Isn't it a mark of intelligence to reason while fighting, that a knockout is to follow this exhaustion? Are European ring officials ahead of us in condoning such an action in a fighter?

There have been many instances where fighters have deliberately quit time and again in the early part of their careers. Later they came on to be famous for their courage. Baer still is green, with tremendous possibilities for a fellow of his great size. He has a killing punch, and when he found that weariness had robbed him of his punch, like many big fellows before him, Buddy became discouraged. He was beset with mingled exhaustion and doubt. I am not trying to condone his action in chucking it—because that is exactly what he did do. He could have gone to the floor under punishment and been possibly injured, though Barlund is not that kind of a hitter.

* * *

JUST when should a fighter call it a day? Is a young fighter doing the right thing by himself in surrendering to defeat when weariness of arms and legs left him helpless? That was exactly the situation when Baer decided that he had had enough for that one particular night.

He might have taken a few more on the jaw and taken a count. He was his own jury, his own referee, his own boss. He was alone in the great wilderness they call the prize ring. Not a soul on earth could help him. He had a courageous, never-say-die veteran in front of him, and with a little over three more rounds to go, in his crumpling condition, Buddy was headed for a knockout—or complete collapse on the floor.

He had given everything he had in him that night in an effort to bring Barlund down. At the end of the first round, bloody, battered and reeling, it did seem that Barlund would not be able to travel a foot further. He is a foxy veteran of 109 amateur bouts covering a period of eight years. Besides that, he has fought good men in his 25 professional bouts. He really was seasoned, where Baer wasn't. When punished, he knew how to recuperate. He knew the knack of conserving whatever power he had left. Sometimes he would retreat and this greatly encouraged the Baer rooters. They did not, however, take into account that in retreating, Barlund was making a tiring giant follow him.

It was the Gene Tunney Chicago trick all over again. There never was finer judgment used in a ring than that displayed by Tunney after he got up from the "long" count. He had always said, never having been floored, that he would do one of two things, clinch or retreat, after getting up after being floored. He retreated so fast that the tired Dempsey, after scoring the knockdown in the seventh, chased Tunney until his legs wouldn't carry him any further. He stopped in midring and tried to goad Tunney into mixing it again.

Tunney knew instantly that when Dempsey stopped to scold him for running, that Dempsey was through running himself! And so he was!

Tunney began to recover lost prestige then and there. He had recovered and Dempsey had not. He licked the daylights out of Dempsey after Jack went blooie chasing him.

That's just the trick that Barlund worked on Baer. He back trailed away from punishment and Baer was confident enough at the time to chase him. Probably muttered: "I'll get him yet."

He never did get him. Barlund, powerful of legs and arms, paced himself magnificently and wore the big fellow down until Baer was so exhausted that he couldn't raise his arms.

There was an alibi for this arm weariness. I do not offer it. Baer's camp did the next day. In training he received a cut over his eyelid. He didn't box for eleven days. Naturally, because of this essential drilling with the gloves, he went arm weary when he got down to the actual thing. They wanted to call it off until he could resume boxing in training. Buddy said "no," and he may have written his own fistic death warrant in believing that he could carry on without training bouts.

Brother Max, who came through so magnificently against Tommy Farr, also advised that Buddy go through with the match. He, of all persons, should have warned Buddy against the danger of going through with a tough customer like Barlund without the full schedule of camp boxing.

When Buddy's extraordinary arms went dead lead on him, he was, as he admitted to the referee, Billy Cavanaugh, absolutely "through." He had shot his last punch and only a knockout loomed up in front of him, with Barlund coming like a steam roller.

* * *

I SAW Buddy as he departed for California after his first great setback. He didn't seem depressed about it. He admitted his faults. He knew that he had made the mistake of underrating Barlund and his ability to take a fearful flaying if it came his way. It certainly didn't pass him by in the first two or three rounds. He took everything which Buddy had and then began a march to victory.

He was tireless, a great credit to the Swedish race, as men. The Finns are making a wild claim for Barlund, when, as a matter of fact, both his parents are Swedes, having moved from their country to the capital of Finland to make their home when Gunnar was twelve years old. Before leaving for California, Buddy's last words were:

"I'm going out to stay with the folks for a week, my dad and mother being quite ill. Then I'm going to pack my camping duds and take to the tall timbers. I'll live the life of a lumber jack for several months. I'll shut myself off from civilization and when I come out of the woods I'll be ready to join the House of David.

"I'll redeem myself. It isn't that I didn't do things correctly. I carried out instructions, but when I blew up, I blew up all over. I'll redeem myself. I'll redeem myself by knocking out Barlund.

"I had him whipped up to the time I collapsed physically. I could have taken a knockout punch, I suppose, and made myself more heroic, but my thought at the time was to save myself for another try at him. If I face him again and he repeats his victory, then I must be wrong, must be sailing under false colors, must be in the wrong business. I'm sure I'm not. I'm sure I'll reestablish myself and get to the top. I'm only a kid, mister, only a kid."

* * *

THAT'S the way the young fellow talks, and it's not a bad speech. Time alone can tell whether or not this huge baby really will turn into a man giant.

There have been strange tales written into the archives of boxing concerning this word GAMENESS. Quitters have been known to take sides with courage and have come along to be the bravest men in ring history!

There was one glaring example, and, knowing nothing of this fighter's career so far as actual observance of his early fighting is concerned, I cannot prove my case with definite stability.

I speak of Kid Carter, to my mind one of the most courageous fighters ever I looked upon, in action. I saw him fight Joe Walcott and George Gardner some three times in San Francisco. There were terrific bouts for you—bloody, savage, the last word in

Courage?

By HYPE IGOE

supreme grit. Carter was a golden-haired fellow from Brooklyn. He was like the Tommy Farr of today, except that he could hit ten times harder than Tommy.

There came the strange spectacle of a triangle in these encounters. It was most puzzling and only styles and peculiar kind of confidence under fire could have brought about different results. If my memory serves me correctly, I saw them fight around in this queer triangle in San Francisco on three different occasions.

Carter, in the most daring attacks I've ever looked at, whipped Walcott each time. George Gardner, the man from whom Bob Fitzsimmons won the light-heavyweight championship, came along and was whipped by Walcott and then Gardner turned around and boffed the ears off Carter. There's one for you! They probably would have fought around in this triangle for the rest of their lives with no switching of results.

* * *

I CAN see Carter now in my mind's eye, his golden mane flying in the wind of Walcott's terrific punches, yet in every rally, Carter would back the Barbadoes Demon into corners and flay him within an inch of his life. It was a daring thing to do, walking into Joe Walcott, trying to knock his block off. Once I saw Walcott turn and run away from Carter, crying to the referee that "This man is tryin' to diss-bowel me, suh."

I mention Kid Carter in this rôle because, in the early part of his career, Kid Carter was known as a rank "quitter." One must approach such a word, such a charge, with caution, because, no matter what Kid Carter did in his sprouting days as a fighter, he DID become one of its stoics, as game a man as ever laced on fighting shoes.

Kid Carter, it so happens, comes to my mind because of the charge that Buddy Baer "quit." Ugly word when it is not thoroughly understood. Isn't it possible that the same motive which possessed Buddy came to Kid Carter when they said he quit under fire? Not without reason did he retire when the going got beyond his conception. In his youth, he couldn't reason things out as he did later when he was making Joe Walcott appeal to the referee and the ringsiders for help.

It is said that Jack Sharkey didn't like it any too well when he was fighting in the United States Navy as "Battling Skee." Jack Sharkey became the heavyweight champion of the world, winning his title from Max Schmeling with one of his eyes closed as tight as a drum.

He was the only heavyweight who wanted any truck with Harry Wills, the "Brown Panther," and cried like a child in his corner when the referee stopped the bout to disqualify Wills for an infringement of the rules. Sharkey wept because, though the disqualification made him the victor over the "Black Menace," it did rob him of a possible knockout. At the time the bout was halted, Wills was on the way for a sleep potion. Sharkey, that night, on a promise to William Muldoon, the Solid Man, fought the fight of his whole lifetime.

* * *

MIKE McTIGUE was a hesitant, cringing sort of a fellow in his early days and wound up being a knockout specialist. Jimmy McLarnin, in his early career, was a will o' the wisp to the extent that his courage was questioned by some writers in California. Jimmy fought that style and did it because it was the only one he knew. Just because he didn't stand and mix, they said he didn't like it. They often say those things without knowing the fighter's innermost thoughts. "Pop" Foster, who developed Jimmy from a fighting urchin of fourteen in the streets, liked the hit-and-get-away style. It was Jim Corbett's, and who can say that Jim wasn't game. He simply depended on a hit-and-get-away style for victory and would mix it with the best of them when the time to mix came. His sixty-one-round "no contest" struggle with Peter Jackson will always go down in history as a ring classic.

Jim was only nineteen then and Jackson was a finished, seasoned warrior. Jim showed that he could punch when he had to, by knocking out Joe Choynski on the barge in California.

Bob Fitzsimmons, once he deprived Corbett of his title through the solar plexus blow in Carson City, Nev., absolutely refused to fight Corbett a second time.

Corbett threatened to punch Fitz on the nose every time they met after that and once or twice he made good by simply pulling Fitz's nose. Once he spat in Bob's face. Fitz never could be charged with the lack of gameness because he wouldn't fight Corbett a second time. He hated Jim so deeply that he would not give him a chance to regain his lost kingdom.

* * *

REFERRING to Jimmy McLarnin again, his advent as one of the hardest hitting light and welterweights in those divisions is interesting. He never had been any shucks as a thumber. One night he fought Jackie Fields, and when an opportunity came, Jimmy stepped inside with a short right and Fields lay on the floor, quivering like a jelly fish. Jimmy was amazed. He told me:

"I thought that Fields had dropped dead. I looked down at him and wondered what had happened to him. It never dawned on me that my punch had flattened him. Then came other fights. I began trying to step in with punches instead of away. The result was magical. I had hitting powers of which I little dreamed. I began to study hitting instead of speed and I'm afraid I did quite well, didn't I?"

* * *

THERE have been fighters who were renowned for their courage but not always were they the greatest fighters in the world. Courage in the ring doesn't always mean capability. Pluck often is devoid of precision. Aggression often is mistaken for assininity. There is plenty in a man to commend who saves himself from punishment and for the future. At best, a fighting man has five years of prosperity if he is a top-notcher. Usually he is in the money for two years fighting up to the title. He is champion three, and then he goes *(Continued on page 43)*

Buddy Baer, who learned a valuable lesson in Barlund fight.

And Now for Herr Max

By NAT FLEISCHER

KNOCKED out twice in one fight—that was what happened to Harry Thomas when he fought Joe Louis in a world heavyweight championship fight at Chicago Stadium on April 1. It was April Fool's Day in more than one way, for Thomas not only made those who had ridiculed him as an opponent for the title-holder look like fools by putting up a sensational battle, but added to that was the unusual sight of seeing the challenger knocked out on his feet only to have the spectators rub their eyes, look at each other in amazement, and then recall that it was April 1, and that their eyes had deceived them. Rather complicated, eh? Well, here is what took place:

It was the third round. In the two previous sessions, Joe Louis had done little over which the fans could enthuse. He took the first round by jabbing the head off his challenger, who walked to his corner with a forehead as red as a beet. But the crowd was not satisfied. It craved for the usual Louis action—and with it, the punch soporific.

Came the second round, and to the delight of the spectators, Thomas surprised all hands, the champion included, by crashing home several hard wallops to Joe's chin and face. Three right swings to the ear and two solid rights and lefts to the body soon proved to Joe that he didn't have a sucker pitted against him. Of course it was dollars to doughnuts that Louis would eventually emerge the victor by the knockout route, but quoted as 1 to 20, it was expected that the fight wouldn't last more than a round. Imagine Louis' astonishment, therefore, when Thomas not only took all the play away from him in the second frame but won the round, hands down!

* * *

THAT wouldn't do, thought Joe, and the same opinion was held by his chief trainer, Jack Blackburn, who admonished him for not taking a chance and going after his adversary. Well Louis did exactly that when the bell sounded for the third round.

He leaped out of his corner with a look of determination and sailed right into Thomas. His right kept peppering Harry's face with stinging straight punches and the left was working with precision to the jaw. It was almost one continuous round of heavy hitting by the champion, who seemed bent on ending affairs, then and there.

He started out with a left to the face, then came a right to the jaw and a left to the chin. Thomas hooked a short right to Louis' chin and Joe retaliated with a left to the chin, a left hook to the jaw, a left to the eye, another to the nose and a snappy right to the jaw before Thomas got home a right swing to the ear. Harry gained a little confidence following that punch and connected with a left to the body and a right and left to the head and then crashed home a beautiful left to Joe's chin. The champion was hurled against the ropes by the force of that punch. How the crowd did cheer! The kind of action they wanted was now on exhibition.

That ended Thomas' activity. The champ was angered and he let loose a left to the chin that almost took Harry off his feet. Quick as a flash, a right to the same spot followed and Thomas wheeled about, dazed, a helpless creature. His actions following that punch duplicated those of Tommy Loughran when he was struck on the side of the cheek near the ear in his fight with Jack Sharkey.

* * *

THOMAS was out on his feet. He grasped for the ropes, but missed them and then, groggy, like a drunken sailor, he walked toward his corner looking for his chair. Louis followed him, but with true sportsmanship, he looked at Referee Dave Miller and drew back. He didn't want to hit a helpless opponent, though he would have been within his rights had he landed the telling punch and ended the affair.

Referee Miller leaped in to halt the contest and at the same time, with twelve seconds still to go, and Thomas standing in his own corner with his back to Joe Louis, Harry's mentor, Nate Lewis, leaped to the ring platform, grasped the arm of his fighter and sat him on his stool. That constituted a foul, and lost the fight for Thomas regardless of what other action might have been taken by Referee Miller.

The official demanded to know what Lewis was doing on the outside of the ring and waived Joe Louis to his corner, but Thomas' manager pointed to the clock, which had just reached the end of the round and shouted to Miller that the round was over and he had a right to enter the ring. Nate insisted that he had heard the bell, which clanged weakly throughout the fight.

But Nate Lewis failed to point out that he had jumped to the aid of his fighter twelve seconds before the end of the round and that he had already been in his fighter's corner for a longer time than it takes to count a man out! A consultation between the referee and the boxing commission followed and it was decided to permit the fight to go on. Thus Joe Louis was deprived of a three-round knockout—something he had actually scored.

Had Thomas gone to any other corner but his own, his manager never would have been in a position to pull that trick, as old as the hills and one with which the veteran Nate Lewis was quite familiar. That he got away with it was due wholly to the fact that his boy was standing in a helpless position in his own corner. Otherwise Joe Louis undoubtedly would have shot over the killing punch and won as he should have, by a kayo in that frame. It was a duplicate of the trick practiced by Spider Kelly many years ago—that "clock pantomime," as it was dubbed.

* * *

THERE could be no doubt but that according to the rules of boxing, Thomas had been disqualified by the actions of his manager. When Nate Lewis put the stool in position for his fighter to be seated and pushed him into the seat, he aided his man and disqualification should have followed. According to the referee the only reason he did not disqualify Thomas was because Lewis had not actually entered the ring but was standing on the platform. But how about the aid offered by placing the stool in position and shoving Thomas into the seat?

Of course it was far better that the fight ended as it did, by a knockout. The fans had come to see a contest with a kayo scored and nothing short of that would have satisfied them. Halting the fight through the technicality might have started a riot and that's one of the points raised by Referee Miller. Yet, when all is analyzed, a fight is staged either according to the rules of boxing or according to the whims of officials and it is my opinion that the rules of boxing should come first.

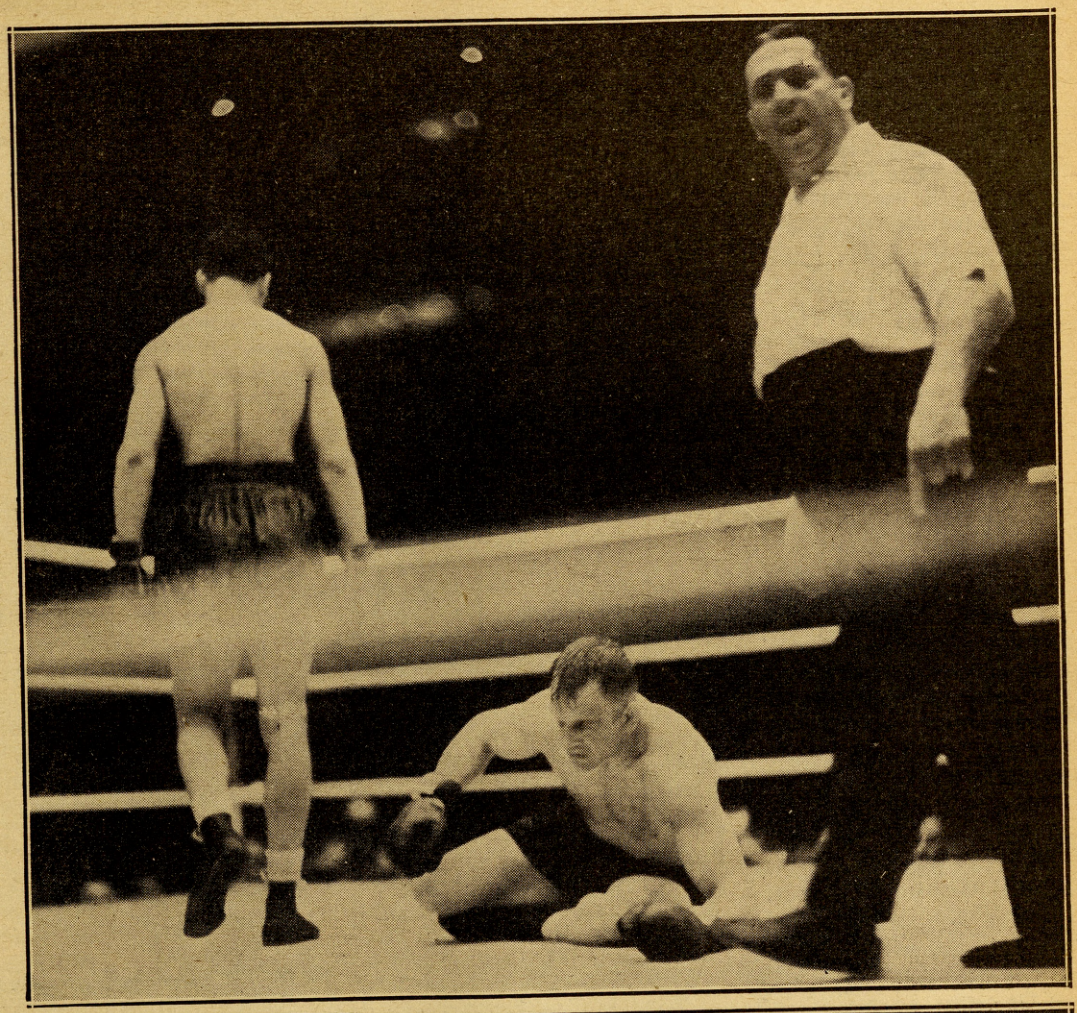
The same situation that faced the arbiter in Chicago was seen by me in the recent Jeffra-Escobar bout in San Juan, Puerto Rico, except that in the latter, no physical aid was given to the fighter. There Heinie Blaustein, co-manager of Jeffra, leaped to the outside of the ring, ran along the platform holding the ropes and shouted his head off for Jeffra to get up after a knockdown.

If Referee McAvoy followed the rules of the sport, he would have disqualified Jeffra when Blaustein carried on. But McAvoy explained that he was afraid of a riot if he stopped the fight and that, after all, the boxing commission was on hand and it was up to its members to act, not the referee.

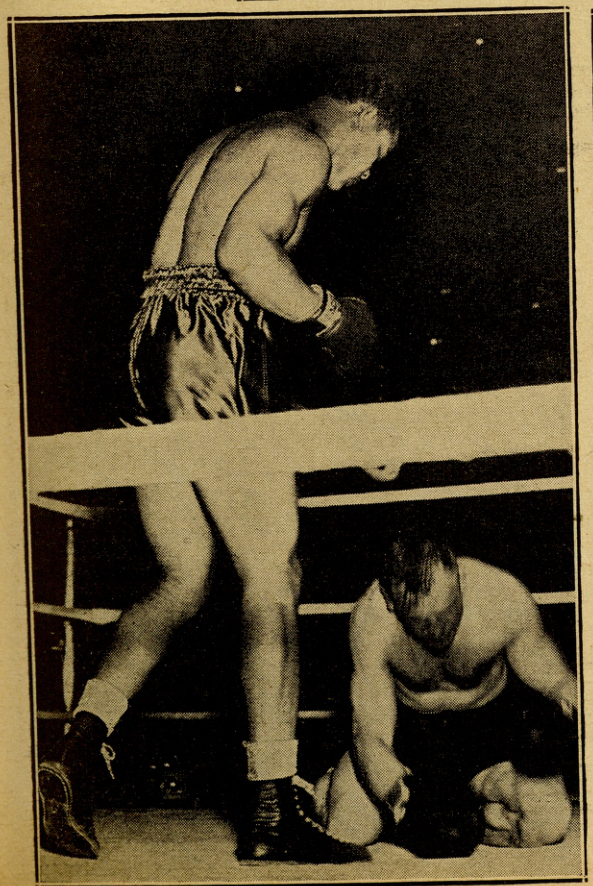
I disagree with McAvoy. While he acted in the best interests of safety, he would have been 100 per cent within his rights to disqualify Blaustein. Some day officials will take the bull by the horns and do just that to seconds who try to put them on the spot.

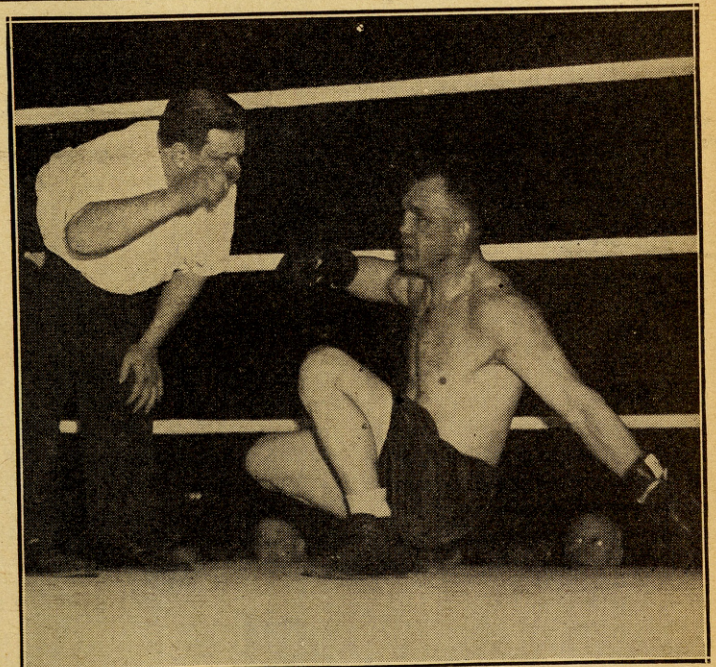
Jack Blackburn, Louis' chief trainer, a veteran of the same school from which Nate Lewis graduated, quickly sensed the trick of Thomas' mentor, and leaping into the

ANOTHER VICTIM DOWNED



The first knockdown in the fourth round. Harry is floored with a left hook to the body and a left hook to the jaw. He fell on his knees and looked dazed as he tried to get up. When the count of nine was reached, he barely got to his feet. It was a close call for Harry.





A left hook followed by two crashing rights to the chin sent Thomas down for the second time. He got up at eight to meet a furious attack by the Brown Bomber. Thomas still had his wits about him, but was unsteady as he arose.

And to the left, is the result of a new attack. Thomas went down on his knees and he remained for a count of nine, barely escaping a knockout.

ring, grabbed Louis and tossing a towel over his head, led him to his corner, thinking the fight was over. As he remarked after the contest, "I figured that Thomas either lost by a knockout or by disqualification."

Blackburn fought his case vehemently when he learned that Dave Miller was going to permit the bout to continue. During the rest period, while Thomas' seconds worked frantically over their dazed, thoroughly whipped fighter, Blackburn, joined by Julian Black, appealed to Joe Triner, the chairman of the boxing board, but Joe shook his head and exclaimed that Dave Miller was the boss and what he decided would go.

The warning buzzer had sounded. Louis had not taken his seat once during the intermission period. He seemed in a quandary as to what action to take. He looked quizzically at Blackburn. It was only after the bell sounded for the start of the round and Referee Miller had walked out to the center of the ring that Joe's towel was removed from his head and four seconds after the bell had clanged, he faced his man again for action.

The third round merely had forecast what was awaiting Thomas in the next. Dazed, still wobbly, face and body red with blotches, Thomas walked out to meet his executioner. He was an easy target for Joe's punches, and thirty-one seconds later he was dropped for the first time in the bout.

Thomas was dropped four times, yet he proved his gameness by coming up and fighting hard after each knockdown. Louis bombarded his body and chin. He handed Harry an unmerciful beating but couldn't stop his opponent.

Harry went to the floor the first time for a count of nine from a vicious left hook to the jaw. Then he went down again for eight following two rights to the jaw. A short right hook put him on the canvas for a nine count and a left to the chin dropped Harry again for seven.

Despite those knockdowns and the shellacking he had received, Thomas amazed the crowd as he hooked over a short right and staggered Louis thirty seconds before the end of the fight. A few seconds before the bell ended this disastrous session for the challenger, he hooked over two short rights to the jaw that popped Louis' head back. Harry was still a dangerous foe!

Gameness! Well, they come no more courageous than Harry Thomas!

* * *

THE champion's left hooks worked effectively in the final session. They were the punches that enabled Louis to retain the crown and to win permanent possession of the beautiful gold belt awarded to the champion by the National Sporting Club of England for successfully defending his title three times. Tommy Farr, Nathan Mann and Harry Thomas were his victims.

Joe started the round with a left to the mouth but took two solid rights to the face and a left hook to the jaw while trying to get under Thomas' guard with his own right. The champ finally succeeded in crashing through and it shook the challenger from head to heels. Another left followed and in turn Joe received a right to the eye.

Louis was now out to end the mill—that could plainly be seen. He rushed his man. His blows became more effective. They stung harder. They snapped back Thomas' head and it was apparent the end was near. But Harry wouldn't yield. He gathered sufficient energy to enable him to deliver a few swinging lefts to body and face, but the steam was now gone.

Louis jabbed away until he got Harry to drop his guard. Then, like a flash, out came a right to the jaw. Quickly there followed a short left hook to the jaw and down went Thomas for a count of eight. He got to his feet and attempted to fight back. His left fell short and in walked the champion with a powerful right hook to the jaw.

He stepped back as Thomas attempted to rush into a clinch and then whipped over a short left hook to the jaw and another and down went Harry. He toppled over, helpless and though he attempted to get to his feet again, he couldn't during the ten seconds allowed him.

Referee Miller picked up the count at four and then tolled off the fateful seconds. Harry got part way up at seven and as Miller's count reached eight, back on his haunches fell Thomas. "Nine—ten—you're out," shouted the official. The world title-holder had successfully retained his crown. He had stopped the man who first was halted by Max Schmeling, in three rounds less time. Thomas for the first time in 61 fights had been counted out but again proved that Joe Louis can be hit.

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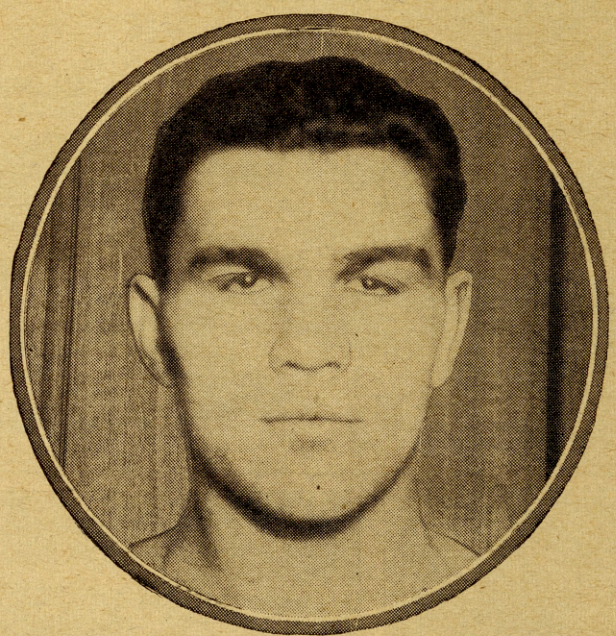


Max Schmeling, whose return engagement with Joe Louis is of international interest in sports circles.

THE battle was a thousand per cent better than was expected. Had the fans thought they would have been treated to such a thrilling affair, they would have packed the Stadium instead of remaining away to hear the report over the radio.

The gate receipts were exceedingly disappointing. Undoubtedly the small turnout means the elimination of Chicago as the scene of the next Schmeling-Louis fight. New York and Philadelphia now loom up as the probable winner with New York favored.

Whereas it was figured that the Chicago bout would draw $75,000, it grossed only $45,600, one of the smallest gates for a heavyweight championship fight in the last forty years. Only 10,468 persons paid to see the world heavyweight king defend his crown, while 5,000 more that same night packed Madison Square Garden in New York to see two middleweights, Glen Lee and Fred Apostoli, fight. Chicago proved it wasn't interested in the world heavyweight king, even though he lives within its precincts, and it can make no complaint when it finds that it has lost whatever chance it had to garner the million dollar fight between Joe and Schmeling.

* * *

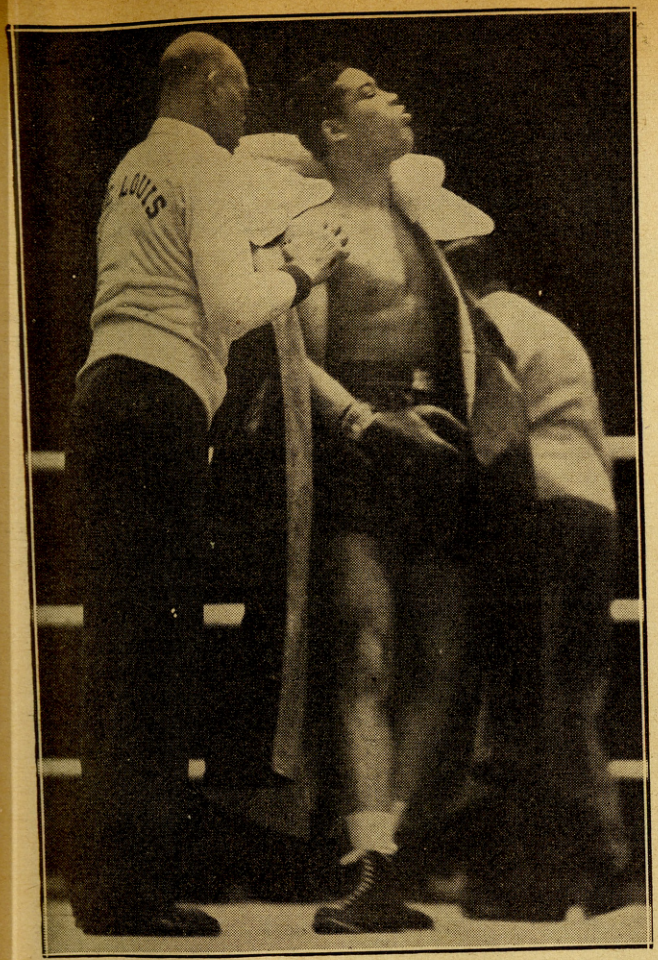
ALTHOUGH Louis was not hurt, twice during the fight his smoothly coordinated attack was tossed out of gear by right-hand smashes to the jaw. That is what seemed to elate Joe Jacobs, sitting at my side, prior to flying back to New York to sail for Hamburg to bring Schmeling to America for his fight with the title-holder. Joe remarked: "Well, that's something I'll carry back with me to Germany. If my Max can duplicate that, he'll follow up and Louis will never be able to tell what hit him. Joe can still be hit by a right and any fighter like Schmeling could have followed up his advantage and knocked Louis out with the proper kind of punch. My Max has what it takes to do it."

Perhaps he has, but the fact remains that when Schmeling and Joe meet again, it will be a different, more seasoned, more careful Louis that will tackle the German. And what is far more important, a heavier hitting Joe, a champion with a devastating punch, once he sets sail.

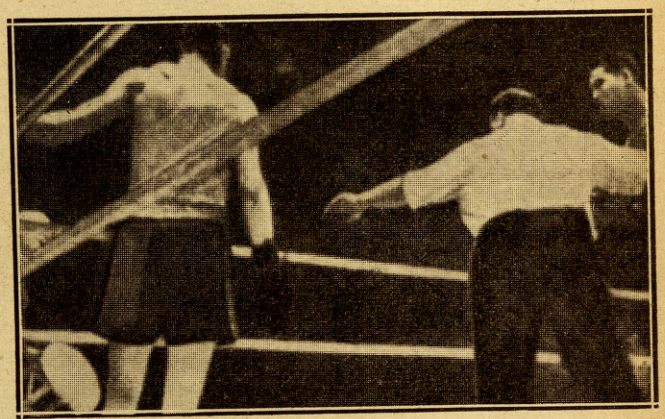
Joe Jacobs had better tell that to Schmeling also, for he should be fully prepared.

(Continued on page 41)

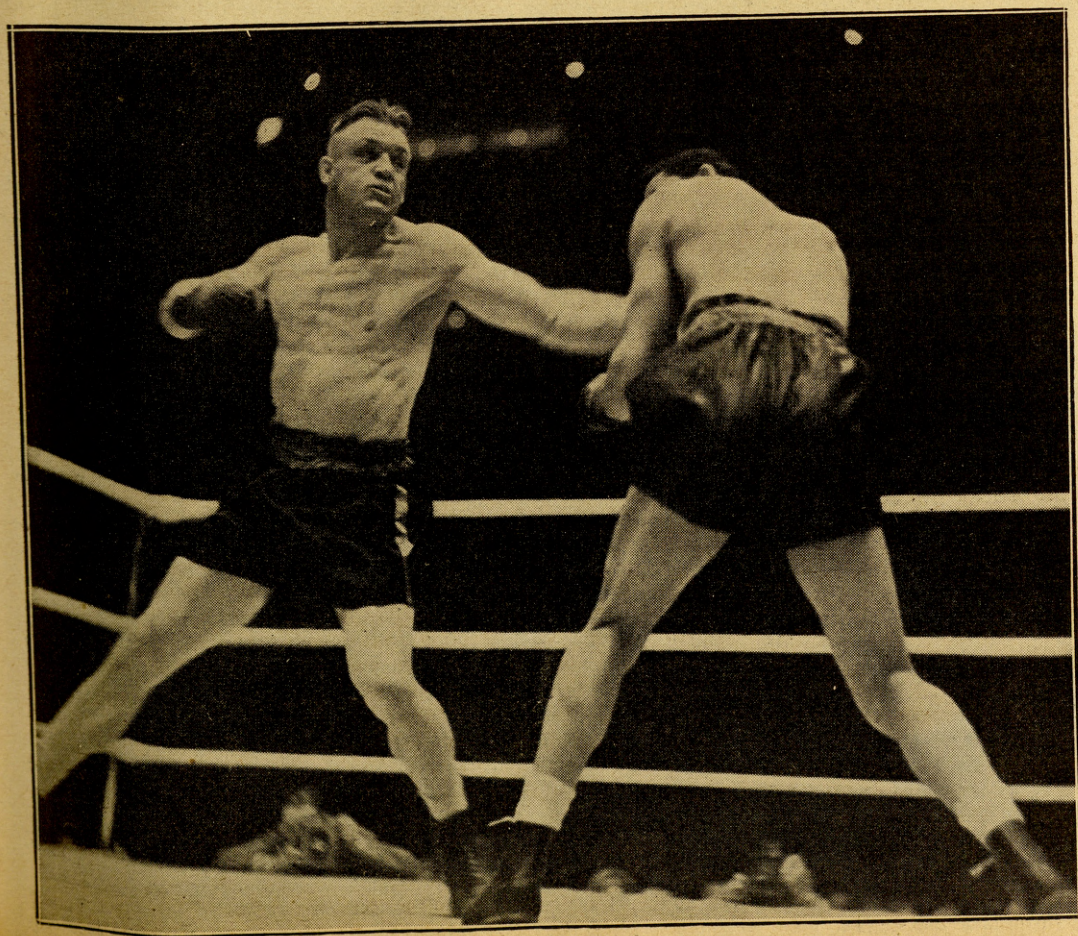
When Trickery Came To the Rescue



Instead of disqualifying Thomas for the help he received as shown in the picture on the right, Referee Miller failed to act. Louis, thinking the bout over, is here seen in his corner being rubbed by his trainer, Jack Blackburn, only to learn a few seconds later that the fight would continue.



Thomas, following a right hook to the chin, was spun around and walked along the sides of the ropes, dazed, in a semi-conscious state. While out on his feet his manager, Nate Lewis, rushed to his aid by placing the stool in the ring, getting into the enclosure and pushing the staggering fighter into the chair.



Harry Thomas leads with his left and Joe Louis blocks the blow with his right shoulder in the second round. In this session the Elgin miner had a shade on the champion.

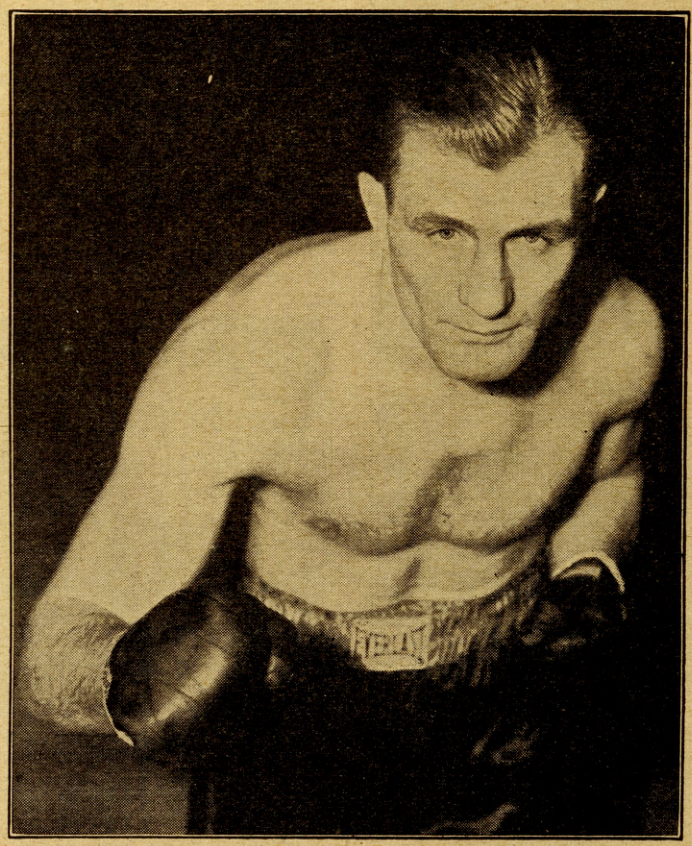
OVERCONFIDENCE

By WILBUR WOOD

Sports Editor N. Y. Sun

OVERCONFIDENCE has lost more battles for famous fighters than lack of condition. Go through the record of the fistic celebrities over the last half century and you'll find knockouts recorded against top flight fighters who should have taken their adversary into camp had they not gone into the ring with the idea that their opponent could be held cheaply. The recent knockout of Buddy Baer by Gunnar Barlund is an example, as is the battering that Tommy Farr received at the hands of Max Baer.

Joe Louis tasted his only defeat since coming to the front not so much because Max Schmeling's powerful fist was superior to that of the Brown Bomber, but primarily because the Detroit socker was so confident that he could take Herr Max whenever he wanted to end the fray that he didn't pay proper attention to his training. There again overconfidence played a tremendous part in Louis' downfall.



Gunnar Barlund, Finnish heavyweight, whose flaying fists crumpled the over-confidence of Buddy Baer.

Take the case of Bob Pastor in his fight with Nathan Mann. If ever there was a cock-sure lad facing an opponent, so confident of victory that his admirers already were figuring on what he would do to Joe Louis in a return engagement, this time for the world title, that man was Bob Pastor! You all know what happened!

If we were to analyze the situation among the leading heavyweights in the last two years we would find several other cases in which overconfidence played its part in causing the defeat of one of the top flight ring men. The Gunnar Barlund-Alberto Lovell fight was similar to that of the Pastor-Mann with the Argentinian taking a beating only because the ballyhoo on him had gone to his head to the extent that he deemed himself the outstanding heavyweight of the Universe. But Barlund changed that attitude by scoring a rather one-sided victory.

Looking over the past forty years of boxing, we can find any number of similar cases, all of which should act as a deterrent to the youth of today. Unfortunately we find that whereas in the days of our Dad the fighter was the responsible party in deeming himself so superior to his opponent as to make him too cocksure when he got into the hempen square for an important engagement, today a good portion of that overconfidence is caused by the pampering of the prospect by his manager. How often have you gone into the New York Hippodrome or Madison Square Garden or the training camps of the big shots in the fight game and have found yourself absorbing a bellyfull of superlatives coming from the mouth of manager or trainer when in your heart you knew that though the lads about whom these men were going into ecstasy were really good prospects, yet they lacked the essentials to enable you to consider them in the light of the "truly greats."

Unfortunately the mentors of the lad involved too often give their opinion within earshot of the boy with the result, that good or bad, he actually begins to believe that he is as great as he has been pictured. We in the boxing game had a taste of that only two years ago when we went haywire over Joe Louis. The very point I am trying to bring out with reference to the fighters we as scribes were guilty of in making Joe Louis firmly believe that he was so far superior to the German Uhlan that nothing could stand in the way of victory by the knockout route. Had we not turned the head of Joe Louis I doubt that he would have filled himself with such an abundance of over-confidence that he failed to train as he had been accustomed for his other important engagements.

* * *

HISTORY repeats itself. What is taking place today in the field of fisticuffs among the top-notchers, is identically the same as what took place twenty, thirty, or forty years ago with the greatest fighters of those eras.

"You needn't mind a thick sole on those shoes," said John L. Sullivan to a man who was making a pair of boxing kicks for him before the historic Corbett battle. "I'll knock this young fellow dead in a few rounds, and the shoes won't be subjected to much hard wear."

"I don't have to train hard for this youngster," Sullivan protested when his handlers insisted upon him working. "One good punch and it's all over."

The result is history. That "one good punch" never landed, and Corbett, with his modern way of fighting, won the title.

Bob Fitzsimmons was the most confident man on earth when he entered the ring to fight Jeffries at Coney Island. He had trained for the battle, but had made no special preparations.

"Better look out, Bob, this Jeffries is a big, strong, young fellow," cautioned a friend.

"It's my business to whip big, strong, young fellows," replied Bob.

Ketchel himself, when he matched to fight Papke, did not take the battle seriously. He trained for a few days, but simply to reduce to the middleweight limit.

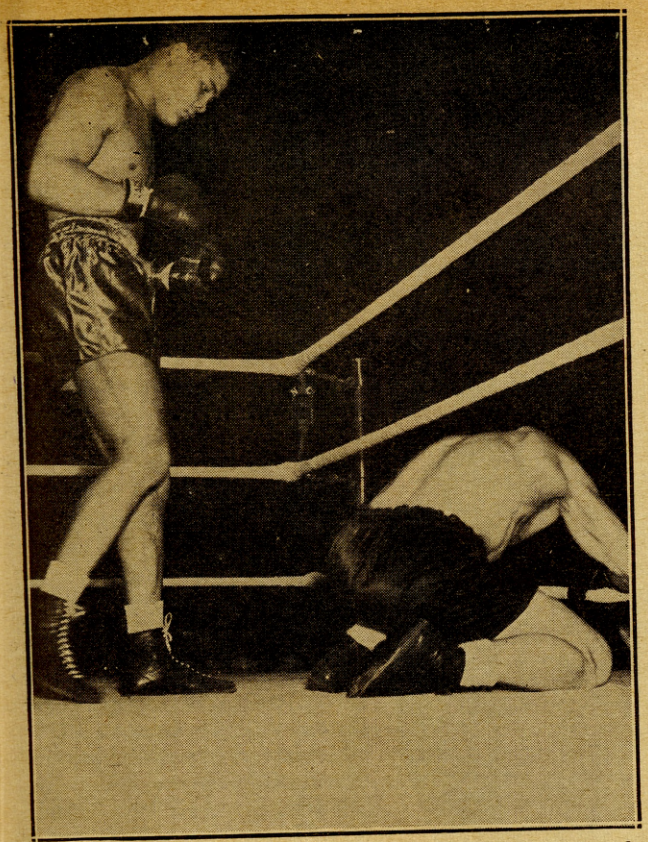
"I licked him in Milwaukee, and no man ever comes back after a licking and defeats the man who handed it out," was Ketchel's excuse for his confidence. But Papke laid him out in 12 rounds, and it is said today that Ketchel was never again the sturdy champion who depended upon his rugged strength to down all comers.

* * *

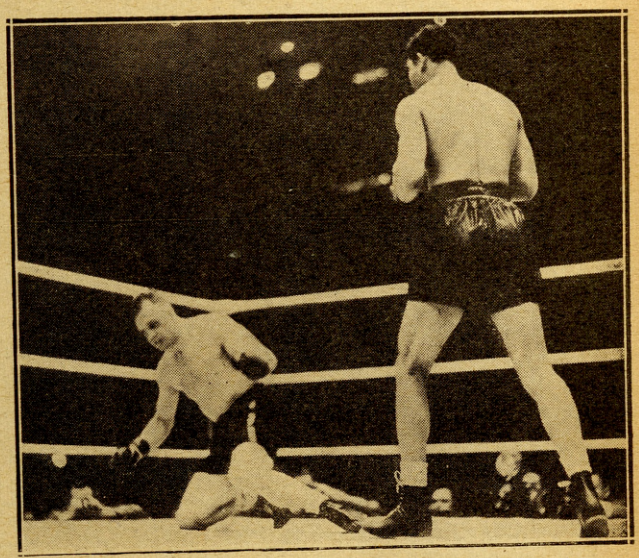
NO man was ever surer of winning a fight than was Joe Gans when he faced Battling Nelson at Colma on July 4 of last year. Gans already held a decision over Nelson, the memorable 42-round battle in Goldfield giving the Negro champion the confidence which was deemed necessary to land him a winner again over the Dane.

Gans had sneered at Nelson for almost two years, and had told his friends that Nelson "was *(Continued on page 43)*

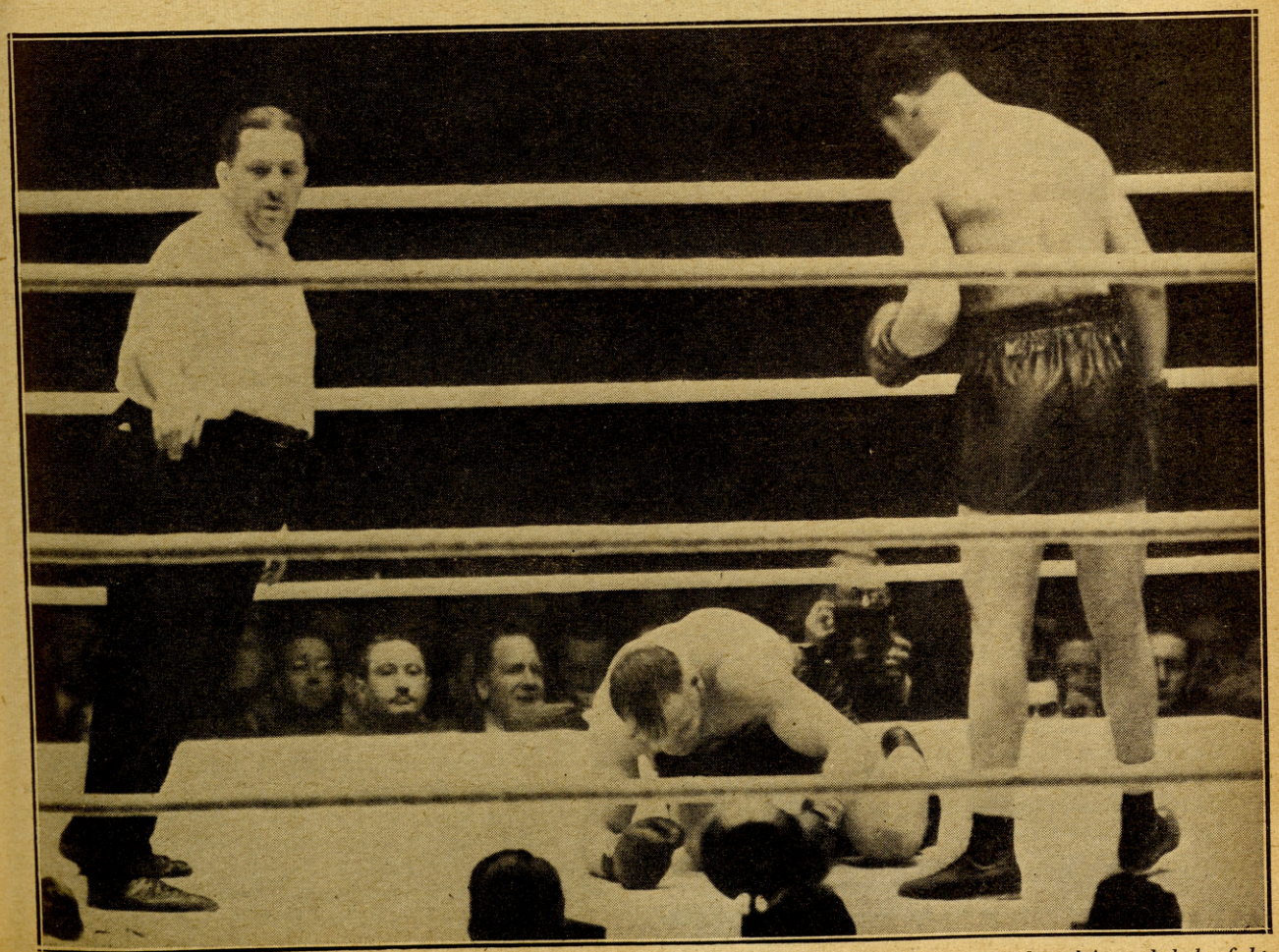
CHALLENGER GOES OUT



Game to the core, Harry refused to quit. He got up and took another right hook to the chin. Down he went, partially through the ropes. He got up at seven and staggered through the round.

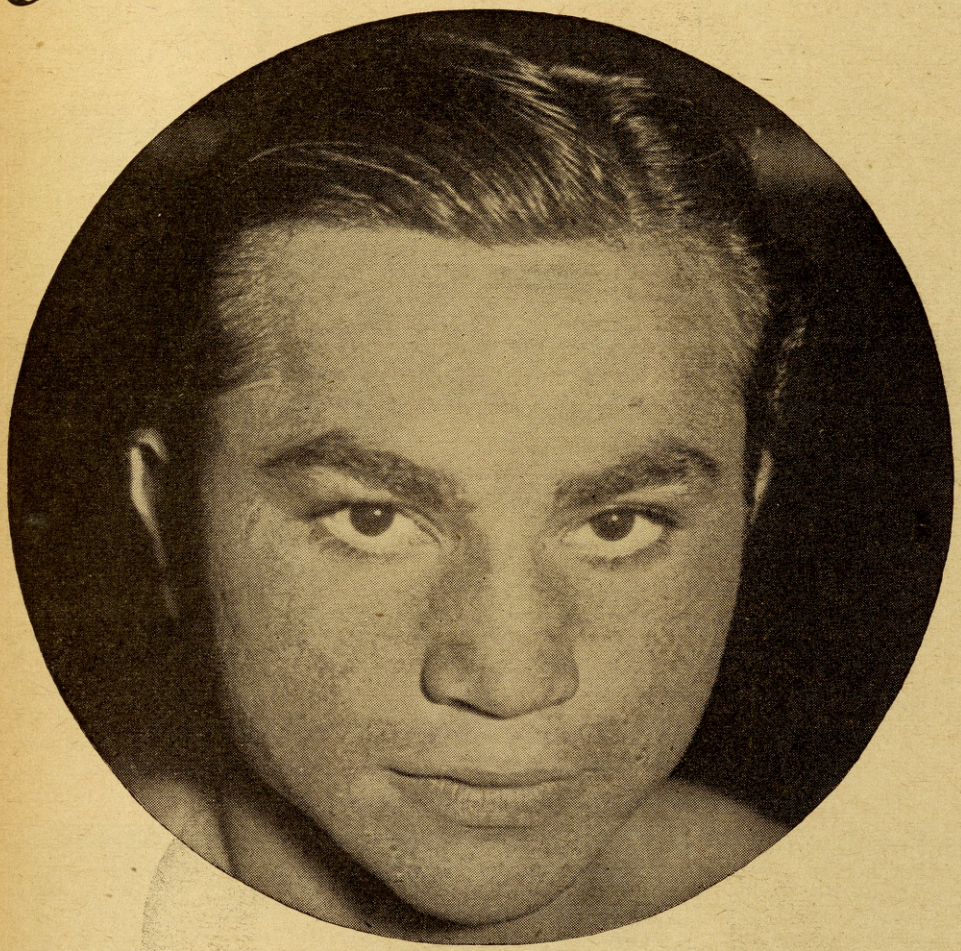


But the end was in sight. In the fifth Louis uncorked a barrage and sent the Elgin engineer down with a left to the chin followed by another left hook. At eight, Harry came up again.



But he didn't remain on his feet long. A left hook to the jaw and a right to the chin and two crashing short lefts ended the fight. Here we see Louis eyeing his man as Referee Dave Miller starts the final count.

JOE LOUIS *Fistic Puzzle,-*



Barney Ross, king of the welters, whose fight with Armstrong should gross beyond $200,000.

OF the most vital consequence to ring affairs in recent weeks were Joe Louis' knockout of Harry Thomas in five rounds, and Fred Apostoli's middleweight triumph in fifteen rounds over Glen Lee, who had given the San Francisco bellhop quite an argument in their previous battle in New York.

Apostoli's decisive and impressive victory was especially surprising to those who had paid too much attention to Fred's defeat by the aged Young Corbett in California, soon after Apostoli's return from the East.

Of course, you are all more or less engrossed in the heavyweight division. It is a certainty now that June will see Louis fight Max Schmeling, though many won't believe it until they see it happen. There are so many arguments against it, but the fight, I'm sure, will be held as promised.

Let us not forget the new factor in the heavyweight situation—Max Baer, who knocked out Tommy Farr. The big, unruly Baer had been assigned to the boneyard. But he came out of nowhere to whip a man who had stood up against Louis for fifteen rounds, and now Maxie and his faithful supporters are blowing the loud bazoo.

There is something strange, indeed, about this man Louis. Just as soon as you make up your mind that he can be a great fighter, something happens to make you change your verdict. Then, as you decide that Louis never will achieve greatness, he does something which impresses.

In this respect, Louis somewhat resembles Jack Sharkey, who went out of the ring without having got anybody's final mark as a really great heavyweight. And it may be Louis' destiny to be served in a similar way.

NOW, take that Louis fight with Thomas, the Minnesota shock absorber. Schmeling had taken seven rounds to finish off Thomas. Louis knocked out Thomas in the fifth in Chicago on All-Fools' Night.

However, I cannot get it into my noggin that Thomas could stay five heats with a heavyweight who bore the true sterling mark.

There is a streak of caution in Louis, and while it always has been there, it grew after his surprise knockout by Schmeling. Joe went into that fight with the feeling that he could not possibly fail to stop the German veteran.

But the Brown Bomber that night learned not to take anything for granted. And this precept has been behind him, and the men whose meal ticket he is, ever since.

It isn't always—in fact, I should say it is only very seldom—that a heavyweight can get over so damaging a blow as Louis suffered against Schmeling and yet come back soon and gain the championship. Of course, there is the Braddock angle to be considered.

Braddock did not choose to fight the German, and the Negro got the chance instead—and with it, the title.

Louis' fight with Thomas added nothing to the prestige of the champion. Thomas once more proved a catcher. Always he was on the verge of doing something, and always he missed, while Louis knocked him down seven times.

A man with the kick which Louis carries in that left hand of his, and the drive which he had in that lethal right, should not be forced to drop a Thomas seven times. Once or twice should be sufficient. Yet others have tried to keep him down and failed. At that, Louis was the first to keep Thomas down in sixty-one starts.

* * *

LOUIS refused to dash out and go right to work on Thomas. Joe handled Thomas as if he were a serious contender. That streak of caution again. Not until the last minute of the third round did Louis get really serious, and then he staggered Harry with a right to the temple.

Those snaky lefts which Louis tendered to Thomas' face for some eight minutes of the fight were superfluous.

A real champion loaded with confidence in the power which Louis undeniably possesses, would have rushed from his corner and gone after Thomas. But Joe was content to do a lot of toying and fiddling around.

Having injured Thomas in the third, Louis knew he had his man and went to work in the fourth. Then Thomas began to strike the ring floor rather methodically. Though the right which Thomas poked into Louis' biscuit-container in the fourth made some of the onlookers think they were going to see a fight, after all.

When Louis meets Schmeling next June, how are you going to figure it? While we do not rate the Negro an all-time wonder, the fact remains that he keeps right on fighting. What do we know about Schmeling? He is getting quite old and settled and may face Louis quite stableworn.

Now Marvel, Now Mediocre

Heavyweight Champion Achieved No New Laurels in Stopping Thomas—Apostoli Called Master of the Middleweights—And That Armstrong Boy!

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

Henry Armstrong, the Human Windmill, who is to meet Barney Ross in a welterweight championship fight.

Max will count strongly on the psychological advantage which lies in his having whipped Louis once before. However, we do know quite a lot of cases in ring history in which a fighter knocked out came back and gave his erstwhile conqueror a severe dose of his own medicine.

* * *

THE Louis-Thomas fight in Chicago perhaps gave Promoter Mike Jacobs something to think about. You know, Mike has the Louis-Schmeling match, but he is somewhat in doubt as to where to throw that party.

The logical place from a fistic angle—and ordinarily a financial one, as well—is New York.

But Mike knows the anti-German boycott will be on in full force in the big city, yet those who know what happened at the last boycott are cocksure no harm can be done. The fight in New York will draw a million dollars.

Louis and Thomas drew only 10,468 onlookers in Chicago, who contributed a measly $45,600, with Louis getting $16,000 and Thomas $5,000.

Now, $16,000 is no hay when you think about it in an everyday sort of mood. But for heavyweight champions, with their titles at stake, it is what you would call chicken feed.

That eliminates Chicago. The Windy City is absolutely out as a spot for the big fight.

Then there is Detroit. The ball park there has been enlarged to seat 60,000 persons. It is bigger than either of the ball fields in Chicago. Detroit is Louis' home, it is not too far from all the Mid-West centers, Chicago among them, and not so far from New York—yet that city can't compare to New York as a fight center.

Could Detroit support anything calling for a $27 tops? That is a question that can be answered right now in the negative. New York and Philadelphia are the only places for the big scrap, and New York must get the call—boycott or no boycott.

* * *

IT is interesting, and perhaps significant, that the Apostoli-Lee fight in New York outdrew the Louis-Thomas battle in Chicago on the same night, and the Gotham affair almost matched the Chi gross. Apostoli-Lee attracted 15,218 who paid a little over $43,000.

To my mind, Apostoli is the greatest middleweight in the world. There are certain technicalities, and there are technical quibblers and jugglers who, in some round about way, will tell you Freddie Steele is the official and regular title-holder. But it seems to me, Apostoli is the best fighter in the division.

As to placing Freddy in the all-time ranking of middleweights, that is another and much more complex matter.

I think the Californian still is in a formative state. He has yet to achieve his fighting peak, and when he does, then it will be time to allocate him. In the meantime, he is no Ketchel.

Apostoli is afraid to cut loose with his punching power. Basically, the lad is a boxer. But he happens to be a boxer who can hit, and he does not realize his hitting qualities all the time.

You saw that in the fourth round against Lee in their recent encounter. Fred riddled Glen, and just when it looked as if he would finish his man, let up.

Once more, in the sixth, did Apostoli have Lee in a bad way, but it was a similar story. And so it was in the eleventh and thirteenth rounds.

* * *

TO be sure, Lee is a rugged, aggressive, game fighter who can take it. But I think Apostoli should develop a keener sense of his outstanding powers, and make himself a more colorful fighter, a quicker finisher. Lee did not take second place in all the rounds, experts giving him a shade in the first, second and fifth heats.

Apostoli has a fine sense of pace, is a crafty campaigner, and, to top it off, a very likeable chap. He is modesty itself. Interviewing Fred is not one of the easiest jobs in the world. He is addicted to short sentences, most of them

(Continued on page 41)

Lightning Changes

By TED CARROLL

ONE month ago, the mention of Max Baer as a probable participant in a world's heavyweight championship contest next summer would have met with little consideration from boxing followers. Now, however, the one-time playboy king of the heavies, since reformed by the refining influences of matrimony and fatherhood, stands out as the logical foe for the winner of the coming Louis-Schmeling embroglio in June. The case of Madcap Maxie affords a perfect illustration of the rapid-fire changes that feature the sport of fisticuffing. One minute a chump—the next, a champ; these homely words are among the truest ever uttered concerning the boxing game.

Of course, it has long been the opinion of many that Max Baer, when the mood seizes him, is capable of beating any man in the world. Baer's harum-scarum mode of living, at least previous to his marriage, and his refusal to apply himself seriously to his profession, more than any lack of inherent ability, have caused his frequent disappointing performances. No man ever entered the business of pugilism the possessor of more obvious gifts for his calling. Blessed with a steel jaw and a tremendous punch, Baer had the equipment to become one of the greatest of all heavies.

His bizarre personality worked at cross purposes with his great natural assets most of the time, but perhaps it is not too late for the ex-champion to realize still further on his native talents. There was more than a strong hint of this in his recent striking exhibition against his erstwhile conqueror, Tommy Farr. Even his severest critics—and they are many—were willing to concede after his fine display of punching power against the oaken-jawed Welshman that Baer, at the age of 29, still has potentialities.

* * *

BAER'S boosters, and, as is always the case, their numbers grew to amazing proportions after his victory over Farr, are inclined to make much of the fact that the Livermore Larruper was able to floor the durable ex-miner twice, a trick that power-punching Joe Louis was not able to turn even once in fifteen rounds.

"Never looked better." "What a puncher." "Plenty of heart." These and like statements were the comments of many who had in the past been most liberal in their condemnation of the man they were now hooraying. Such is the way of the world and the boxing game. The first left hook that deposited Tough Tommy on his silken panties in the third stanza may well have been the "Open sesame" to Max Baer for another huge fortune.

Baer's true friends, despite the adverse publicity he has received so often in the past, found much to enthuse over in his win over Farr. For one thing, the former champion displayed a hitherto unsuspected left hook of dynamic proportions. When asked why he did not circle to Baer's left after he closed Maxie's left eye, Tommy Farr came back with, "Were you ever hit with that bloke's left?"

By his stirring fourteenth round rally, after losing the three previous rounds, with one eye closed, Baer also did much to silence those vociferous non-combatants who have been howling about his lack of courage since the Louis bout. His maneuvering of Farr into his own corner as each round ended, an old trick of Tommy Loughran's, did much to dispel public opinion regarding the absence of smartness in the Baer makeup.

On top of all this, his triumph was one of the most popular with the crowd seen in the Garden in years, and the wholehearted ovation he received must have been mighty welcome to one so long accustomed to shouts of disdain and derision. All in all, the night of March 11 was a great one for Maxie Baer. In the short space of one hour, he came a long way from the pit of public ridicule and scorn to the heights of public adulation and acclaim, a position which few believed he would again attain.

RUNNING Baer a close race for rejuvenation honors among the big lads is the surprising Finnlander, Gunnar Barlund. The gaunt Gunnar, of whom mention was made by the writer in the last issue of THE RING, reversed the position of the Baer brothers with his truly astounding triumph over big Buddy. Whereas Max had been consigned to the discard and Bud was regarded as the hope of the heavies, the Gunnar's technical kayo victory over the younger Baer sent him crashing out of the heavyweight picture, at least for a time.

Buddy's awesome exhibition of belting against big Eddie Hogan had made him a prohibitive favorite over the capable Finn. A few predicted a decision victory for the ring-wise Barlund, but no one had the temerity to foresee a kayo chalked up against Bud.

The Gunnar survived the early round bombardment of Baer and came on, although badly punished, to make the California giant call a halt in the seventh round.

This climaxes the Finn's courageous drive back to the spot where he seemed headed last winter. Any plans involving the heavyweight leaders must include him, since his recent good work.

Barlund's unexpected surge up to a position of prominence has pleased the many friends of Paul Damski, German-Jewish expatriate, who has been disappointed many times in the past when on the threshold of success with his heavyweight proteges. Damski persisted for years with Walter Neusel. Although Walter became a great figure on the other side, he never quite reached the first line over here. When Barlund struck a rough stretch last winter and was beaten by Bob Olin and Nathan Mann, it looked as though Paul was once again doomed to disappointment, but the Finn has come roaring back in a manner that may possibly realize the ambitions of Damski, some day to have a participant in a world's heavyweight championship bout.

* * *

BACK in 1932 at the Los Angeles Olympiad, Finland's famed runners occupied a large share of the spotlight. Lost in the fanfare of acclaim accorded the smooth striding speedsters of this little nation was the Finnish heavyweight boxing representative, one Gunnar Barlund. Barlund, one of the favorites in the division, had the misfortune to encounter the ultimate winner of the Olympic title, Alberto Lovell, in his first bout and lost the decision.

Disappointed at his poor luck, Barlund returned to Finland, resumed his amateur career and in 1934 won the European heavyweight amateur championship, defeating Runge of Germany, 1936 Olympic winner, in the finals.

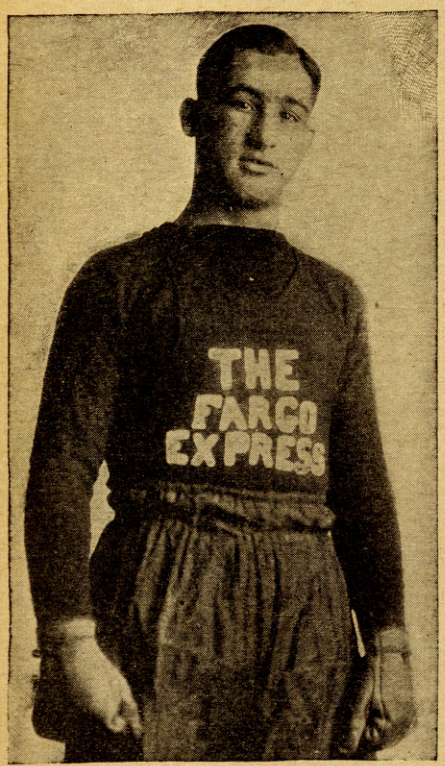
His hopes buoyed by this brilliant triumph, the Gunnar decided to bid farewell to the simon-pure ranks and turned pro with a Finnish newspaperman named Bertyl Kylander, as his manager. He had engaged in 106 amateur bouts, losing only two —a remarkable record. After a few minor battles in Finland, he departed for England, and in his sixth pro fight, faced Ben Foord. He amazed British boxing experts by dropping the Boer twice and won an easy decision. A few weeks later he again surprised by more than holding his own with the giant George Godfrey in a no-decision contest. At this time, Barlund's style and ability caught the eye of Damski, who negotiated with Kylander for the purchase of the Finn's contract and completed the deal in April, 1936.

After a few more London showings, Barlund was headed for the United States by Damski, where he was hailed as a sensation following brilliant performances against Sandy McDonald, Frankie Connolly, Abe Feldman and Tom Beaupre.

At this point in Barlund's career the flu germ did what none of his pro foes had been able to do and the Finn was forced to forego his ring activities for a while because of illness. Now fully recovered he is back, near the top again.

in Heavyweight Set-Up

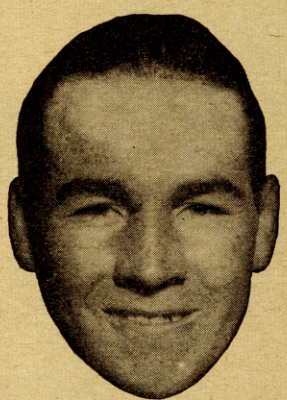
A MATCH for



Billy Petrolle, a fighter who would have made things interesting for Armstrong.

California Speed Merchant Would Have Found Tough Opposition in Petrolle, McLarnin, Canzoneri, Kramer, Chaney, Dundee, Berg, Kaplan and Other Top Flight Featherweights and Lightweights of a Few Years Back

By
MEYER
ACKERMAN



Jimmy McLarnin, whose powerful fists made him the Armstrong of his day.

IT is becoming monotonous!

The consistent regularity with which he has been bowling over his opponents has begun to lose all of its news value.

We're waiting to see the fighter who can withstand whatever it is that Henry Armstrong has, and be there at the finish of the battle.

After all, the man is human!

Is it because of the mediocrity of the opposition? Or does the name of the sensational California Negro belong in the annals of ring history alongside of the immortals of Fistiana?

Like the angry waters that burst the dam, so has Hustlin' Hank, with fighting fury, crashed his way to fistic fame.

Another Dixon—Gans—McGovern—Attell—Wolgast?

Unfortunately the writer cannot go back that far for his comparison. But well does he remember the deeds of the greats of another and more recent era, the fading years of which have not dimmed the pugilistic achievements of these daring gladiators of the prize ring.

How quickly Mr. Fickle Fan of today forgets the sensational feats of the fighter of yesterday! Especially when yesterday is such a short time back!

Will he forget Henry Armstrong tomorrow? I doubt it.

My hat is off to the Coast Comet, whose tireless efforts and thundering fists have brought him the featherweight championship of the world. My hat is off to the greatest fighter of his weight and inches in the world today, who is making it uncomfortable for the ruler of the lightweight roost, and serving notice on the king of the welterweights that he is ready to prove his right, by might, to wear the purple robe emblematic of world supremacy in three divisions.

More power to Henry Armstrong!

But in the not so long ago, the writer remembers having seen Phil McGraw and Stanislaus Loayza all but tear each other apart in ten savage rounds in Madison Square Garden. For sheer brutality, that fight has not been equalled in recent months. Could Armstrong have withstood so blistering a pace that was set by these two madmen, who ruined themselves in that one-half hour of gruelling warfare as they locked horns and stood toe-to-toe in sickening combat to the cheers of hysterical spectators? There are no Loayzas or McGraws around today!

* * *

ONLY too well do we remember the night that the old Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle, miffled the dynamite in the glove encased bombs of Jimmy McLarnin by dropping the Cherubic Celt three times to win a decision in a nerve-tingling ten-round rumpus. The picture of that fight will never leave our mind.

Could Armstrong have coped with the brutal attack of Billy Petrolle, or evaded the explosive fists of the Vancouver Irishman? We can only venture an opinion. Petrolle and McLarnin have since announced their retirement. It is well to go haywire over as great a little battler as Armstrong, but let's remember the boys of recent years who were equally as good, or almost so.

It seems only yesterday that Sid Terris, the aptly termed Ghost of the Ghetto, arose on feet that were punched into unsteadiness when Billy Wallace stormed into the Garden from Cleveland riding the crest of a great victory wave, and, mistaking the warning buzzer for the opening gong, met Terris in the latter's corner and dropped him on the flat of his back as the East Side speedster was turning to meet the advance of Wallace. Could Armstrong have caught up with the Terris of that evening, the Terris who weathered the storm and came on to give one of the greatest exhibitions of ring generalship a fighter could display?

* * *

WHO can forget the boxing exhibition turned in by the former lightweight champion of the world, Sammy Mandell, as he thwarted every attempt made by one of the greatest punchers, boxers, and all-around fighters that the game has produced in the last fifteen years, Jimmy McLarnin, as the popular Irishman made a great effort to deprive the Rockford Italian of his prized fistic diadem.

They were pretty fair fighters at that, weren't they!

Was there any more brutal fight than the one which found the Nebraska Wildcat, Ace Hudkins, clawing away at a stubborn Sergeant Sammy Baker over the ten-round route in Madison Square Garden, a bout that turned the Eighth Avenue fistic emporium into a house of bedlam? Sure, Armstrong might have beaten them! The writer, though, would like to have seen him turn the trick.

Armstrong has great ability, no doubt about that, but when we call him the greatest fighter of the last twenty years, I'm afraid

ARMSTRONG

we are forgetting some of our talent.

How about the infuriated Jackie Kid Berg, whose sensational debut in Madison Square Garden against the wily and title bound Bruce Flowers raised the roof off the House that Tex built? It was one of the most thrilling battles ever put on display in a local ring. That fight was one of the greatest exhibitions of stamina ever displayed in the Garden.

True, Homicide Henry is by far a better puncher than Berg ever was, but just as sure as the Whitechapel Whirlwind took the best shots of some of the best punchers in the game at the time, so would he have been able to take the punches of the California Negro without flinching. For stamina and cyclonic punching, Jackie Kid Berg rated in a class by himself.

* * *

IT seems only yesterday that Kid Chocolate dropped out of the sunny skies of Havana, a mere shadow lost in the shuffle of the ordinary pugilist, to gain recognition as the world's featherweight champion. He was acclaimed as the nearest approach to the immortal George Dixon that the boxing game had seen. Is Armstrong's record studded with victories over fighters of the calibre of Al Singer, Fidel LaBarba, Seaman Watson, and the like? How the writer would have loved to see the Chocolate of old move in there with shufflin' Hank! It would have been a treat!

Could Armstrong have beaten the Cuban Kandy Kid? The Chocolate of today is not the fighter he was when he was blazing a trail of pugilistic destruction for recognition as one of the greats of all time.

And Tony Canzoneri! The little bundle of fighting fury, a real gift to the boxing world—how about him?

A fighter clear down to the core, the name of Tony Canzoneri will go down in ring history as one of the best pugilistic machines the modern age has developed. Unfortunately, age crept into the joints of the great Italian champion to force his ring retirement a few short years too early for him to have gone to battle with Henry Armstrong.

No one can make me feel that Armstrong, the clouter from California, would have stopped, not alone whipped Canzoneri in his prime! Can you imagine Tony backing up from the advances of Henry! Here is a fight, which, were it possible to stage it, would have turned out to be a great punching party with no quarter being given or asked. But Canzoneri, in my opinion, would still have been on his feet with his hand raised in token of victory.

And there are others. Bat Battalino, the fiery Italian from Hartford, who came up out of nowhere to turn in some sensational battles that eventually won for him the right to the featherweight championship of the world. And busy Louis Kid Kaplan, the Meriden Buzz-Saw, who didn't know what it meant to take a back step while engaged in ring combat.

Then there is the picture of Benny Bass, the hard-punching Philadelphian, showing a gameness that has never been equalled, when, suffering from a fractured collar bone in the fourth round of his battle with Canzoneri, he fought stubbornly and almost pulled the fight out of the fire with a great spurt in the closing rounds of their battle! A fighter and a puncher, you would have to concede the former Quaker City lad more than an even chance with the sensational Armstrong of today.

Henry Armstrong, whose knockout record revives memories of sensational battlers of a few years ago.

Of course, the record books will contain the line that Henry knocked out Bass in four rounds in 1937. But it was a Philadelphian who was attempting a futile comeback in the ring, and not even a shadow of the Bass who rose to championship heights in 1927.

* * *

WOULD the Californian have whipped the Benny who whipped Leo Kid Roy, Babe Herman, Johnny Farr, Red Chapman, Joe Glick, Mike Ballerino, Pete Nebo, Gaston Charles, Joey Goodman, Davey Abad, Johnny Jadick, Phil Zwick, and Harry Dublinsky? Could Armstrong have whipped the Bass who scored sensational knockouts over Tod Morgan, Davey Abad, Harry Blitman, Dominick Petrone, Eddie Anderson, Bud Taylor, Jack Portney, Eddie Shea and Jimmy Leto? I doubt it.

Take all of the opponents whom Armstrong has knocked into fistic oblivion, put them all into the same ring, and they couldn't have whipped one side of the fighters mentioned above. Those were fighters. What have you today? Good fighters, no doubt, but can these boys compare with the stars mentioned above? I doubt it.

(Continued on page 45)

PICKING a WINNER!

By MURRAY LEWIN

Max Schmeling, a master of "sock."

MOST fight fans, and that includes our newspaper crew, invariably give a champion the edge when he enters the ring in defense of his title. The general feeling, and correctly so, seems to be that the champion should win, and it is only occasionally, as when the title-holder faces a fighter of the Schmeling type, that the opinion is divided, each man getting his share of the backing. If the champion loses, as was the case when every expert was crossed by Max Schmeling in his fight with Joe Louis, then the alibi brigade gets busy and excuses of every variety are brought forth to show how the fans and scribes had gone haywire on their prediction.

In recent months, the sure-shot gamblers have been hard hit by their backing of fighters who, on form, appeared to have matters their own way, but in the ring, received a shellacking and crossed their admirers. There was the Apostoli-Steele fight; the Del Genio-Baby Sabin bout; Vittorio Venturi against Frankie Blair; Barlund vs. Buddy Baer; Jeffra-Escobar; the Lovell-Barlund mill; Apostoli and Corbett, and Braddock vs. Farr tilts, among other contests. What happened in those fights will continue to happen in future contests for there is no sport in which the element of uncertainty exists as regards a winner than in boxing.

* * *

WHO, for example, ever thought that Jim Corbett would take the measure of John L. Sullivan?

Even the wise gamblers were certain that Sullivan would win, and they bet five and four to one that he would come out on top.

Later few thought that Fitzsimmons would be able to take the measure of Corbett, for the Cornishman was then but a middleweight compared to the champion.

Then later Fitzsimmons was looked on as invincible and few thought Jeffries would be able to wrest the championship crown from him.

The same doubt existed when Johnson defeated Jeffries and when Willard scored over the Negro.

The history of the prize ring is a succession of surprises, in which the calculations of the wisest are often upset by a lucky punch.

* * *

THE punch. There's the great factor—the punch.

Sullivan had it in the heyday of his power, and it was abnormally developed, at that. With that awful right he for years reached out and easily captured the big end of the purse.

The game was dying of inanition when the mighty John L. overthrew the ancient tradition as to form and astonished the pugilistic world with his simple line of battle.

John L. never maneuvered or sparred for an opening. He rushed at his victim like a charging lion.

With his left arm he chopped down the other's guard and then he shot his right fist to the chin like a cannon ball or swung the right forearm to the neck like a club. In either case the result was the same—deep sleep for the victim, great applause for John L.

* * *

IT was the punch that won for Fitzsimmons in his battle with Jim Corbett at Carson City.

Fitz won that fight with a single blow. It was a sudden shift of the feet and a clipping upward swing of the left fist that hurled every ounce of the red-haired giant's weight upon Jim's unguarded solar plexus.

If Jim's blows were bullets and John L.'s were cannon balls, then Fitz's were the torpedo of ring warfare. He stole it in with great caution. It was always a surprise. It never failed to sink the enemy. Old Fitz usually received a lot of punishment before he was able to bring off the grand coup.

By blows, feints and curious antics, he hypnotized his opponent into believing that his neck and jaw were the objects of his attack. Therefore he would guard them with redoubled care. He would forget all about his solar plexus. Then would come the sly and terrible torpedo.

Jeffries in his day had an awful punch.

It was a crusher. In his early days when he landed it the other fellow generally went down and out.

It was a blow hurled at the body or short ribs with all of the big fellow's weight behind it.

It used to be said that Jeffries won all his fights because he was so big and rugged. But, as a matter of fact, it was his awful punch that generally landed the bacon.

* * *

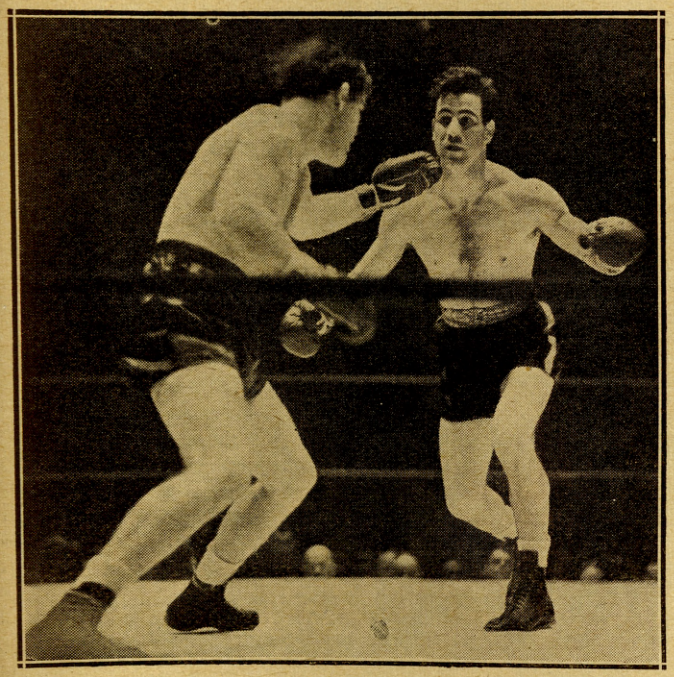
JEFFRIES was followed by another powerful hitter in Jack Johnson, who is rated one of the best fighters of all time.

With him, cleverness was combined with shiftiness and punching power and that's what made him so great. It was the opinion of those whom Johnson fought that his tantalyzing jabs, plus the tremendous power of his body blows at close range, did the damage and won him fame, and in that respect, there hasn't been a heavyweight since his time who combined the assets he possessed to the extent he did, effectively.

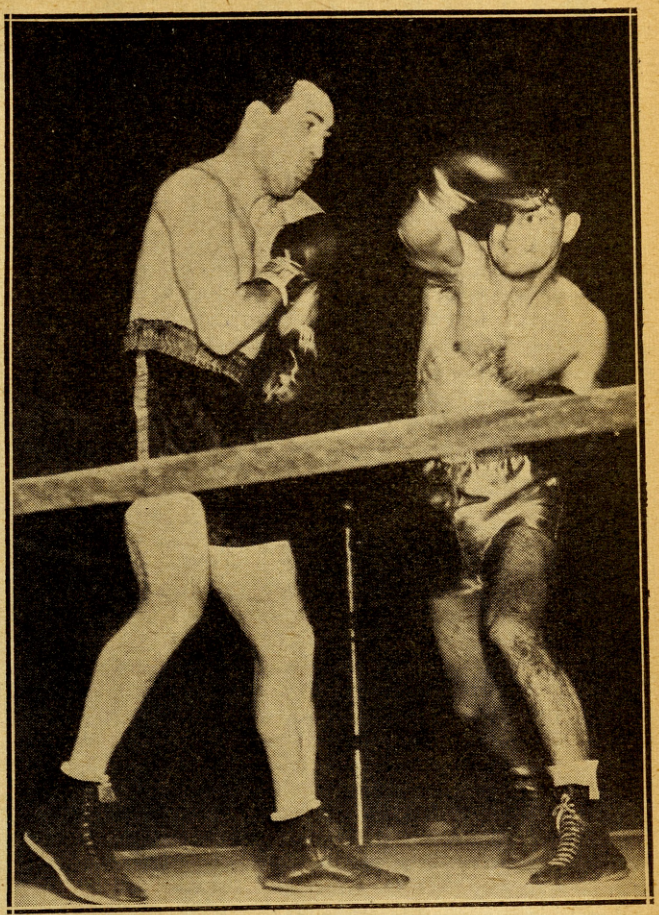
From Johnson's time down to Jack Dempsey, the ring didn't have another powerful hitter, but Manassa Jack made up for the lack of hard-hitting talent by the manner in which he hewed down his opponents. As in the case of Jeffries, it was the punch that counted with Dempsey. He lacked the cleverness of some of his predecessors and couldn't hold a candle to Gene Tunney in scientific boxing, but Gene couldn't see the day when he could compare his punching power with that of his predecessor.

Today the division again has a man of power at the helm. In fact, it has two such men, rating side by side, Louis and Schmeling. The punch which these gladiators *(Continued on page 41)*

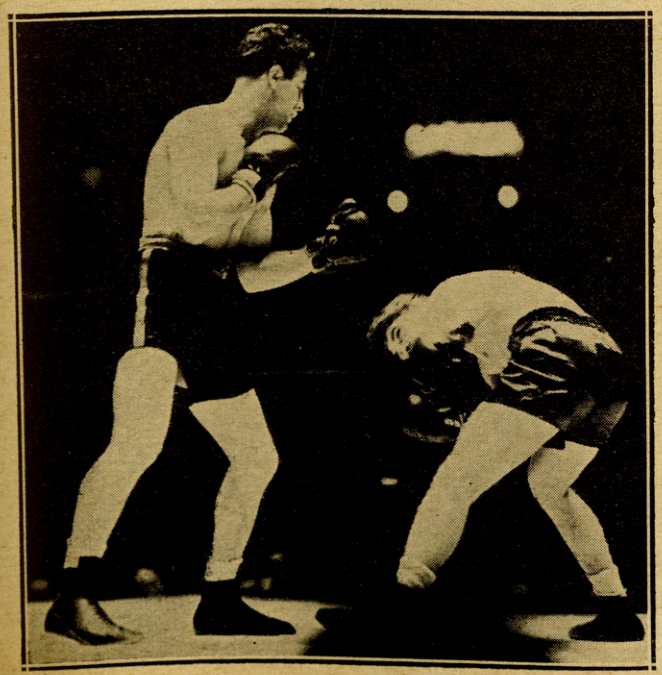
In the Month's News



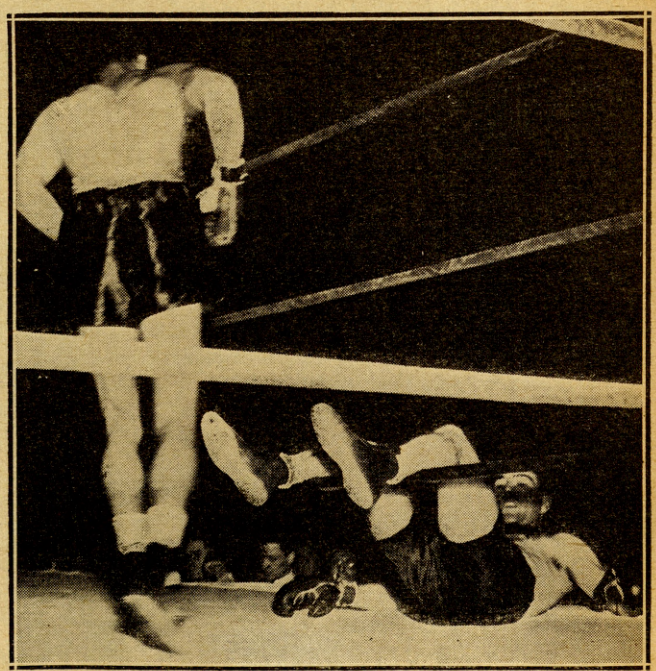
Fred Apostoli, feinting Glen Lee for an opening. A few seconds later, Fred crashed a corking left hook to the chin that jarred his opponent.



Izzy Jannazo, (right), gave Solly Krieger a tough battle but was badly whipped and Referee Vaccarelli stopped the fight in the twelfth round. Krieger has advanced to the post among the leading challengers for the middleweight title.



Here is the awkward position assumed by Lee, in his battle with Apostoli. It was this crouch that caused the fight to be less attractive than their first thrilling encounter.



Here is Lew Feldman, knocked through the ropes by Henry Armstrong in the first round of their fight at the N. Y. Hippodrome. A left hook to the chin knocked out Lew in the fifth frame.

"GUN SHYNESS"

By T. W. McNIEL

IS there any such thing as a top-flight professional pugilist being "gun-shy"? One can dig up countless pro and con arguments on this matter. One clan holding to the contention that a fighter, once a victim of a terrific beating at the hands of another fighter, never forgets the unhappy incident, once the pair are brought together again. A result being a caution and timidity that mars his performances.

On the other hand, is the group that contends that professional ringmen regard these defeats as just so much water under the bridge. Consequently, are not in the least affected by memories of past setbacks.

Perhaps somewhere along the midway mark between the two ideas lies the correct answer. But speaking from actual ring experience and years of intimate relations with men who make their living with their fists, I lean toward the notion that ringmen don't take defeats seriously to heart. At least to the point to where they let such incidents hamper their future work.

Arguments on this age-old question are waxing warm these days, with Max Schmeling and Champion Joe Louis definitely signed to get together and settle for once and all time the question of each man's superiority.

* * * *

WILL Louis be able to erase the memory of that stunning defeat he suffered at the hands of the Teuton back there on July 19, 1936? A defeat that sent him sprawling from the dizziest heights ever reached by a raw rookie ringman. With the mantle of invincibility torn rudely from his shoulders, the "Bomber," plainly showed that he was made of the right stuff by his feat of coming on to win the heavyweight title.

And now once more he stands face to face with the same barrier that once exploded his super-man potentialities. Will he be "gun-shy," this time? Has that famed right hand of Schmeling's left an indelible mark on his memory?

Frankly, I don't think it will have. Nor, am I in the least worried that Joe Louis will be afraid to face the music when the firing starts.

The past history of the fight game is too full of glowing examples of where fighting men beat their way back from defeat and humiliation to turn the tables on their erstwhile conquerors. By this, I mean men in the top ranks of pugdom. Men who rated blazing headlines on the sports pages of yesterday. And since I am talking of the top-flight performers, Joe Louis certainly rates a place alongside them.

On the other hand, I am unable to find one single instance in which I have concrete proof that a knockout defeat turned a fighter "gun-shy." In fact, I have a deep-rooted suspicion that there is no such a thing as "gun-shyness" among top-ranking professional ringmen.

But this is beside the point. My opinion is no better than the other fellow's, so use your own judgment on this point.

* * *

HOWEVER, we'll ramble back down through the years a bit and see just how yesterday's ring heroes were affected by that common prescribed ailment . . . . "gun-shyness." I like to recall the case of Stanley Ketchel, the Polish kid that once held the middleweight title. Ketchel had just run up an amazing knockout record, climaxed by a sensational victory over Joe Thomas for the championship. He stood in practically the same position as did Joe Louis prior to the Schmeling fight. The "super-man" title was already tagged on him, and it was generally agreed that he'd have to step up into the heavyweight class to find competition.

But Billy Papke, a stolid plodding 158-pounder. with considerable ability, pleaded that he be given a chance with the paralyzing Pole. In much the same manner that Schmeling torpedoed Louis, Papke rocketed to fame by kayoing Ketchel in twelve bloody rounds.

The sports writing fraternity, stunned at this amazing upset, immediately passed the word along that Ketchel was done for. From here on out he'd be "gun-shy." It seemed logical that he would, in view of the terrific drubbing that Papke handed him. Then came the day of the re-match. About half of the crowd gathered into that San Francisco, Calif., arena on the afternoon of November 26, 1908, were of the opinion that Stanley Ketchel would turn tail and run for dear life when he came to grips with Papke. But the coolest individual in that arena was Ketchel. He went to work on Papke without fear or fluster and cut him down in eleven heats in much the same order that he would have a sparring partner. One glowing example of a fighter that was NOT "gun-shy."

* * *

SEVERAL years later, a fair-to-middling Colorado heavyweight, answering to the name of Jack Dempsey (perhaps you've heard of him) journeyed out to Salt Lake City, Utah, to cross gloves with another Colorado-bred mauler, Jim Flynn. Flynn was on his way out of the picture at the time and everyone figured Dempsey would rap him over in short order.

It was the old, old story. Dempsey charging in, caught a left hook on the chin and went out like a light. Time, something like a minute and a half.

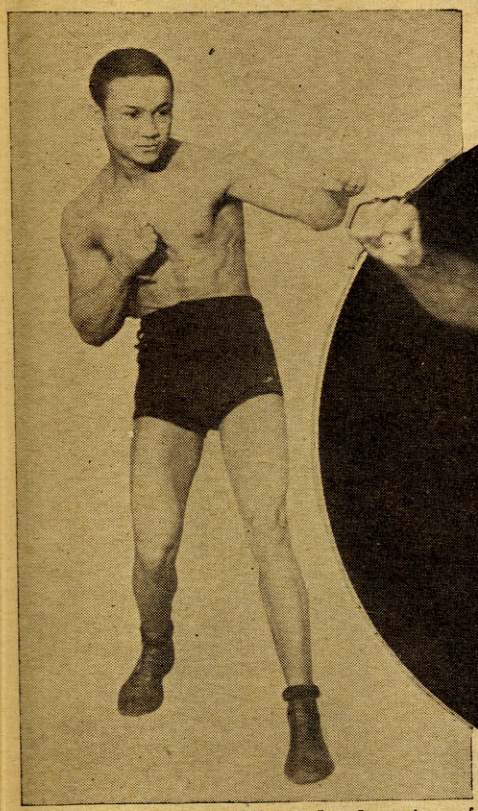
The wise men of fistiana lost no time in letting it be known that Jack Dempsey would be a very, very gun-shy individual from there on out. Mr. Flynn was imbued with the same notion and a few months later when the opportunity to meet Dempsey again, this time at Sheridan, Wyo., the old Pueblo warhorse jumped at the chance. Just how gun-shy Jack Dempsey turned out to be is shown by the fact that he required a full minute and forty-nine seconds to lay Mr. Flynn gently among the daisies. Exhibit number 2.

Jess Willard was another who proved that "gun-shyness" was

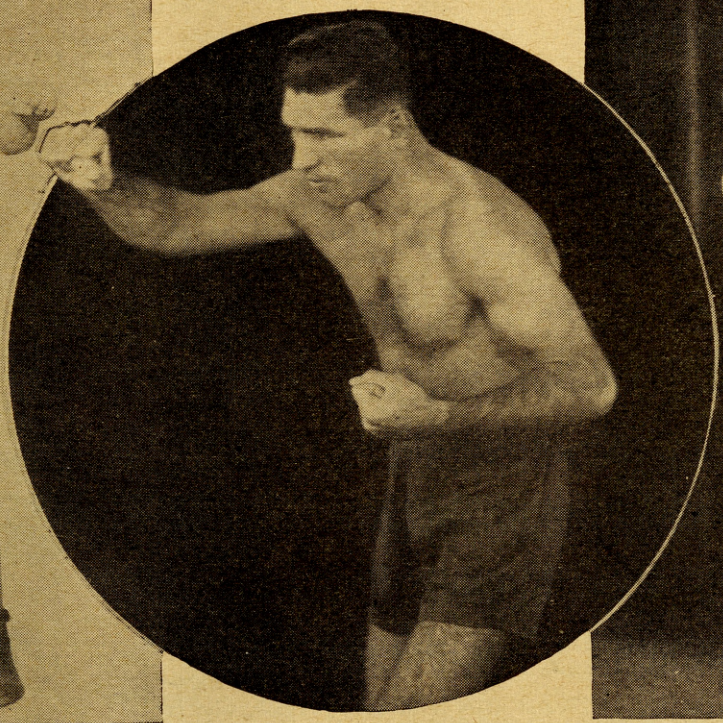
(Continued on page 45)

Joe Louis who apparently is getting over his "gun-shyness," a condition attributed to his defeat at the hands of Max Schmeling.

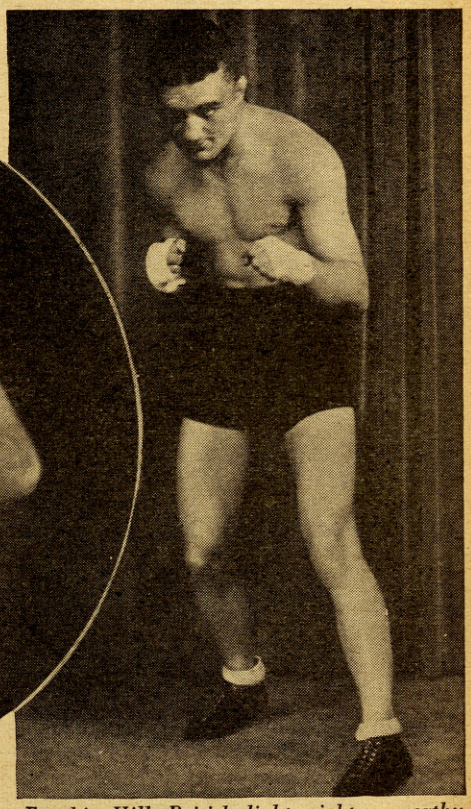
FOREIGNERS IN SPOTLIGHT



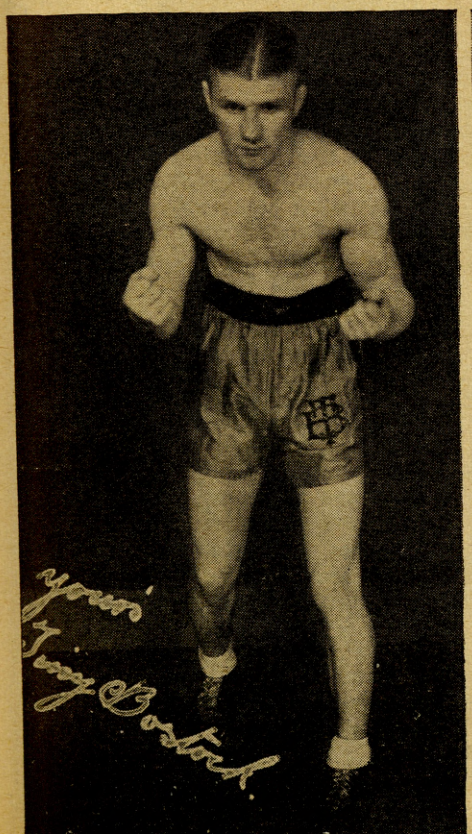
Stafford Barton, middleweight champion of B. W. I., who is also visiting British shores.



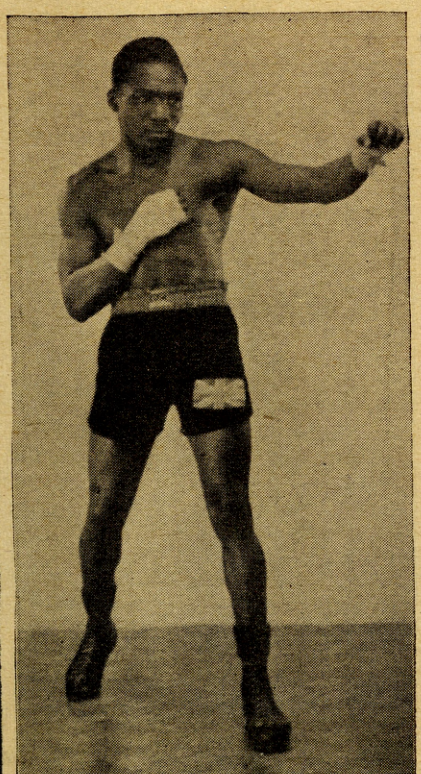
Merlo Preciso, rugged Italian light-heavyweight, who is making strides.



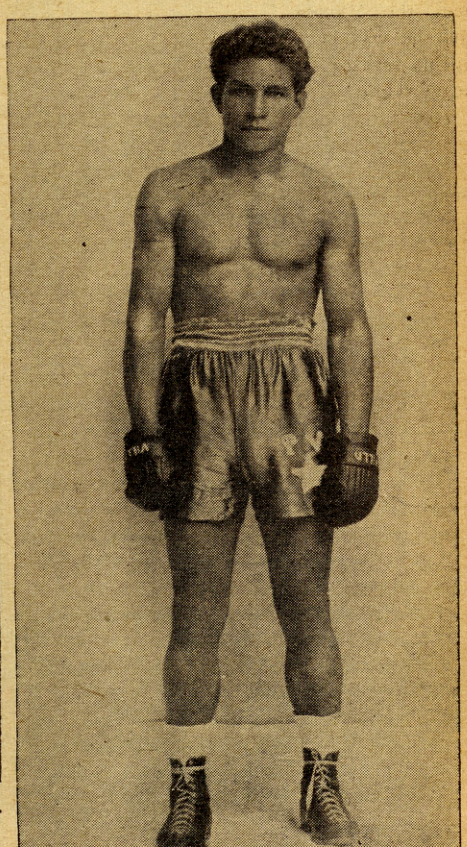
Frankie Hill, British lightweight, a worthy contender for the title.



Tiny Bostock, classy British flyweight, a threat for the title.



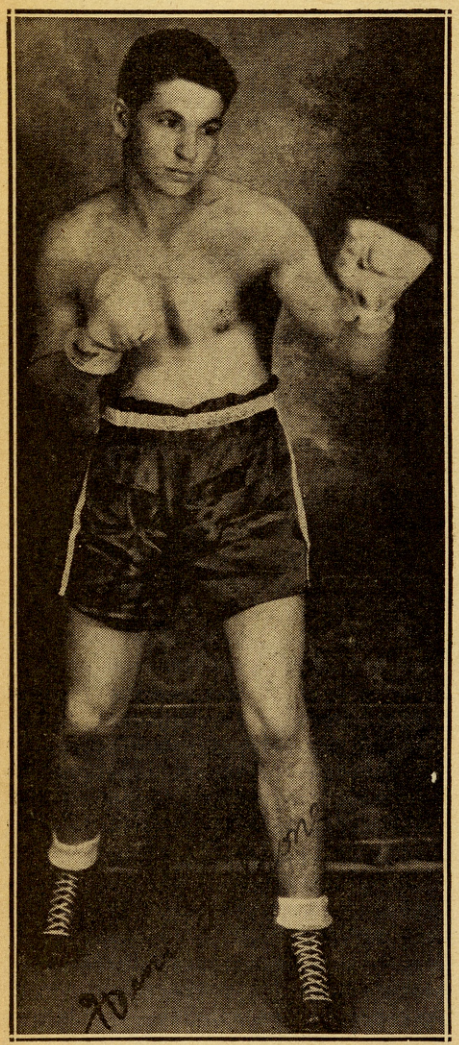
Lefty "Satan" Flynn, Jamaica, B. W. I. welterweight, now campaigning in England.



Pancho Villa, Mexican bantamweight, who defeated Harry Jeffra.

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN



Neno Falzone, good prospect from Fort Barrancas, Florida.

THE City of Detroit has found itself put on the pugilistic map through the explosive fists of Joe Louis. The automobile center has a reputation for turning out an array of high class heavyweight talent. But the civic-minded citizens who point with pride to the sports accomplishments of athletes of the Flivver City are beginning to notice the fistic accomplishments of Jimmy Urso, featherweight and former amateur holder of several simon-pure titles, whose sensational fighting in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn has taken the spectators by storm.

Jimmy started boxing in 1933 as an amateur. He compiled a record that made him the most talked of simon-pure battler in the state. In 1935 he won the Detroit and Michigan Golden Gloves flyweight title, and the following year he captured the same crown in the bantamweight division. Winning championships seemed to become a habit with the youthful Detroiter. He not only annexed A.A.U. titles but carried off in addition the Diamond Belt and International crowns.

In winning the International championship, Urso decisively whipped Giovanni Matta, the Olympic champion, in Chicago. In 1936 he also became a member of the United States Olympic boxing team. He was also three times industrial king.

He continued his rampage the following year. His blazing fists won for him the title in the National tournament in Chicago, and shortly after, in Chicago, he added the International title to his championship trophies. After cleaning house of all amateur competition and earning every crown he could possibly win, Urso started out on his professional career.

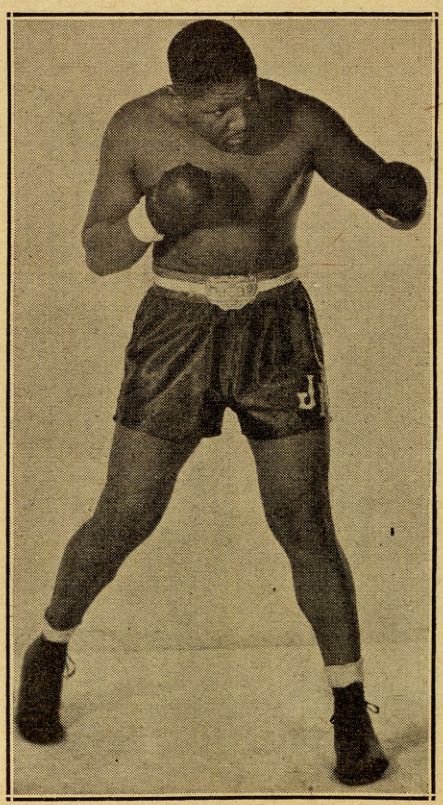
* * *

HE showed steady progress along the monied trail, and in his sixth pro start he battled to an eight-round draw with Henry Hook, who is rated among the 10 leading bantamweights of the world. A natural 118 pounder, Jimmy is mingling with the featherweights around New York.

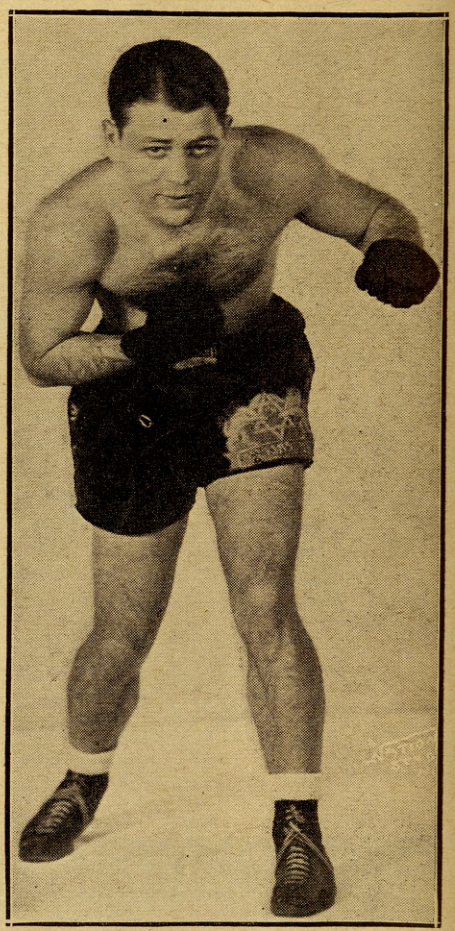
He made his first New York appearance in the Ridgewood Grove when he boxed in a special bout with Jimmy Hughes. Weighing 122 pounds, he spotted his opponent seven pounds and made a tremendous hit in whipping Hughes. He floored his man for nine counts in the second and fifth rounds in winning the decision, and he looked so impressive in scoring the victory, that he was signed to fight Sonny Reitman. He had little trouble in whipping Reitman.

He made such rapid progress that he was pitted against Lou Salica in a main event and though beaten, was far from disgraced at the hands of the former world bantamweight champion. For six rounds it was a tough fight with very little to choose between them, and then the experience of Salica stood him in good stead as he went on to win the last two rounds and the decision. Jimmy's great showing against Salica made him an overnight favorite and a main bout performer who seems capable of meeting any fellow at his weight.

Jimmy is well thought of by New York boxing critics. All he requires is some more experience.



Jim Howell, a fighter whose record of upsets is amazing.



Ziggy Lander, German refugee who seeks his fortune in U. S.

John D. Fitzpatrick, known as Al Tunney, featherweight champion of the West Indies.

SPEAK about your underdogs in the boxing game who have repeatedly come along to upset predictions and you can't overlook the name of Jim Howell. The colored battler, who was born in Philadelphia in 1916, and who came to New York to act as a porter at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, is the toast of the short-end gamblers. He has made them rich in his advance along the cauliflower trail, as he has come storming along to cause many an upset.

While working at his job a Wall Street broker told him to fight as an amateur and advised him that he would pay all his expenses. In 1935 Howell won the Metropolitan, New York State, Golden Gloves, and Inter-City amateur titles. He repeated the following year and then went over to England where he annexed the International heavyweight title.

As a professional Howell fought under a severe handicap. He had a dislocated shoulder that hampered him and caused the fistic firm of Tony Brown and Jimmy Marsh to send him to a specialist for treatment. He was then placed in the capable hands of Harry Christy, who trained down his weight from 225 pounds to an even 200-pound scale. Harry has been training him ever since.

On New Year's Day of this year, Jim boxed Jack Trammell and although a 7-1 underdog in the betting and 2-to-1 to get knocked out, Howell fought the Youngstown heavyweight off his feet to garner 8 of the 10 rounds, only to see the decision rendered a draw. Thirteen days later Howell lost an unpopular decision to Al Gainer in the latter's home town of New Haven.

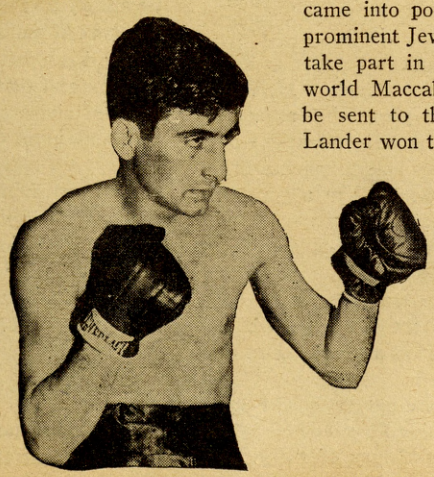
On Lincoln's Birthday, the protégé of Brown and Marsh was put in as a last minute substitute at the Rockland Palace against the gigantic Yustin Sirutis, and although a 5-1 underdog, Jim belted his bigger opponent unmercifully to receive the decision.

On March 1, Howell travelled to St. Louis to substitute for Roscoe Toles against Obie Walker and again Jim came through with a well-earned victory although the gamblers were betting 5-1 against him. He made such a tremendous hit that the promoters are trying to get John Henry Lewis or Bob Pastor for a fight. Four days later, although suffering from a bad ear, Howell swung into action against Tiger Jack Fox a 10-1 underdog and 3-1 bet that he would not last the full distance. But Jim had another surprise up his sleeve. In a fight that was called a draw, many spectators were of the opinion that Howell was entitled to the verdict.

So Jim Howell stands ready to stand up against any heavyweight in the world, and the longer the odds against him, the better the charge of Tony Brown and Jimmy Marsh likes it. He hasn't failed his mentors yet.

* * *

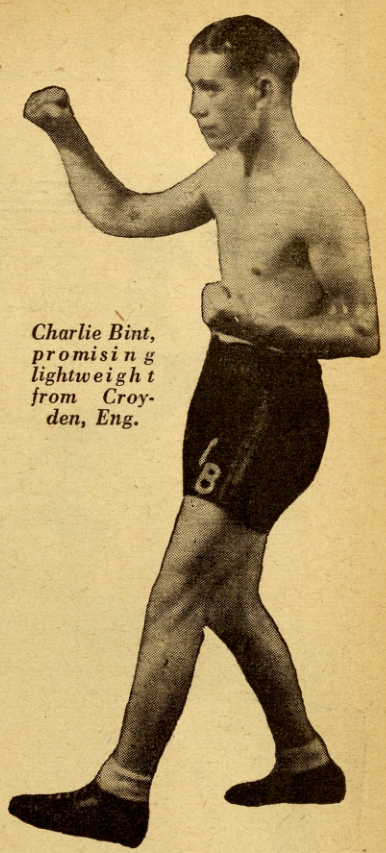
ZIGGY LANDER, a 25-year-old youngster who was born in Cologne, Germany, is the latest German refugee to hie his way to these shores in search of fame and fortune. Stadtlander by right name, the young anti-Hitlerite has started off on the right foot as victories over Larry Esposito and Pedro Nieves in his only two American starts at this writing will attest. On his showing, it will be wise to keep an eye on the fistic possibilities of Ziggy. He seems to have what it takes.



Jimmy Urso, a favorite in New York City.

His father, Maurice, was one of the biggest scrap-iron dealers in Germany, while two of his three brothers interested themselves in the boxing business. Max, a well known manager of fighters, is still in Cologne, while Joe has the reputation of being the best trainer of boxers in Palestine. Brother Willie is in the same business as that of his father, in Monongahela, Pa., a man who himself was quite a figure in the boxing pastime.

Ziggy started boxing when he was still a boy of 13 years, and engaged in 111 contests before coming to this country. Of all his battles he lost but 12 and registered 26 knockouts. He has never been off his feet. It was while attending school in Cologne that Ziggy was first fired with his ring ambitions. He was a sprinter and high jumper of no mean ability but instead of tending to his training chores with the other boys who were going through their paces, young Lander would focus his eyes on the ring where other pupils were boxing. The coach saw that he had no interest in his own work and advised him to turn his attention to boxing if he really liked it that much.



Charlie Bint, promising lightweight from Croyden, Eng.

* * *

HE joined the Cologne branch of the World Jewish Sport Club Maccabbee and in a year's time became the best boxer in the organization. He was matched with the bantamweight amateur champion of Germany and became the surprise of the night when he licked him. But the referee, explaining that Ziggy was only 14 years of age and too young to become a title-holder, gave the decision the other way. Ziggy fought 12 European champions, going from country to country, and whipped nine of them.

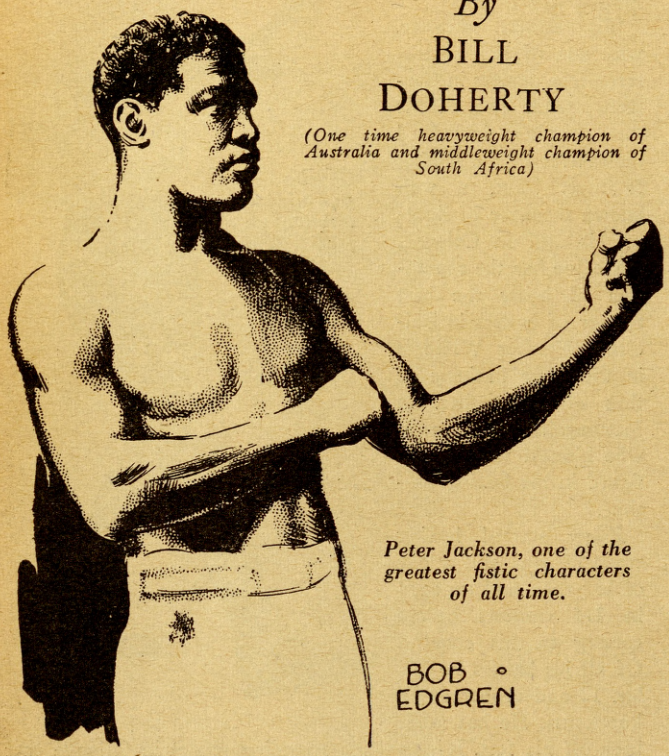
In 1933 he won the 135-pound title of Bradenburg. When Hitler came into power, Ziggy ran away with many other prominent Jewish athletes, and wound up in Prague to take part in the elimination tournament of the two world Maccabbee organizations, with the winners to be sent to the first Jewish Olympics in Palestine. Lander won the tournament and came out second best in the Palestine battles.

He remained there and became active in organizing sports clubs. He was one of the founders of the sport club Atid, a Hebrew word meaning "hope," of which Martin Malsch, former British sportsman, now in America, is president. He also was one of the founders of the sport club of Tel-Aviv, Palestine, Hakoah, a word meaning "strength" for school girls and boys between the ages of 6 and 16, who are athletically inclined. *(Continued on page 40)*

LOVERS *of the* NOBLE ART

By
BILL
DOHERTY

(One time heavyweight champion of Australia and middleweight champion of South Africa)



Peter Jackson, one of the greatest fistic characters of all time.

BOB EDGREN

WHEN I study the history of the great game of boxing and also bring to mind the names of the notable champions that I have met—and in my time I have met many—I am struck by the fact that the giants of the game, the men who raised it high in the estimation of the rest of the world, were all lovers of the noble art. That is, they either loved fighting for its own sake or loved the idea or the plan or the methods of boxing. By giants I mean such immortals as Gentleman John Jackson, Tom Cribb, Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, John L. Sullivan, Larry Foley with his school which included Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons, and finally in this short list of some of the really great, Jim Corbett and the second Jack Dempsey (conqueror of Firpo).

These men all had something more than just prize fighting or boxing skill and the humdrum merits of courage, strength and stamina; they either looked upon the game as a life work or even as a sort of religion or they just loved the swing and movement and swift exchanges of the actual work in the ring.

* * *

MANY, many years ago in my father's hotel, The Rising Sun, I met Jem Mace, who had come to Melbourne while still in the prime of life, only a few years after relinquishing the title of heavyweight champion of America and the world. Though I was only a lad at the time I was able to appreciate the greatness of Mace because my father showed him a good deal of deference and as I believed my father to be the finest man on earth I became convinced in a flash that Mace must have been a more than ordinary mortal. Whenever he spoke in my presence I hung on his words and pondered long upon them afterwards, and I remember that one of the things he said was that he had fought scores of "love-battles" as a youth before ever earning a copper coin in the ring.

It seemed strange that a hardened prize-fighter should speak of "love battles," but now when I remember Mace and all he did and the influence that he wielded on the history of the game I know that those words were an index to the personality and character of the man. He was a lover of the game, and he was able to inspire others with that same fervor and to usher on to the world-stage of pugilism such mighty figures as Jackson, Fitzsimmons and Foley, to mention but three who came under his influence.

Jackson not only loved the game and would have died rather than have brought disgrace upon it, but he was himself a lovable personality in spite of the fierce and violent nature of his calling. In his early days he would fight for nothing or next to nothing and he acquired many a suit of clothes at the rate of three hard fights each—one for the trousers, one for the vest, and one for the coat. And that was at a time when he was known as "Professor Jackson" and widely respected throughout the land as a possible heavyweight champion.

* * *

MENTION of Jackson calls inevitably for mention of Jim Corbett, his great American rival. Away back in the '90's those two peerless boxers fought a 61-round draw and it was only love of the game and what it meant in their lives that enabled them to face and go through that terrible ordeal. So high was their conception of the task and duties of a fighter that the battle was a life and death matter with each man fiercely determined never to leave the ring of his own free will except as victor.

But for the action of officials in stopping the bout, they might have been there fighting yet for all I know. Both are now gone from this earthly abiding place, and if there is a better land in the hereafter for boxers, I believe I would forfeit my own place in it if I could thus insure that Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett would meet there once again.

* * *

THEN there was that other Jackson, "Gentleman John," a white man who flourished in the flourishing days of the Regency. With Jackson it was not so much loving boxing as loving the methods and machinery and associations of the game. Actually he did not fight often in the ring himself though he gained and held the title of champion of England. with him the noble art was something sacred, even as a religion and by his example and teaching he raised it in prestige until crowned heads did not disdain to bend an ear to accounts of battles at which Jackson officiated, and amongst his disciples there were immortals in the realm of art and letters such as Byron and Shelley.

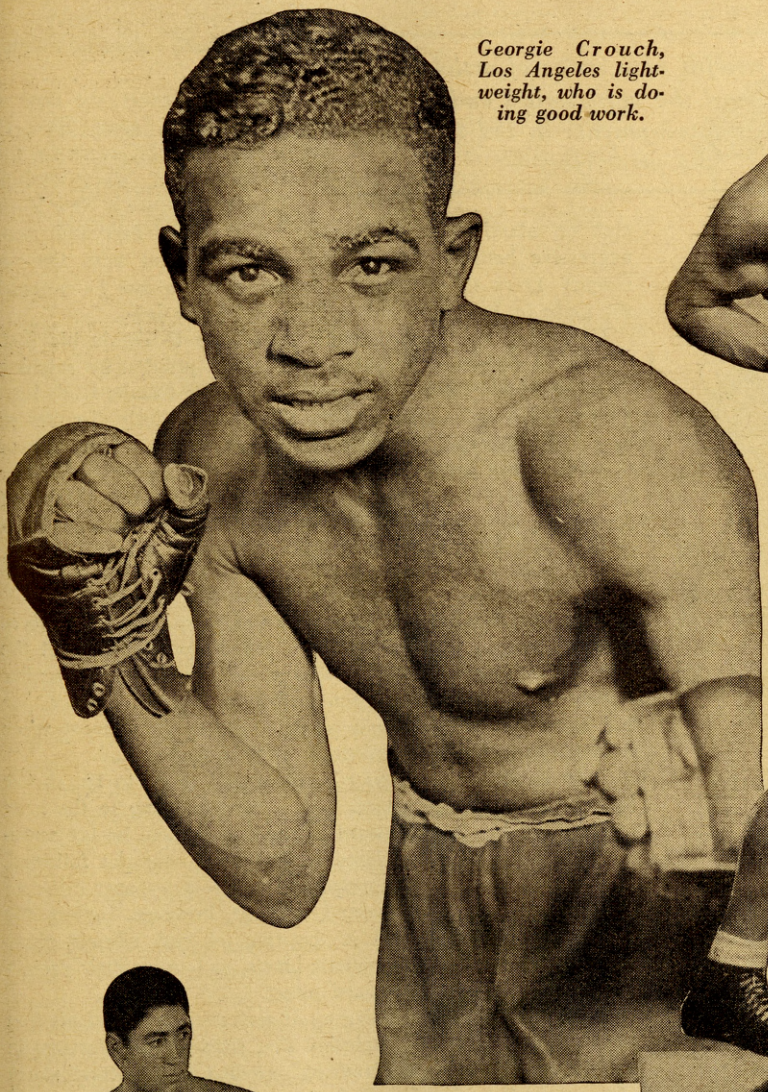
Plain blunt Thomas Cribb, too, was patronized by royalty and by men of letters although he was as different from the handsome, debonair and faultlessly mannered Gentleman John Jackson as it was possible for anyone to be. But Tom Cribb was a lover of the noble art as was Jackson, and whenever he fought, the match invariably was uplifted out of the realm of ordinary bruising into an event of national importance.

For his second great fight with Molyneaux, the American Negro (and that same Tom Molyneaux, I hasten to add, was a lover of and a credit to the game, Cribb went through a course of training ten times as severe as ever had been known in the history of pugilism up to that time, and under the direction of a noted Scottish athlete and the gentleman stuck it out to the bitter end, though it was rigorous enough to have killed a lesser man. But the championship was at stake and all England, from the highest to the lowest, was looking to him to defend it successfully against this strange black man from far off Virginia, and Cribb was prepared to go to any lengths to justify the hopes of his followers and uphold the honor of the great game that he loved.

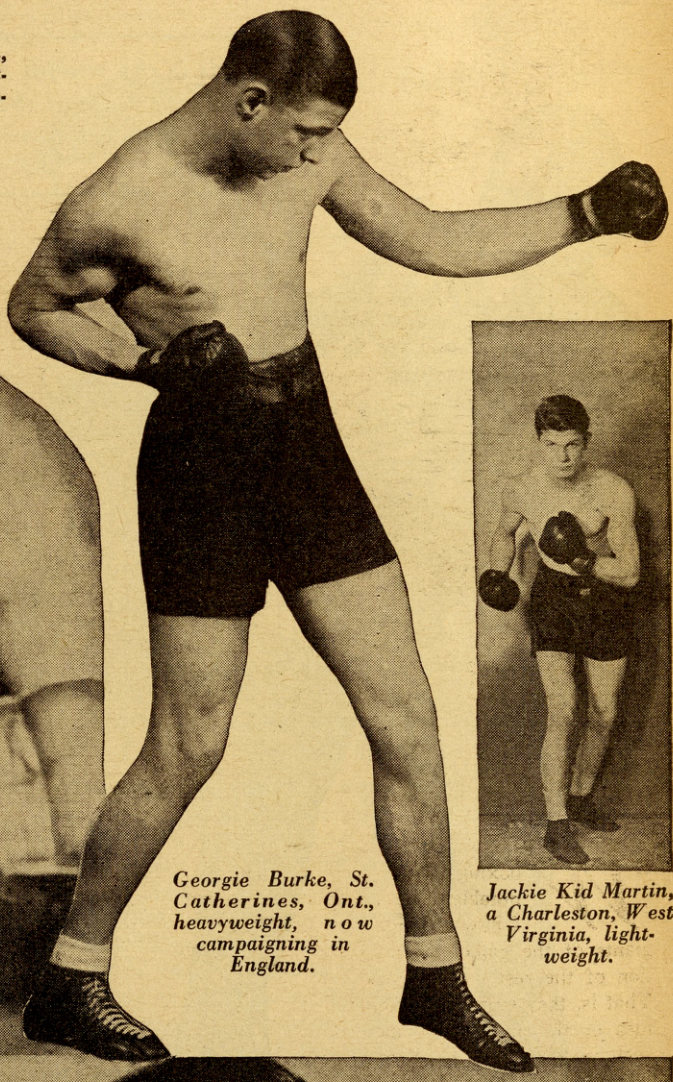
* * *

SUCH a one was another Tom—Tom Sayers, who also had the honor of defending the championship of England against an American, John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, and a fighter who deserves mention with the best *(Continued on page 43)*

Promising Fighters

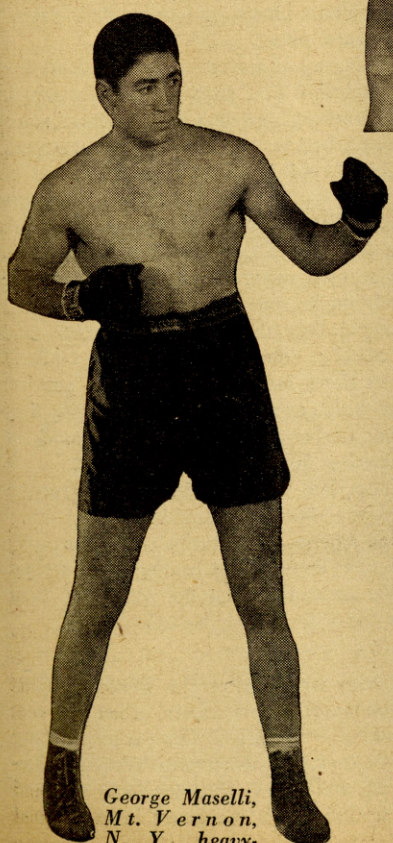


Georgie Crouch, Los Angeles lightweight, who is doing good work.

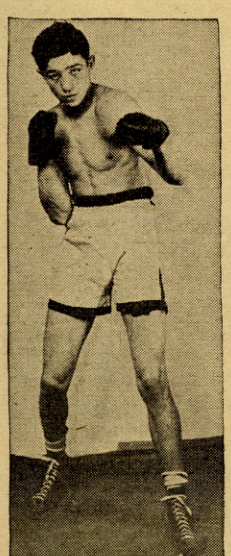


Georgie Burke, St. Catherines, Ont., heavyweight, now campaigning in England.

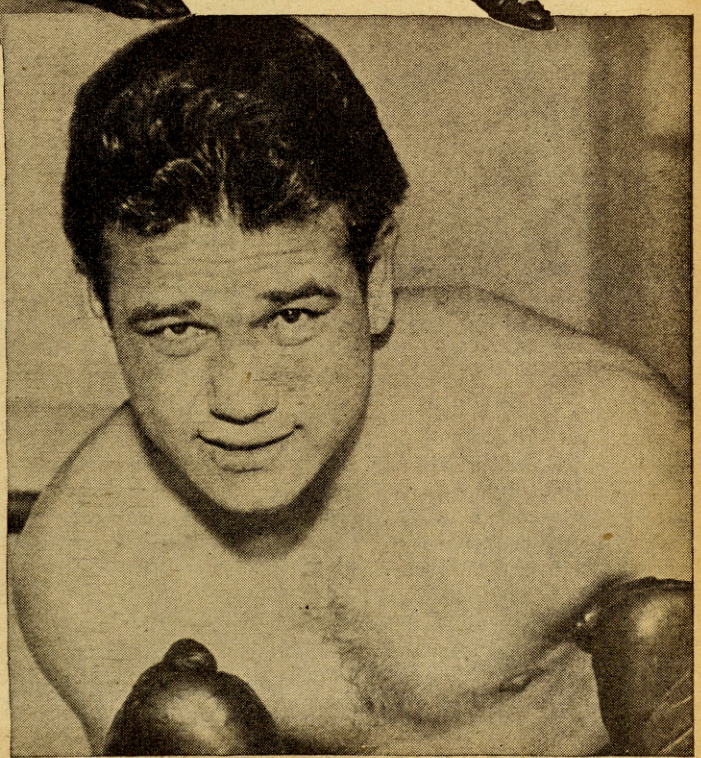
Jackie Kid Martin, a Charleston, West Virginia, lightweight.



George Maselli, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., heavyweight, with a heavy wallop.



Frank Aiello, 126-pounder from New York City.



Carlos Miranda, Mexican welterweight with a hefty wallop.

GANG WARS, POLITICIANS

This is the twelfth of a series of articles dealing with some of the most sordid and yet now very dramatic developments in the history of the prize ring.

Jack Johnson, who knocked out Ketchel after Stanley tried the "double-cross."

THE halcyon days of the Horton Law, 1896 to 1900, constituted a sort of thieves' paradise for the genial, privileged bandits who ruled the political roost. Eventually fixed and faked contests became so numerous, and the complaining bleat of the sheared sheep so vociferous, that a mass movement of decent citizens looking toward repeal of the boxing law, bore fruit at Albany in the shape of a message sent to the Legislature by the Empire State Governor. And consequently, professional boxing bouts were put under a ban.

The gamblers had overreached themselves as they inevitably do when given a free hand, and the demise of the goose that laid the golden eggs, followed as a matter of course. It had got so that suspicion was attached to every fight in which star performers appeared. The boxer who was "in right" seemed destined to win by fair means or foul, and referees interpreted the rules pretty much according to their own ideas.

Oscar Gardner, the famous Omaha Kid, came East to fight Terry McGovern for the featherweight championship. They met before a New York club on March 9, 1900. Gardner, one of the best and most aggressive battlers in his class, slugged it out with the renowned Terry on even terms. In the second round he dropped the pride of Brooklyn with a flush-hit on the jaw.

McGovern, badly dazed, tried desperately to regain his feet. Finally he succeeded in assuming an erect position by catching Gardner around the knees and climbing up the Omaha Kid's legs. This palpable infringement of the rules was entirely disregarded by the referee. Gardner's timekeeper and handlers also claimed that McGovern was given a "long" count, having been down for at least twelve seconds. This view was sustained by three of the boxing writers present. However, Gardner was knocked out in the round following, and McGovern's title was safe.

* * *

A STILL more flagrant instance of favoritism by a referee occurred when Kid McCoy fought Joe Choynski at the Broadway Athletic Club, about two weeks after McCoy's peculiar victory over Peter Maher, referred to in the last chapter. Joe had more than held his own on points up to the moment when the gong rang for the termination of the fourth round.

Choynski dropped his guard and turned to go to his corner but was caught from behind with a terrific swing to the head that toppled him face forward to the floor, where he lay senseless. McCoy was duly declared victor, and a near-riot followed, but the decision stood as announced. Hostile newspaper criticism followed, as might be expected, without, however, ruffling the feathers of the third man in the ring, or club officials, these latter caring little for journalistic blasts, so long as their protective political barriers remained intact.

Yet it was the constant piling up of such unsavory incidents that finally culminated in an explosion that shattered the barriers in question. Murmurs of a "frameup" swelled to an actual storm of angry protest when Jim Corbett was credited with a five-round knockout over Kid McCoy at old Madison Square Garden on the night of August 30, 1900. To all outer appearances, the bout was a marvel of scientific display between two of the ring's cleverest big men. Those friendly to Corbett were vehement in their denunciation of the scandal mongers and insisted that the fight was decided absolutely on its merits.

But the rumor got around that the fight was "fixed," and experts pointed out that McCoy, admittedly one of the craftiest masters of the fistic art, at times left himself open for punches that ordinarily he would have avoided with ease. Also, they thought it rather queer that Corbett, never famed as a knockout artist, should suddenly develop from a careful scientist into a slugger capable of administering the coup-de-grace to such a top-notcher as McCoy within a short period of battling.

Nothing was ever proved against the principals, and naturally both of them entered indignant denials. Yet leading sport scribes of the day persisted in the accusation that the public had been fooled again, among them Joe Villa of the New York *Sun*.

* * *

THREE months and two weeks after the McCoy-Corbett affair, Chicago went on record with a scandal of her own that clamped the lid down on boxing in the Windy City for many a long day. This was the notorious engagement between Terry McGovern, featherweight champion, and Joe Gans, later to be crowned lightweight king, in which Gans took the count in the second round.

Gans was naturally an overwhelming favorite in the betting.

HURT EARLY BOXING

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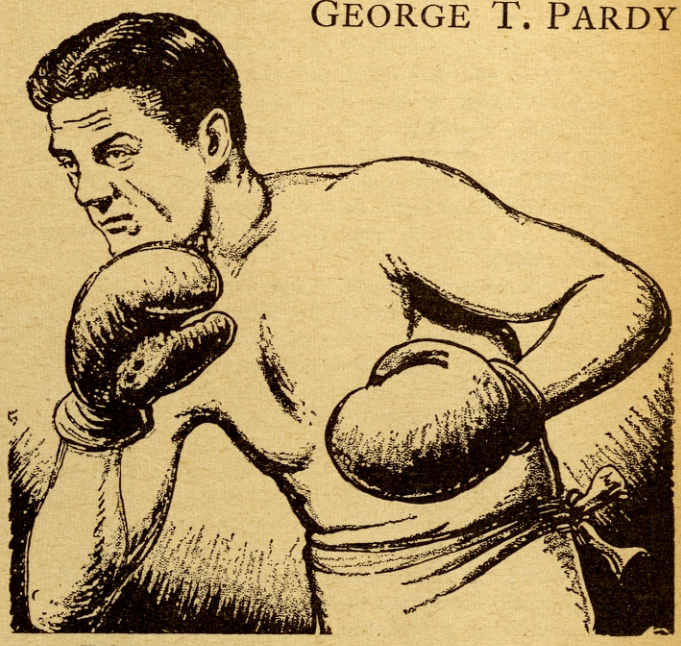
By
GEORGE T. PARDY

Repeal of Horton Law in New York—Unsavory contests cause Chicago and California to kill boxing—Vicious element in control—The days of "fake" fights recalled.



Kid McCoy, who figured in several unsavory contests.

Although the same year McGovern had stopped lightweight champion Frank Erne, pitting himself against Gans was apparently a far greater risk for Terry to take. It would have been, had the bout registered as an on the level proposition. In Erne's case, the latter had foolishly agreed to scale 126 pounds, a weight that left him weak and an easy victim for the hard-punching king of the feathers.

No such restriction was imposed on Gans, who entered the ring at his best fighting notch. Great a featherweight as McGovern was, he could not be classed as a fit opponent for the superb colored boxer. Gans, besides being extraordinarily clever, could punch like a triphammer. In fact, it is doubtful if any lightweight, past or present, could hit with such deadly sharpshooting efficiency.

The fight critics all gave McGovern credit for plenty of nerve in daring to face Gans, but none expected him to last the six rounds for which the bout was scheduled. Imagine then, the surprise of the huge crowd that packed Tattersalls on the night of December 13, 1900, to see the formidable Gans pecking weakly at McGovern with jabs that hadn't an atom of force, and allowing the smaller and lighter man to rush him from rope to rope, pounding furiously at the Negro's body.

It was not only a bare-faced fake, but wretchedly conceived and carried out. Joe was a magnificent fighter, but a horribly punk actor. When he dropped in a neutral corner, with Terry vigorously beating a tattoo on his stomach, he collapsed after the fashion of a sawdust doll, suddenly bent over. It wasn't even a melodramatic finish, but a pitiful burlesque, and the disgusted howls of cheated onlookers shook the building as Referee George Siler solemnly counted out the prostrate loser.

Only the presence and instant action of a strong force of city police and Pinkerton men kept the furious crowd from rushing the ring, mobbing the principals and wrecking everything in sight. Threats and execrations were hurled so viciously at Siler that a squad of bluecoats formed around the referee and escorted him to safety. The patrons blamed him, logically enough, for not having declared the bout "no contest!"

* * *

THE population of Chicago's Black Belt on the city's South Side, was hard hit by Gans' betrayal of his race. Men, women and youngsters—they had backed Joe with every nickel they could scrape together. For Gans, like Joe Louis, was their idol, and everyone knows with what fervid loyalty the colored sports rally to the support of an outstanding Negro boxer. As a recent example one has but to recall the enthusiasm displayed by Joe Louis' following over his rise to prominence.

But the folks who really counted in the final showdown were none other than the august members of the Chicago City Council. These gentry were mostly all rabid fight fans, who, by reason of their political power, always occupied the best seats at every important battle as guests of the management. They were also the recipients of timely hints from the promoters as to how they should place their bets, for not a man-jack of them ever viewed a contest without having a wager down. And being people whose business friendship was well worth having, it was good policy to see that they won.

Yet a cog must have slipped somewhere in the Gans-McGovern frameup, because in that particular instance, the City Council autocrats went broke on Gans. Now it is axiomatic that the deepest wound that can be inflicted on a politician is putting a dent in his bank roll. And here, not one, but many of the sacred herd had been taken for a rough financial ride! Nor had the members of that all-powerful organization, the Cook County Democracy, exercising similar potential sway in Chicago to that maintained in the East by Tammany Hall, escaped gambling reverses such as had overtaken their aldermanic associates.

To put it tersely, the ruling powers had been rudely swatted, and all because those immediately concerned in the Gans-McGovern get-rich-quick plot were so swollen with greed, and feared lest the tipping-off of the political magnates might spoil their big-money coup.

* * *

IT has been shown how protestations by New York newspapers against suspicious glove contests were disregarded for years, before righteous civic wrath at last flooded into a tidal wave that swept the Horton Law and the grafters who benefited by it into temporary oblivion. Chicago had not yet reached that stage, until the McGovern-Gans swindle stirred up a tempest.

Possibly even the journalistic assaults on the plotters would have had scant effect in checking further fistic impositions on the Chicago public, had not the political tribe suffered loss of dignity and filthy lucre. But, smarting from every pore from a sense of injured pride and financial loss, the worthy City Fathers rallied gloriously to the newspapers' clarion call for justice on the evil-doers.

They would score a triple triumph! First by gaining editorial commendation from the papers; secondly by showing their constituents how prompt they were to guard the rights of the PEOPLE, and thirdly by attaining revenge on and putting a crimp in the money-making activities of the pugilistic showmen.

Not a moment was lost in lengthy discussion when the Council went into action. In less time than it takes to record the fact, a city ordinance was put through, declaring an official outlawing of boxing in the big burg on Lake Michigan's shores. And for several years that ordinance was enforced strictly, compelling

big and little grafter in Chicago's formerly fruitful orchard of pugilism to seek fresh fields and pastures new for the exercise of their cadging talents, or else ward off starvation by the horrifying expedient of resorting to honest work. It was the Horton-golden-goose-slaying enacted all over again on another stage!

* * *

THE fistic situation on the Coast presented varied eras of free license and reform, as different political administrations came and went. At one time, finish fights were legal in California. Later, unlimited distance battles were eliminated, and when the reform wave receded, twenty-five-round bouts were permitted. The usual graft conditions of political gambling resulted in an official ban again descending upon the game. Then the sport was revived with a ten-round limit, such as prevails in California today.

The crooked element had everything very much their own way during the days when twenty-five-round engagements were the rule. It was the universal creed of outsiders that where one of the principals in a California fight wore the proud title of Native Son, the best a visiting pug could get with him was the worst of it. Unless the latter was lucky enough to win via the knockout route. And even then, it was quite possible that the knockout victim might be declared winner on a foul, as in the case of Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey, already mentioned.

The legendary experience of Charlie Sieger, the Eastern lightweight once known as "The Iron Man," deserves revival as an example of how far the Coast gamblers were willing to adventure in order to clinch victory for their choice.

Sieger, now living in Hoboken, N. J., depones that the most surprising and least pleasing of his ring jousts occurred on the night of November 10, 1903, when he fought Jimmy Britt in San Francisco. Britt was a great local favorite, whom his adherents firmly believed would be world's lightweight champion some day.

Sieger, remembered by veterans as one of the hardest men to hurt that ever donned a glove, took all that Britt could give in the line of punishment and came on in rushing style as the battle entered the twentieth round stage. Suddenly—out went the lights, presumably switched off by some deft hand working for the interests of the Native Son. When the illumination came on again Sieger was lying on the ring floor in a dazed condition. Britt was declared winner.

Sieger states that all he could remember was standing by the ropes in the darkness and being cracked on the skull vigorously by some implement of warfare. And to this day, the erstwhile Iron Man maintains that a skilfully wielded blackjack cut open his scalp and raised a lump on his head of egg-like dimensions.

* * *

IN more recent years, or, to be precise, on October 16, 1909, spectators of a battle at Colma, California, between Jack Johnson and Stanley Ketchel were treated to an ultra-dramatic climax which wasn't on the original amusement schedule.

Johnson, by virtue of a victory over Tommy Burns in Australia, was then recognized as world's heavyweight champion. Ketchel was undisputed king of the middleweights, and so formidable that he had virtually fought himself out of worthy opponents in his division. Consequently, Stanley, who never hesitated to give weight away, was frequently obliged to step out of the middleweight ranks and face heavier metal.

There was a dearth of fitting opponents for Johnson, too, so thoroughly did the giant black outclass all the warriors of his day. For the hour had not yet struck when Jim Jeffries would emerge from retirement in an attempt to restore the blue ribbon of the ring to the Caucasian race—and fail miserably!

Ketchel, ever the personification of self-confidence, cherished the notion that he could defeat Johnson. His astute manager, Willus Britt, was not so sure of this, great as was his faith in Stanley's terrific hitting powers and gameness. Britt, a remarkably keen judge of fighting material, did not share an opinion then held by many fight fans—that Johnson, while extraordinarily clever, was deficient in punching power.

The truth of the matter was that the colored heavyweight monarch could hit like the proverbial sledge-hammer, when he so desired. But Johnson was, first of all, a canny ring general and marvelous scientist who did not care to take unnecessary chances in action, and won as he pleased by dint of bewilderingly fast boxing, wearing an opponent down, and winning without indulging in risky slugging tactics.

* * *

WILLUS BRITT was well aware of these facts and when a match with Johnson was proposed by interested parties, he betrayed no especial eagerness to close the transaction. There was no question that such a battle would draw a big gate. Ketchel's numerous admirers, judging by his sensational past performances, were disposed to think that he could beat anything on two legs, no matter what the weight handicap might be. And, of course, Johnson was a tremendous box office asset!

Still Britt had no intention of passing up a fine financial prospect, only—he intended to make the match on his own terms. He knew Johnson's bank account required replenishment badly. When Jack defeated Burns in the preceding year, the latter got the lion's share of the purse, as demanded by his championship status. Johnson secured the title, but little else.

Since that time Johnson had participated in four short contests, winning from Victor McLagen in six rounds, boxing two six-round, no-decision bouts with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Tony Ross, and a no-decision, ten-rounder with Al Kaufmann. None of these affairs yielded anything in the shape of big money.

Consequently Johnson was only too anxious to sign up with Ketchel, and thereby fatten up his sorely depleted funds. Wily Mr. Britt went into conference with the colored champion and proposed that Johnson should "carry" Ketchel, just outpoint him, but agree not to knock him out. This suggestion sounded okay to Jack, and in fact, it was the only way he could hope to obtain the much-needed cash a meeting with Ketchel would assuredly bring.

Looked at from any angle, it was a good all-around arrangement for the parties concerned, from a financial, if not from a strictly ethical viewpoint. Should Ketchel lose on points, he would be sacrificing nothing of value. He would still be on top of the middleweight roost, possessing the added distinction of having traveled a long route with the heavyweight champion without suffering a knockout.

Nor had Johnson anything to lose by allowing Ketchel to stay the limit. On the contrary, he might then be able to coax heavyweights into his net who, so far, had avoided mixing with him between the ropes. These latter would probably figure that if Jack couldn't stop a middleweight, the big fellow wasn't a particularly dangerous puncher, and perhaps take a chance at his game.

* * *

THUS everything was jake for a box office killing. Also the tip was given certain politicians that a bet on Ketchel to stay the limit would be like finding money. That had to be done for good and sufficient reasons. Mr. Britt was as wise as the traditional serpent in his own generation, and neither he nor his colleagues were apt to overlook the big-shot interests in conjunction with whom they constantly planned and prospered.

All might have gone smoothly and according to Hoyle had it not been for the interposition of Stanley Ketchel's colossal ego. The latter was one of the most confident and ambitious gents that ever practiced pugilism as a profession. He had long ago fixed his eye upon the distant goal of the heavyweight championship as something he was quite capable of attaining.

Nothing flattered Stanley so much as to be told that he looked big and strong enough to whip men of any size. He liked to make such an impression, and to further it was in the habit of wearing coats heavily padded around the shoulders to gain an effect of bulk, and shoes with unusually high heels that added to his stature.

There was no gainsaying his hitting powers. His deliveries had more dynamite behind their impact than most heavyweights then in active service could boast of possessing. And he believed absolutely that if he could once put Jack Johnson down with one

of his justly celebrated rights to the jaw, the wearer of the world's most sought-after fistic crown would stay down for a full count.

And so it followed that Ketchel entered the ring with Johnson fully determined to double-cross that unsuspecting gentleman, if a good opportunity offered. The gate fulfilled the most optimistic expectations of the promoters. Every spare inch of space was jammed by a crowd that looked forward eagerly to a battle vibrating with thrills.

As was usual with him, Ketchel cut out a fast pace. Ever aggressive, he rushed continually, cheered to the echo by his enthusiastic cohorts, whose members were present in full force. Most of the fans at that period resented the possession of the heavyweight title by a colored man. Hence the feverish hunt for a so-called White Hope to dethrone Johnson, which drew Jeffries out of retirement, and was not successful until years later, when the colored wonder had passed his peak of efficiency, and resigned his laurels to gigantic Jess Willard.

But Ketchel, although forcing the pace, was not inflicting any damage on his crafty opponent. Johnson boxed with superb skill, countering Ketchel, making him miss, but apparently never exerting himself to any particular extent. In the clinches he handled the middleweight with careless ease, throwing him off as easily as a full-grown man would a lad. The colored crack was far ahead on points, which was all that he desired.

* * *

THAT Johnson would have kept to his agreement loyally was never doubted afterwards by those who learned the inside story of the fray, had not his hand been forced by a totally unexpected move by Ketchel. So far Jack had contented himself with warding off Stanley's furious but unavailing assaults and keeping his jaw safely covered.

But in the twelfth round, the heavyweight champion may have grown too careless, or trusted too much in Ketchel performing according to contract. For one brief instant he left the target of his chin undefended. Stanley saw the opening and with the speed of light shot a savage right full on the jaw. The blow had all of Ketchel's weight behind it, and Johnson dropped like a pole-axed steer.

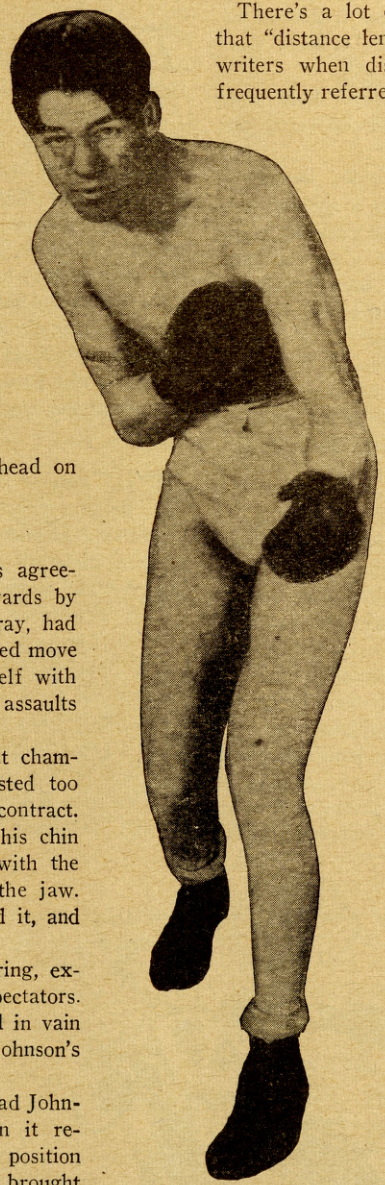
The clubhouse walls shook to the thundering, exultant yell that went up from the excited spectators. Had Ketchel accomplished the feat attempted in vain by so many big battlers? Was this Jack Johnson's finish?

Their exultation was short-lived. Scarcely had Johnson's massive frame struck the floor when it rebounded like a huge rubber ball to an erect position again. Leaping into action, the colored fighter brought up his right from the hip in an uppercut that caught Stanley square on the mouth.

Ketchel's feet left the canvas under the impact of that terrific punch. He turned a half somersault in the air, fell heavily and collapsed in a huddled heap. It was as completely cold a knockout as the oldest veteran at the ringside had ever witnessed.

Such was the force of the final blow that all the loser's front teeth were broken off at the gums. When Johnson's gloves were removed, two of Stanley's missing ivories were found embedded in the leather of the right one. The vexed question as to whether Jack Johnson could really hit was fully answered.

Naturally the outcome of the battle was a big disappointment to many who had cheered Ketchel to the echo when it looked as though victory was in his grasp. Far more disgruntled were those who had bet upon Stanley to last the limit of the bout as scheduled. For in some way—the ways these things invariably happen—the secret of the "fixing," supposed to have been imparted under solemn oaths of secrecy to a favored few, must have leaked out and there had been plenty of Ketchel money in evidence.



Terry McGovern, whose fight with Gans killed boxing in Illinois.

* * *

THE politicians who lost their wagers were the bitterest of all the disappointed ones in denouncing the management of the combat from which they had hoped to gather golden returns. Those whose energies are devoted to plundering the public usually distinguish themselves by making hideous outcries if the luck is bad and a looting scheme backfires disastrously in their faces.

There's a lot of solid truth in the old adage which asserts that "distance lends enchantment to the scene!" Modern sportwriters when discussing past performances in the ring have frequently referred, generally quoting some old-timer as authority, to the Johnson-Ketchel imbroglio as one of the most colorful, spectacular battles on record.

Well, in one sense, it was all of that! But from the historian's standpoint its chief interest lies in the fact that it was one of the few occasions where an attempted double-cross worked out in favor of the ring patrons. Instead of witnessing an automatic exhibition rehearsed and enacted according to prearranged schedule, they were entertained by as finely dynamic, melodramatic climax as the most ardent seeker after shock-thrills could desire.

Nor was the drama lacking in a touch of hilarious comedy, although most of the customers missed the big laugh. Its ironically humorous appeal was nevertheless vividly demonstrated to those enabled to peep behind the scenes. For the pocketbooks of the politicians and their underworld aides who took betting chances on "inside" information, were gutted to the seams when the premature explosion of Stanley Ketchel's swollen ambitions shattered a nicely planned racket into splintered chaos.

* * *

WHILE the Horton Law referees did much as they pleased in the way of rendering rather peculiar decisions, they had nothing on their Coast contemporaries in that respect. Many of the verdicts rendered in California rings were sufficiently weird to make an honest ring patron glare in pop-eyed astonishment and wonder what the game was coming to anyway! Among these topsy-turvy rulings one in particular stands out in bold relief as a priceless jewel of its kind.

That was the decision given by Jack Welsh when Ad Wolgast and Joe Rivers met at Vernon, California, July 4, 1912, for the lightweight championship, a title then held by Wolgast. There was little to choose between the men up to the thirteenth round. If either held a shade in the battling, it was Rivers. When the gong clanged for the thirteenth session, Wolgast rushed and hooked a hard left to the Mexican's stomach. Rivers flopped down heavily, and Wolgast, unable to check the momentum of his rush, crashed on top of his fallen adversary.

Rivers was lying in an arched position and one of his knees came into direct collision with Wolgast's groin. The latter roller over, badly hurt, but managed to raise himself on one knee, as the referee started the count. It was clearly evident that both fighters were practically helpless and unable to continue hostilities. To put it tersely— it was really one of those extremely rare happenings, a double knockout. *(Continued on page 45)*

They Discovered They

IN the boyhood of champions there is always a time when they first display unusual ability. Bat Nelson, a 14-year-old tike, licked a masked unknown fighting for a circus; Bob Fitzsimmons discovered his devastating punch in an argument over a prayer book.

Bob's mother made him memorize a new "collect" every morning before going to Sunday school. He had a facile memory and would quickly store away hymns, psalms and fragments of Scripture. It wasn't long before he knew more collects than any other boy in the school.

One day the parson put up a notice that a prayer book with gold clasps would be awarded to the lad who could recite the most collects.

As Bob afterwards told the story, "That sounded something like it! We lined up on one side of the room, like a spelling bee. When it came down to the last two, there was the preacher's son and me. I knew I 'ad 'im. You never 'eard a chap stammer and stumble the way 'e did. 'Is old man seen the way things were going, so 'e stopped it. I stuck out me 'and to receive the book . . . . Wot does 'e do but give it to 'is son!"

Ruby Robert, enraged by the unjust decision, decided to rectify matters in his own way. He hid behind a lilac bush, and when the preacher's son passed, proudly toting the book under his arm, Fitzsimmons stepped out and poked him in the belly. Then, as the bigger lad bent over, Fitz "bashed him in the mush."

* * *

THE big kid, softer than Blacksmith Bob, let out a squeak and sprinted for dear life, still clutching the prayer book. Ruby Robert was a good runner, too. He pursued his foe into the vestry, where he bashed him again. Then the fight started. And ended.

The preacher's son plopped the book down, squared off, and received a haymaker on the chin. Down he went—for the count. And away fled Fitzsimmons, prayer book under his arm.

That was when he discovered what a "sock" he had, and when he first thought of becoming a fighter.

Bob, years later, found out a useful thing by observing a bear and scuffling with it. Bears have a clever way of slapping a blow aside with one paw. While other boxers had used this move, none ever perfected it like Fitz. He worked on the parry, studying the bear, until with very little effort he could slap a punch so sharply that it would actually spin his opponent part way around, floundering awkwardly. Anyone who got off balance in front of Fitzsimmons, promptly kissed the canvas.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS, a fighter going nowhere in particular, was made into a champion by losing money on the horse races. He was an inveterate player of the ponies.

This is one of the few cases where betting disasters ever did anyone any good. He was buying some real estate on the instalment plan, and lost the cash for his final instalment. Fearing to lose his entire investment, he desperately sought a way to earn some money in a hurry. He dispatched a telegram to Middleweight Champion Tommy Ryan. Burns was a middleweight, too, and such a bout was the logical thing for a man of his size. Ryan demanded that he make the weight at 154 pounds ringside, in his fighting clothes. Burns couldn't do it.

Meanwhile Heavyweight Champion Marvin Hart, touring the country under Ryan's manager, Jack Curley, demanded a "sucker" bout with the anxious Burns, got it, and lost it—together with his title.

* * *

THE hardest problem facing some managers is to make their fighters improve. Tim McGrath ran against that problem in training Sharkey to meet Jeffries. The husky sailor had no science. McGrath wanted to team him how to fight against a heavyweight using the famous Jeffries crouch.

Bob Armstrong, a fine Negro heavyweight, was in on the scheme. Tim took him aside one morning, and said:

"If Sharkey rushes in against Jeffries the way he has been rushing all these other fellows, that big boilermaker will kill him. Sharkey has got to learn to look out for hard body punches from a guy crouched down like that. So I want you to go in and box just the way Jeff would. Crouch low. When the sailor rushes in, sock him in the ribs with all you've got."

"Mr. McGrath," asked Armstrong doubtfully, "Am I to knock him out?"

"Yes. If you can," replied Tim.

"But," objected Armstrong, rolling his eyes, "s'pose I don't knock him cold? What's going to happen to me?"

McGrath just laughed. Bob had fought Jeffries a year before in New York, and Jeff broke his hand on Bob's hard head. Armstrong could take care of himself, thought Tim.

* * *

WHEN the workout began that afternoon, the sparring partner loyally did his duty. Sharkey rushed in, flailing furiously as was his custom, and powerful Bob crouched to meet the attack. Sharkey exposed his midsection. Bob stepped in with a well-aimed right that carried all the power his two hundred pounds could put into it. His fist sunk so far into Sharkey's solar plexus the glove went clear out of sight.

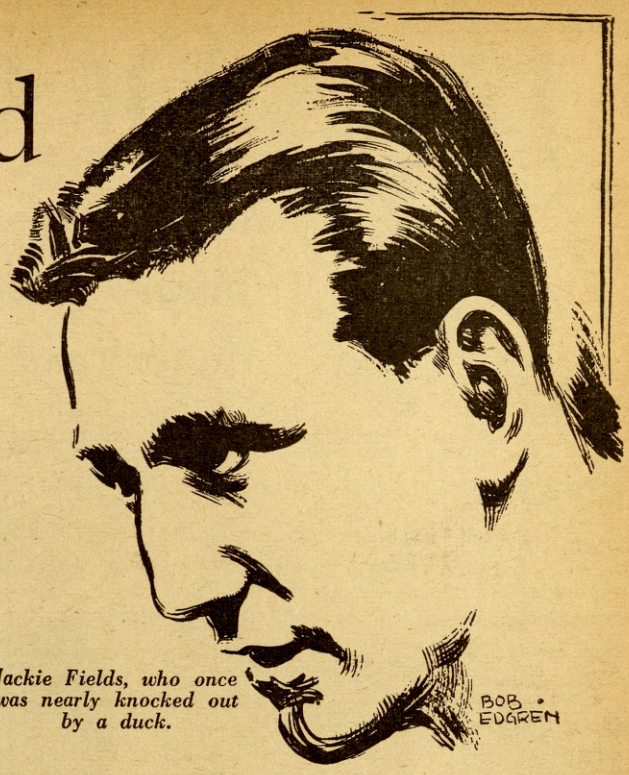
The Irishman sank to his hands and knees. The wind was knocked out of him. He was completely surprised. But he was tough. He jumped to his feet an instant later, bellowing in Celtic fury.

And where was Armstrong? Armstrong was out of the ring, out of the building, out of the grounds, sprinting down the highway

Right: Bob Fitzsimmons discovered his punch in a squabble over a prayer book. Lower left: Mickey Walker, before his first fight, ate raisins to improve his wind. They swelled and he nearly burst. Lower right: Bat Nelson, at 14, trimmed a travelling circus fighter.

Were Good

By
ROBERT EDGREN



Jackie Fields, who once was nearly knocked out by a duck.

for dear life. He returned in the evening, when Sharkey had cooled off.

* * *

WHILE Mickey Walker was in training for his first fight, he learned that not all advice is good advice. His mother had been told that raisins were good for the wind. Mickey appeared at the arena that night with a one pound box of them. He had trained faithfully, and felt hungry. He nibbled a handful of raisins now and then. Before he knew it, he had eaten the boxful.

As the fight went into the third round, the raisins began to swell. Mickey nearly burst. Some one had given Ma a bum steer.

Little Jackie Fields, while still an amateur, fought in a bout in Santa Barbara. It was the first time he was ever away from home. The kid seemed to have lost all his cleverness. He wallowed through a fight with an opponent he should have beaten with ease, and nearly burst out crying when the referee awarded the victory to his rival. He knew he had fought miserably.

In the dressing room, he was still downcast. "Gee, Mr. Edgren," he explained, "you know this is the first time I have ever been away from home. The people up here are just swell to us. Tonight we had roast duck. I never tasted such duck before. When I told them how good it was, they invited me to have another one. So I did."

It was a wonder he lasted through the fight!

Jackie went on to win the Olympic championship as an amateur. But he didn't eat two ducks that night.

His clubmate, Fidel LaBarba, also won a championship at the same Olympics, and later—like Jackie—became world's champion in the professional ring. Fidel was not a college man when he was champion, but he retired and went to Stanford later. This reminds us that Freddy Steele last summer said that he would quit the ring in two years and go to college. The university of his choice is Washington State, where Jess Willard, Jr., has just begun an amateur boxing career.

* * *

MAYBE the colleges will have some new training stunts to offer Freddy. Down at the University of Alabama, the coach once wouldn't let his boxers sleep on pillows. He said it made their neck muscles soft.

And then, too, y'don't get a pillow in the ring.

An age when champions go to college after fighting is a far cry from the old days. Sometimes boxers went to an institution after a title bout; but the letters over the door were JAIL. Or HOSPITAL.

After Kilrain battled Sullivan, he was sentenced to two months in prison for taking part in the fight. In those days prisoners were farmed out, and some friends bought him from the county for thirty cents a day. During the time he was a "prisoner," he actually fought some local pug in New Orleans for a purse of $1500. They didn't object to fighting in New Orleans.

You couldn't blame a man for getting mixed up about the regulations in a case like that. Or in the case which puzzled cockney Pedlar Palmer.

* * *

THE PEDLAR, pride of Canning Town, London, was to represent the English style of boxing in an international match. His opponent was Louis Anastasie, master of the French system of *savate*. According to the rules, Palmer was to use his fists only, while the Frenchman was to be allowed to use his feet as well as his dukes. That is the *savate* method.

The crowd at the Brittania theater cheered as Pedlar scored with a brisk left to the nose. Anastasie found the going difficult at close quarters, because he couldn't use his feet. He danced away, delivering a graceful kick now and then to Palmer's face. This riled the Englishman, who rushed in close, and forced Anastasie around the ring until the bell rang.

Round two was again trying to the Pedlar's temper. He swore under his breath. Louis kicked him on the shins. Then in the body. Pedlar landed a few light bangs to the head.

In the third, the Frenchman skipped around the ring. It was impossible for the cockney to catch him and hit him. Palmer advanced angrily; Louis darted in and landed a pip of a blow in the Englishman's breadbasket with his heel.

That was too much. Pedlar swore loudly, sprang in, and folded the Frenchman up with a swift kick to the stomach!

The *savate* artist, outdone at his own game, sank to the canvas, while the calm English referee promptly disqualified Palmer.

* * *

THE question often has been asked, "How did Battling Nelson get his start in boxing?" I once asked that of the Battler, and here is what he told me:

His first job was on an ice wagon, and his first public appearance at the Wallace circus at Hammond, Indiana. Before the circus, the Battler carried a banner in the street parade, and this got him a pass into the show.

When he got in, the Battler learned that Wallace had a champion, or near champion, traveling with the circus and meeting all comers, and the strange part about it, said the Battler, was that nobody with the circus knew how the "Wallace champion" got his reputation as a man-eater.

One of Nelson's gang went up to the manager of the circus and said: "Say, boss, we got a fellow here with us named Battling Nelson. What will you give us if he knocks the block off your unknown?"

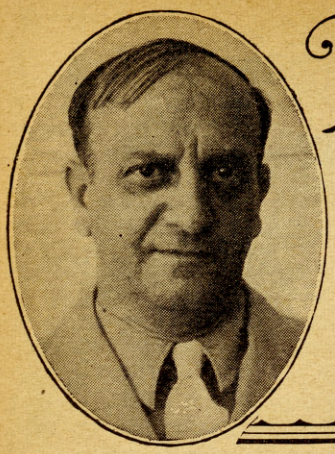
The manager, who really thought he had a great fighter, just laughed. "Well," he replied, "if your pal stands up through the three rounds I will give him a chance to try again every night."

That suited the Battler, who waited until the ring master made his invitation for somebody to come meet the "Wallace Unknown," and then trotted out into the ring.

The ring master took the Battler by the shoulder and hustled him into one of the side tents to dress and get ready.

The Battler didn't have to prepare much because he already had his pair of improvised boxing trunks under his old trousers. The announcer then said: "Now, kid, be game and don't let this chap of ours kill you."

"Bat" admitted that he was nervous, *(Continued on page 41)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Ross-Armstrong Fight Revives an Old Query
Chicago Loses Chance for Heavyweight Bout
McAvoy and Lynch Should Be Brought to U.S.

THE old question in boxing, "When is a championship at stake in a bout in which a title-holder is a participant," has been revived as a result of the Armstrong-Ross fight, scheduled to take place in New York this month. Under the terms of agreement, that match is for the welterweight championship with the winner to fight Lou Ambers within sixty days.

Here is a combination that involves three champions—the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight kings. Armstrong, holder of the featherweight crown, will fight for that title when he faces Ross. If Ross wins, then he and Ambers will clash in a battle for the same title, but according to the official ruling of the New York State Boxing Commission, upon demand of Eddie Mead, manager of the human dynamo, if Armstrong is the victor, then only the lightweight championship will be at stake when Henry and Ambers meet.

I have been flooded with letters asking me if such a procedure is correct. I have read the stories of the scribes and the statements of the principals, the commissioners and Mike Jacobs, the promoter, and I disagree with all of them.

* * *

IT is my contention and I am backed by two hundred years of boxing history, that when a champion of a higher division enters the roped square in a regular bout against an opponent in a lighter division, the championship of the higher section goes with the decision. Thus, if Armstrong should whip Ross, which I'm certain he cannot do, Henry would be the world welterweight king.

Now if Henry faces Ambers, who is holder of the lightweight title, and Ambers places his lightweight championship at stake as the agreement calls for, then a victory by Ambers would not only enable him to retain his crown but would give him in addition, the title which Armstrong won from Barney Ross. Private agreements won't hold.

* * *

THE contention of the Boxing Commission is that Armstrong would not weigh 147 pounds and since he would not be fighting within the welterweight limit, only one title, that of the lower class, would be at stake. That is a false conclusion. Once Armstrong wins the welterweight crown he must defend it every time he enters the ring against an opponent in a fight at the weight or below it. Only an over-the-weight match would save his crown and since that would be out of the question because of the low weight of the California Buzz-Saw, he could engage in no such bouts.

Al Gainer, leading contender for the light-heavyweight crown.

It is impossible for Armstrong to box in any class below the middleweight division, once he wins the welter title, and not defend it. Of course the Boxing Commission is empowered by law to make its rules for boxing within its own state, but it cannot by its actions, disturb rules of boxing that have been carried on for 200 years. The world-at-large will pay no attention to the New York Commission's ruling in such a case and it's dollars to doughnuts that if Henry should beat Ross and then fight Ambers and Herkimer Lou triumphs over Armstrong, Lou will be universally recognized as the lightweight and welterweight champion of the world, except in New York and possibly California where Henry might be protected because he is a home lad. I know THE RING will concede both titles to him if he triumphs and so will international boxing bodies.

* * *

IT'S silly to think otherwise. Arguments by some scribes that because Armstrong would be fighting below the welter notch his new title would not be at stake, wouldn't hold water in a court of boxing law. There would be no handicap match in this case that could be deemed in the same light as the over-weight problem.

The Commission justifies its decision on the ground that its rules specify that a man is in the welterweight class only when he scales between 136 and 157 pounds and that since Armstrong would have to fight Lou at 135 or less, he would not be a welterweight. But is he a welterweight now? Isn't he the featherweight king? How can he be a welterweight when he fights Ross, in which case he will undoubtedly come in within the featherweight limit, yet not be a welter when he fights Ambers?

It's an enigma, boys. The managers and Commission apparently can change boxing rules at random!

* * *

THE Apostoli-Lee fight, staged on the same night as the Louis-Thomas battle, but in the Garden of New York, failed to come up to expectations. Here was a chance for Apostoli to gain international prestige as the outstanding middleweight of the world, but he failed to take advantage of his great opportunity. Perhaps it was not his fault. He might have been an overworked boy. That's what his manager, Larry White, gave as an excuse after the fight. Then again it might have been the peculiar style of Lee, a crouching style that brought his body almost parallel to the floor, and caused Fred to miss many punches he could have landed otherwise.

Whatever the fault, the fact remains that the crowd of 15,000 persons, a gathering larger by 5000 than saw Joe Louis whip Thomas, left the Garden arena sadly disappointed. The prestige which Apostoli had gained when he stopped Freddy Steele and later when he engaged in a rip-roaring, sizzling contest with Lee, was lost in that return engagement. The crowd had expected more than it had received and far less than it was entitled to expect from two such whirlwind fighters as Glen Lee and Fred Apostoli.

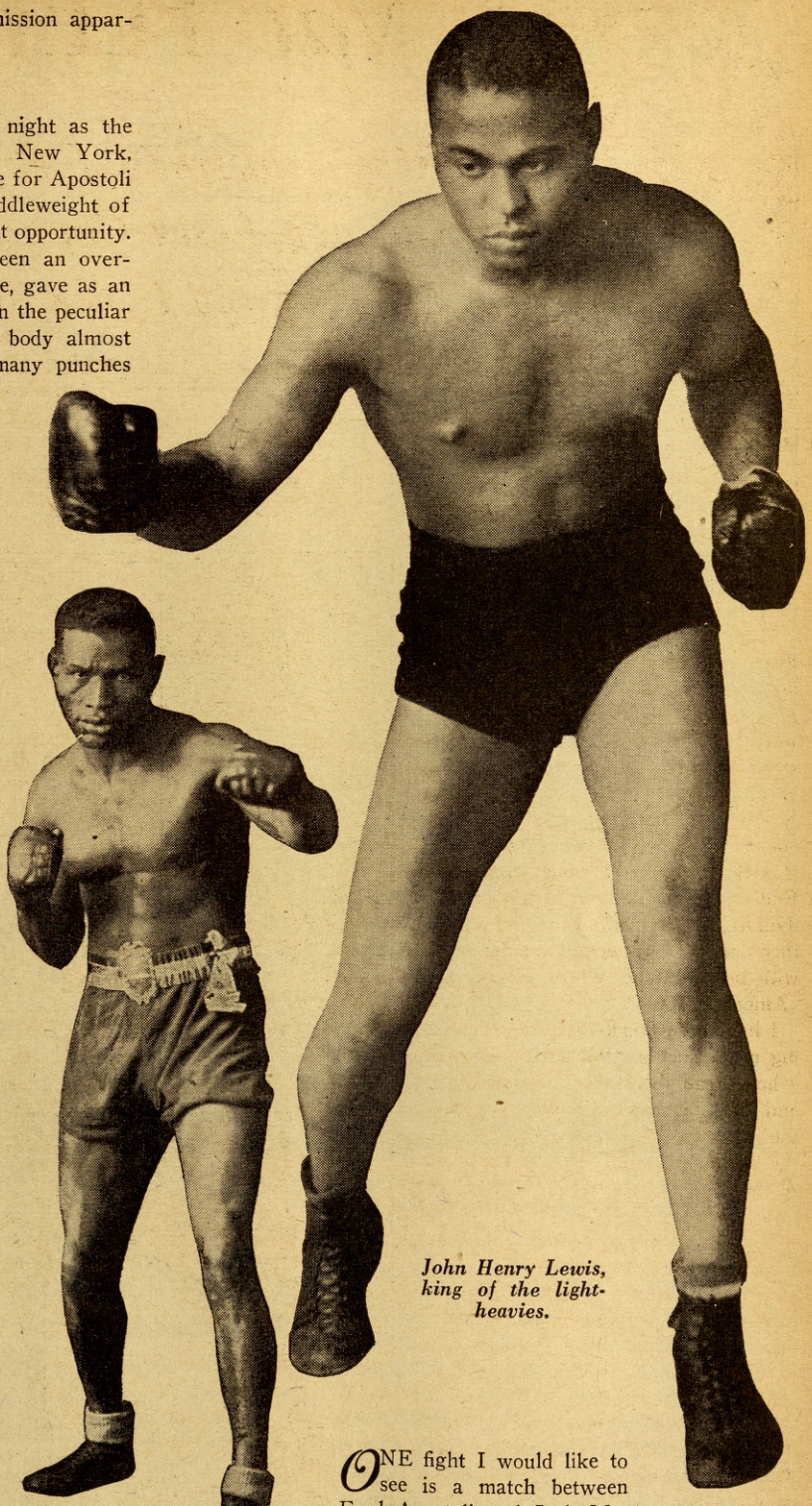
* * *

THE result of that fight, despite Apostoli's victory, had left the middleweight division in the same situation that existed months ago prior to the knockout of Steele by the former bellhop. The latter's defeat by Young Corbett and his mediocre performance against Lee in their second engagement, puts Jock McAvoy of England, Corbett and Solly Krieger in the thick of the battle for middleweight supremacy. Apostoli still looms as the best middleweight, but he'll have to do far better than what he showed against Lee to retain his position. Two poor performances in a row are not what is expected from a fighter who rates so high as Fred. Krieger looms as a big threat, especially after his knockout of Izzy Jannazzo!

* * *

BOXING is in a healthy condition in the United States. When a non-championship middleweight fight can draw $40,000 and a world heavyweight title contest draws about the same amount, and the day before a non-titular affair between Henry Armstrong and Lew Feldman packs 'em in at the New York Hippodrome, it is a sign that the sport is in for its biggest outdoor season in several years. The public is fight conscious again. Good talent has brought out the old guard because the fights in every part of the country have been far above the average. Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis have revived the interest and with each billed for important matches this summer, I predict that boxing will gross $2,000,000 for the outdoor season.

In figuring on attractions, let us not give all the credit for big gates to Henry and Joe. Barney Ross will have considerable bearing on the summer receipts. Ross, fighting as good as ever, should retain his welterweight crown in his fight with Armstrong and then should whip Ambers and those two contests are certain to draw close to half a million. Ross remains as big an attraction as he ever was and those who come to see his bouts will turn out as much to get an eyeful of his sterling fighting qualities as they will those of Armstrong.



John Henry Lewis, king of the light-heavies.

Tiger Jack Fox, who also rates high in his division.

ONE fight I would like to see is a match between Fred Apostoli and Jock McAvoy. I think such a bout will draw well and besides the international flavor, it will serve to eliminate one of the outstanding contenders for world middleweight honors. It is my opinion that Freddie Steele has gone back a lot during the past ten months and that from Apostoli, McAvoy and Young Corbett, we will draw the next world title-holder.

Another splendid British fighter who should be brought to this country is Benny Lynch, world flyweight king. Benny is all that the British scribes and fight fans have said of him—a boy who possesses all the requisites of a great fighter. He has taken the measure of the best lads in his division and is now ready for a crack at the bantamweight crown.

A fight in America, New York preferred, between Benny and Sixto Escobar, backed by a *(Continued on page 40)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

Sammy Stein, America's foremost Jewish wrestler, who expects to make another trip to the Antipodes.

GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT, former world heavyweight wrestling champion and conceded by most experts to be the greatest wrestler of all time, is back in America for a short visit. Hackenschmidt is stopping at Bill Brown's Garrison Farm, as the guest of the Boxing Commissioner who trained George for his contest for the title with Tom Jenkins. Hale and hearty despite growing age, Hackenschmidt is a splendid example of what clean living and healthy exercise can do for the body. He has written many books on physical education and has come to America for the purpose of disposing some of his works to American publishers. These books already have been published abroad. Hackenschmidt looks the picture of health and could probably take most of the stars of today and toss them in a finish contest.

Speaking of present day wrestling, the great star of a bygone era said that in his opinion, the men who are the leaders of the mat sport now can't compare in wrestling knowledge with the grapplers who were in the spotlight when Hack was in his prime. That undoubtedly is a fact. Where can we find wrestlers of the caliber of Hackenschmidt, Gotch, Zbyszko, Strangler Lewis, Fred Beel, Tom Jenkins, Ernest Roeber, Otto Siegfreid, Charley Cutler, Dr. Roller and many others. It is a pleasure to see Hackenschmidt in America again, if for no other reason than to have his presence bring back fond memories of the days when the sport boasted of the greatest wrestlers of all time.

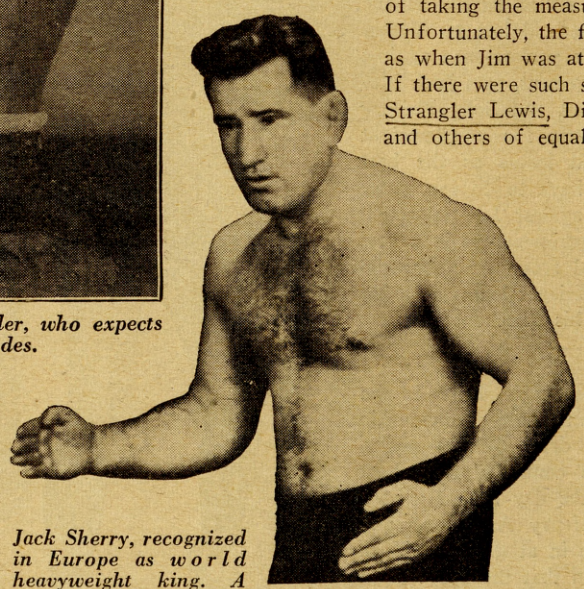
* * *

SOUTH AFRICAN wrestling fans are all het up over the poor display of the mat sport seen there. The fans are up in arms and threaten to boycott the sport unless better talent and better performances are in order. The complaint reaching the office of THE RING states that "unknowns," grapplers who can't make good in the States or are of mediocre caliber, are making trips to South Africa and palming themselves off as top flight wrestlers.

To those who have registered these complaints, THE RING says that if an American wrestler is worthy of any recognition his name is given some prominence, at least once in a while, in our publication. If you cannot find that we have mentioned such a wrestler at any time, then you must know that he is a poor specimen.

* * *

JIM LONDOS is being primed for a championship match with Bronko Nagurski this summer in an outdoor arena, possibly in New York at the Garden Bowl. Londos is not exhibiting as fine a brand of wrestling as he did when he was on top of the world in his profession, but he still is capable of taking the measure of all his opponents. Unfortunately, the field hasn't as good talent as when Jim was at the height of his career. If there were such stars in the game now as Strangler Lewis, Dick Shikat, Hans Steinke and others of equal skill when all were in their prime, Londos wouldn't be now where he is today.



Jack Sherry, recognized in Europe as world heavyweight king. A tournament has been started to obtain the best man to oppose him in England.

The best heavyweight wrestlers in the world at this writing are Jack Sherry, Jim Londos, Cliff Olson, Dean Detton, Earl McCready, Carl Pojello, Johannes Van der Walt, Vincent Lopez, Lou Thesz, Sandor Szabo and Steve Casey.

* * *

TONY STECHER, whose brother, Joe, won the world's heavyweight title on two occasions, is planning to take Bronko Nagurski, present titleholder, on a world's tour, starting in July. He has already tentatively accepted matches for the famous wrestling-football star that should earn for him $100,000. Tony had Ted Thye representing him in Australia, the former Pacific Coast promoter now being in the country "Down Under." He has Walter Miller in New Zealand and Henry Irslinger in London negotiating for him.

It is the intention to have Bronko wrestle twice in Honolulu, for which he will receive $10,000. Then will follow matches in New Zealand, Australia and Johannesburg, South Africa, Cairo, Egypt, Paris and London, after which he will return home. No more than fifteen matches in all will be held and the best men available in each country will be met.

Before he sails it is likely that a battle will be arranged with Jim Londos, as the latter is proving almost as big a card as ever everywhere and there are several cities, notably Philadelphia,

Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco, that are offering good-sized guarantees for the contest, which at this writing looks like the biggest bet in wrestling.

Although at the outset Nagurski didn't seem to create any wild furore as the undisputed champion, he has been winning so many important bouts that every week finds him a bigger card. Probably his severest handicap has been his unusually swell record as a football player, which reputation sort of overshadowed his wrestling work. Many fans at first just couldn't picture him other than a football star.

* * *

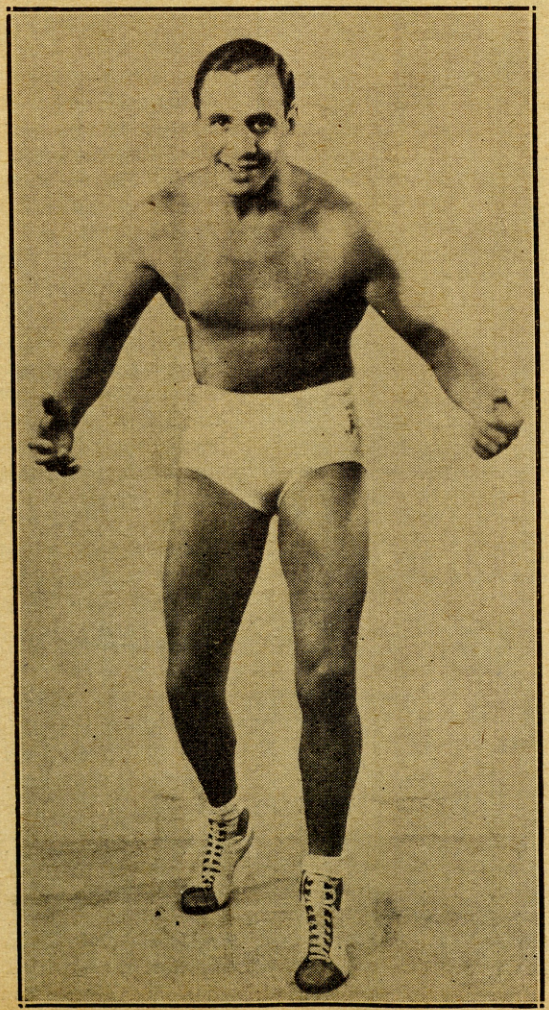
BEFORE he ascended the throne as a result of defeating Dean Detton at Minneapolis last June 29, Nagurski's wrestling efforts were largely confined to the Middle West. He really had about five years' experience in pro wrestling and a year's careful preparation before he contested for the championship. Many fans were under the impression that he figuratively went from the gridiron field to the front of the wrestling ranks in one bound.

An idea of the tremendous popularity of Nagurski was gained recently when two St. Paul dailies took a poll of the leading sport writers of their state and Nagurski ran away with the honors of being the greatest athlete of all time in their commonwealth. Mike Gibbons, former star middleweight boxer, was second, but trailing by nearly a hundred points—about half of what Bronko received. Jimmy Johnson, former national amateur golf champion; Tommy Milton, twice winner of the auto classic at Indianapolis, and such famous boxers as Tom Gibbons, Billy Miske and Mike O'Dowd received votes, but they trailed Nagurski goodly distances.

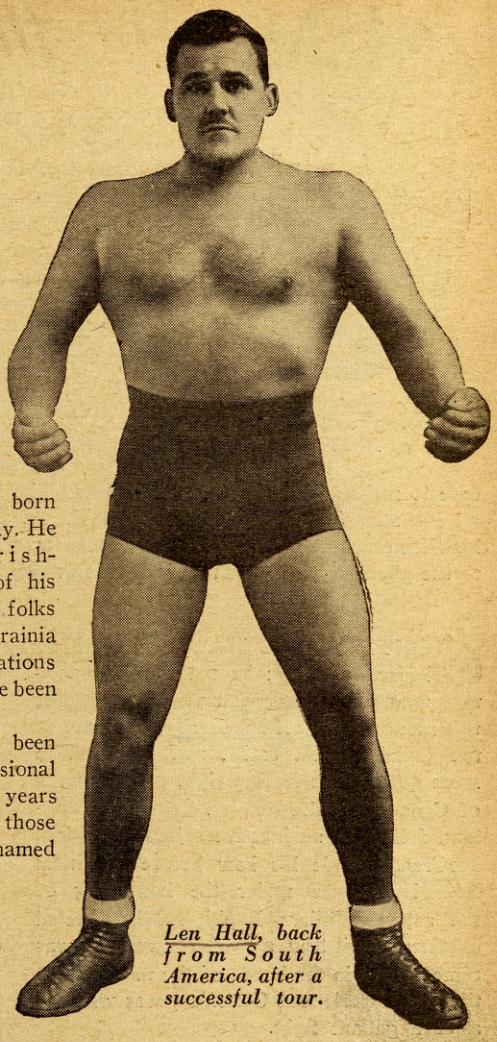
It was while he was starring at the University of Minnesota that Tony Stecher started taking notice of Nagurski and he kept making him offers to become a pro matman all the time he was there and for a year after he started playing professional football for the Chicago Bears. Finally he agreed to take a fling at grappling and for a year, Tony, who had been a good wrestler himself in his day, George Sauer, brother of Ray Steele, and others kept instructing Bronko and when he made his debut in February, 1933, he was far from being a greenhorn. With his natural strength and endurance, and the numerous tricks he picked up on the gridiron, he made good from the outset and in the 273 bouts he had before he battled for the title against Detton he was only defeated once.

So it can be seen that he was a much-experienced man, including a sensational victory over Ed Strangler Lewis, before he climbed through the ropes. Bronko was born in Canada, just across the line from Minnesota and he spent most of his life in International Falls, where he still makes his home and where he has a big farm and a wife and young baby, born last Christmas day. He married an Irish-American girl of his home town. His folks were born in Ukrainia—and for generations his ancestors have been farmers.

Bronko has been playing professional football for eight years and for five of those years has been named the leading fullback of the National League. Injuries which prevented his participating in sufficient games prevented his being named the other three.



Bob Gregory, husband of Princess Baba, who has been touring America with success.



Len Hall, back from South America, after a successful tour.

* * *

SAMMY STEIN, who made a big hit in Australia last year and who is forever telling about the fair treatment accorded him there, plans returning there late this spring. The handsome Jewish wrestler has perfect vision again.

Word came from Hollywood a year or so ago to the effect that Sammy's eyes were so bad that he would never be able to wrestle again. What was really the matter was that he was afflicted with "Klieg eyes" as a result of picture work, having had star parts in "The Lost Horizon" and Charlie Chaplain's last movie, "Modern Times." Rest and medical care have cleared up the ailment.

Sammy has been back at his old stamping grounds in New York of recent months and looks better than ever. He says he made so much money in Australia that he was able to purchase a nice home for his parents just outside Los Angeles.

Stein was born in Manhattan, but lived many years in Newark. Sammy has been one of the few fellows to make good in pro football who didn't have experience on college gridirons. He played a star end for Stapleton, S. I., Brooklyn and the New York Giants.

* * *

ANOTHER good wrestler who has just returned to America from a tour is that California "pill-roller," Dr. Len Hall, who has had a successful trip to South America, winning every

Bronko Nagurski, who will shortly sail for a tour of Australia.

match he had in the countries of that continent. He claims that there are spots in Brazil that possess the best climate he has found anywhere in the world. Doc says among others he defeated Dado, the South American champion. It will be recalled that two years ago Hall defeated most all the European champions.

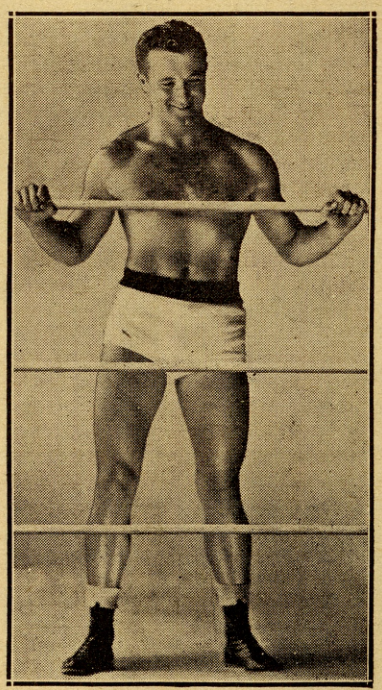
Almost from the time he started his pro wrestling career, after having spent two years in the University of Nebraska School of Medicine in Omaha and having been a prescription clerk long enough to get a pharmacist's certificate, he has had the wander-lust. He says he has seen enough of the world and doesn't care to make any more trips. From now on he is going to devote all his attention to wrestling in the U.S.A. He hopes to land his fifth crack at the title, and if he fails to win it plans to retire to the pharmacy, of which he is a part owner, in San Francisco.

* * *

CONTINENTAL MAT CLIPPINGS, by Charles 'Spider" Mascall, follow: In the spotlight position among the European wrestling figures this month was Earl McCready, graduate of the Oklahoma A. & M. and regarded in some quarters as heavyweight grip monarch of Canada and the Empire. Coming to England following an inactive sojourn in Paris, McCready made his bow before a critical Bristol audience under the house-flag of the astute William Bankier. His selected opponent, Phil Siki, a giant Negro, who was a mere babe in the hands of the more versatile and experienced Canadian, was whipped after a gallant fight.

A few days later at the Liverpool Stadium, big Earl, cool and confident as he is, shook hands with Percy Foster, a manly looking South African who was making his initial appearance in the Mother Country. Once again McCready triumphed, but not until Foster (like Siki), game to the core, had battled the Canadian schoolmaster all the way. Incidentally, this match was, we believe, the first ever sent over the ether waves by means of television.

While McCready held sway in one sector of the land, at Tuffnel Park, London, another claimant to the Empire diadem, Bert Assirati, came out of retirement to best George Modrich, billed from New Zealand, with a series of body slams. The winner, at 248, completely outscaled the New Zealander, Modrich weighing a bare 218 pounds.



Frankie Talaber, son of the famous old-timer, Lou Talaber, is a tremendously popular wrestler in the Mid-West. He is rated among the country's top-notchers.

* * *

Parisian promoter Raoul Paoli seems to be boosting the stock of Alphonse Zwahlen, Swiss squirmster, into the title place of the European middleweight division. However, Zwahlen is not alone in the race for the coveted championship. Over in Great Britain, Bengal Engblom, Finnish top notcher, leads 160-pounders with an almost unbeaten record; Jack Terry Van follows a near second while Bobby McNab, Empire titleholder, and Jack Dale, the bouncing flying-tackler, might also be named as candidates.

* * *

THRILLS for the crowd and spills for the gladiators was the keynote of the tilt at Lane's London Club between Johnny Demchuk, cagy Russian strategist, and the bronzed South African adonis, Maurice Letchford. Trapping his rival with a powerful neck scissors, Demchuk twisted the South African onto his shoulders for the first fall. Letchford, grappling brilliantly, equalized the set-to with a body breaker in the final stanza.

* * *

Patrons of the Belle Vue Stadium, Manchester, turned out en masse to witness a heavyweight tournament designated by the promoters to locate a suitable opponent for Jack Sherry and the big Alaskan's wrestling crown. In the elimination contests, Mike Brendel (Hungary) forced George Boganski (Great Britain) to retire through an injury; Al "Rah Rah" Sparkes (U.S.A.) flipped Donald du Barry (South Africa) out of the running by two falls to one; Paddy Casey (Ireland) upset the ringsiders by taking a straight fall win over idolized Bert Mansfield, champion of the North, and Bonnie Alan Muir (Australia) went into the semi-finals with victories over Al Sparkes and Garry Curry. Sherry is extremely popular here where he is regarded as world heavyweight king!

* * *

JUST FADS AND FANCIES—Herbie Parks, back on the English mat front from South Africa, once rode in freight cars 'cross Canada to compete in the Olympic trials . . . . Johnny Dallas, the cherubic Chicagoan and one of my favorite 'rassling rascals, used to be a stoker . . . . Bengal Engblom, the Finnish flash, owns a 650-acre farm . . . . Krasher Korman, American-Jewish junior heavy, has patented a headlock that is almost as painful as the "crüncher" used by the master craftsman, Ed Lewis . . . . Spike Smithers, the bad boy from London, dabbles in radio engineering . . . . Mike Demitre, European light-heavyweight kingpin, is an amateur photographer of no mean repute and a mighty fine wrestler . . . .

Fritz "Red" Brokau, the Hamburg hoodlum, is an accomplished dancer . . . . Many of the grappling fraternity must admire the clean-living principles by which Jack Terry Van, Bull Coleman, Cliff Warner, Harry Rabin, Harold Angus, Bengal Engblom, Johnny Katsulos, Jack McLaughlin and Rene La Belle mold their athletic careers.

* * *

In the French capital, Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame footballer and ex-champion, tasted his second European loss when one of his flying body charges misfired and Charles Rigoulet, the Paris strong man, quickly flattened Savoldi for the single fall. Raoul Paoli, dapper Continental mat czar, promoted the match, which lasted 1 hour, 7 minutes and 5 seconds.

* * *

Costas Astreos, well-built Greek middleweight, is planning to go to America within the next year or so. Astreos, who impressed the great Jimmy Londos, is a very clever wrestler.

* * *

FAVORITES with the grappling fans of the British Isles are Gil Knutson, Norwegian light-heavy; Rex Gable, Juan Lopez, Mike O'Sullivan, Harry Brooks, the human hurricane from Huddersfield; Tommy Nelson, Chic Knight, Mike Futa, Hector Trudeau, a rugged ruffian from America; Buck Moffatt, Jim Anderson, Curley Groves and handsome Irish Pat Flannagan, the walking "fashion-plate," who looks not unlike Buddy Rogers of cinema fame.

* * *

The Matman of the Month—Jack McLaughlin, talented Canadian speedster, whose drawn jousts with Tony Baer (Scotland), Johnny Demchuk and skilled Mike Demitre, Greek holder of the European title, at Lane's *(Continued on page 44)*

ANOTHER WELSHMAN MAKES GOOD

By LEW PORTER

GOOD wrestlers are born, not made—particularly Welsh wrestlers. We have in mind Don Evans, the blond-headed, blue-eyed son of old Wales and Austin, Texas, who made an auspicious start in the mat game, some four years ago by standing free-socking Chief Chewaki off for a rousing ten minutes.

Most of our native-born grappling stock first saw the light of day in the Middle West. Eight out of ten of them—such top-notchers as Earl Caddock, Ray Steele, Gus Sonnenberg, Joe Stecher and "Strangler" Lewis—came from Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin and Oklahoma. A good thirty per cent of the other stars are Europeans. In this group we have "Jeemie" Londos, Hans Steinke, Gino Vagnonni, Sandor Szabo and Leo Jensen.

Evans, however, is the only cauliflower ace on record hailing from Wales. He was born in that country 23 years ago, and there spent part of his boyhood.

The Evans family migrated to the United States in 1922, and moved to Texas the following year. Here it was that Don, at 18 years of age, first distinguished himself as a wrestler. Thereby hangs a tale well worth telling.

While a student at Austin High, Evans played football, basketball and baseball. He also managed to do enough studying to stay on the right side of the faculty and get his diploma.

* * *

BIG and strong, a 200-pounder in his senior year, young Evans was a terror on the gridiron and a .300 hitter on the nine. He was at his best, however, on the mat. Like Joe Malcewicz at Utica, whenever Evans wanted to do some real wrestling he was forced to take on two or three schoolmates at a time.

It came to pass that when Don was eighteen years of age and two months from graduation he, with a number of pals, elected to pass away an evening at a carnival then playing in Austin. One of the feature attractions was Chief Chewaki, heavyweight champion of the Southwest at that time. His stunt was to throw two opponents in ten minutes or forfeit twenty dollars.

"I will pay twenty bucks to any two men who can stay with me ten minutes," the Chief ranted. "Who wants to try their luck? I always try to be gentle with the cash customers."

One of Don's companions nudged him, "I'll take a chance with old Sitting Bull if you will," he whispered. The youth on his other side drew an expressive finger across his throat and slowly shook his head. That settled it. A true Welshman will stand for no doubts regarding his courage with a challenge in the air.

So Don, with his face the color of a new moon, climbed through the ropes. "We'll wrestle you, mister," he said in a shaky voice.

"Take these mugs back and give 'em some wrestling togs," the champ instructed, and they were led away trembling like a leaf, but determined to see the thing through.

* * *

CHEWAKI made short work of Don's pal by thumping him on the jaw in the first mixup. Young Evans, however, was a steed of a different color.

When they came to grips a minute or so later, Chewaki discovered that if the blond kid's voice was weak, his body was exceedingly strong. Furthermore, the lad's nervousness dropped from him the second he went into action.

At the end of ten minutes, Evans was still among those present. He had been tossed all over the place and taken enough punishment from the Chief's fists to knock out a horse, but his shoulders had not been pressed to the mat and the crowd was in an uproar.

"Hold up the dough, they cut the time short on me," screamed Chewaki, trying to save his twenty.

"Give those kids the money they have coming or I'll pinch the whole carnival," said a big cop who had witnessed the entire affair. The money was handed over then and there.

The next day Chewaki looked Don up and propositioned him on joining the athletic show when he finished school. "I'll train you, manage you and make you a champion," he promised.

Young Evans jumped at the chance and during the summer took on all comers under the Chief's eagle eye. It was hard, muscle-grinding work but he laid a splendid foundation for the career he has followed ever since.

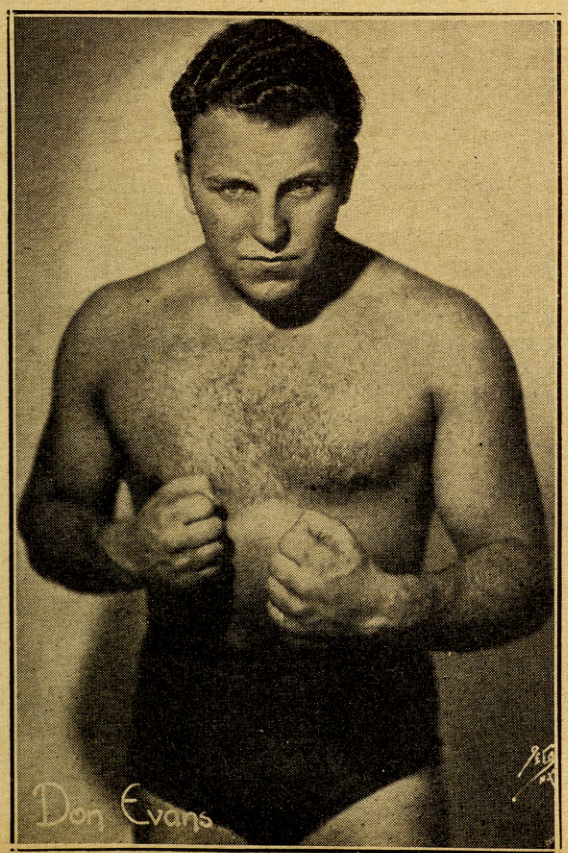
* * *

DURING the past five years the big Welshman has tangled with nearly every big shot in the game. True, he has been defeated occasionally, but he is improving with every match.

Pat O'Shocker, for instance, tossed him in 19 minutes the first time they met. It took him 48 minutes in the second fray and the third set-to found Evans' hand raised after 1 hour and 6 minutes of toe-to-toe action.

Evans recently slapped rampaging "Brother" Jonathan for a row of Eskimo igloos in a sensational San Francisco bout. Jonathan, as usual, started the rough stuff by belting Evans a terrific wallop on the jaw. It was the only blow he struck all evening. He was so busy defending himself from then on that he didn't even have time to double up a fist.

Evans socked the bearded Utahan *(Continued on page 42)*

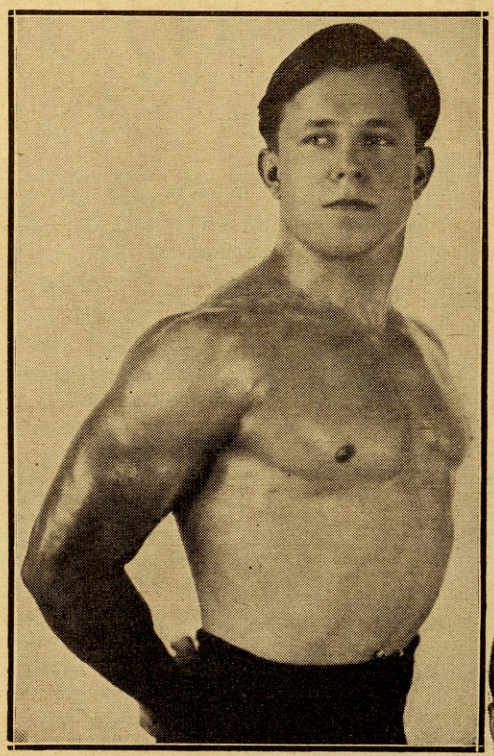


Don Evans, who is doing well in Texas.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

By NAT FRANK

GEORGE BECKER — German Bomber — as he is popularly called by wrestling fans, is 24 years old. He has been wrestling five years; three with the amateurs and two with the professionals. Before that he played football at school, basketball, baseball and track. We mention these various sports with which Becker has been associated to bring out the length of time necessary to make the grade in wrestling even when a boy has been especially gifted by nature with a splendid physique, and exceptionally quick to learn, as is the case of George Becker.



George Becker, one of the cleverest wrestlers in America. His pleasing performances have gained for him a host of followers.

More than any other wrestler, Becker although young in years, stands out as a living example to embryo matmen, what is expected of them and what they must go through before they can expect to make a living in the rough and tough business of wrestling. Many have the wrong impression that there is nothing to wrestling other than a good physique, the study of a few holds, then step on the mat and go ahead.

Nothing could be more erroneous. The wrestler, strange as it may seem, must condition himself for many years, in some form or other, to keep the modern pace set in wrestling by other athletes, and it takes him almost twice as long to make himself on a paying basis as the average boxer.

George Becker, for instance, began training for the mat when he was fifteen years old, indulged in various forms of calesthenics in gymnasiums, learned holds, studied modern and ancient forms of wrestling, was initiated in the art of jiu-jitsu—altogether nine years of hard work before reaching the position he enjoys to-day. Nothing soft about that. And to-day that he is mentioned in the same breath with the top notchers, George must still go to the gymnasium every day. He must keep in condition, learn new tricks and keep up with the fast moving game to retain his position. And yet, as we have already said, George Becker was an exceptionally quick learner. In the case of many other wrestlers, it has taken them many more years, while many fall by the wayside and never go anywhere.

* * *

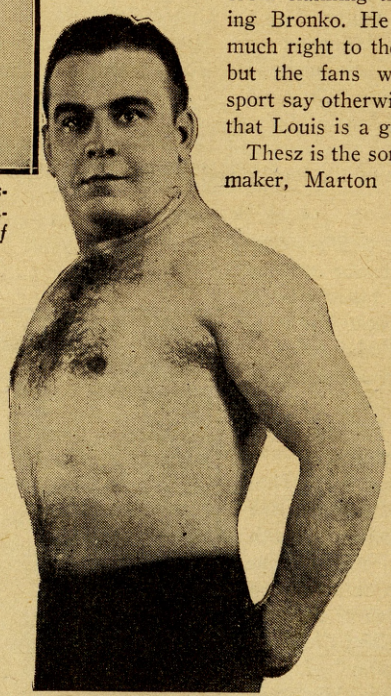
JACK PFEFER made George Becker a star as he made many others. He discovered him at about the same time as he did Dave Levin, popularly known as the Jamaica Butcher Boy, and everybody knows how Jack made Levin world's champion. He has the same thought about Becker and many other mat critics who have seen the good looking German-American in action, share that opinion and pick him to wear the crown.

George Becker wanted to be a tinsmith when a lad. He studied at Yorkville High School and Murray Hill Industrial school, and was a member of the Cooper A.C.—famous German-American athletic club, where he spent his evenings training with boys his own age. He loved all sports and was a great amateur wrestler, so that when he turned professional every member of the Cooper A.C. turned out in force to see him in action. To them he was already world's champion and although Becker won his first engagement, his adversary was just a fair matman and the victory did not turn his head.

He has had his ups and downs since those early days. Has taken his victories with reserve and his defeats graciously. He has a big following which is daily getting bigger and bigger and before many more months have passed George Becker will be right up with the top notchers ready to meet the world's champion. Make no mistake about it Becker is a comer going way up the ladder of success.

* * *

OUT in St. Louis, they swear by Louis Thesz. They say he is a wrestler par-excellence and that if he got the opportunity to face Bronko Nagurski in the ring, a new world heavyweight wrestling king will be crowned. Of course that doesn't prevent Thesz from claiming the title without meeting Bronko. He says that he has as much right to the crown as Nagurski, but the fans who know their mat sport say otherwise. But they do admit that Louis is a good grappler.



Jimmy Coffield, who turned from auto racing to wrestling.

Thesz is the son of a wandering shoe maker, Marton Tisza, who came to this country in 1910. He went to live in St. Louis. The Mound City Hungarian gives credit for his rise in the grip-and-get-gripped profession to his Dad. The elder Tizsa was a rattling good amateur wrestler in his native country. In fact, so good was the father, that he won the middleweight championship of his home land.

At the age of 16, Louis Thesz won the all high school title in St. Louis. By this time he was practically six feet tall and tipped the beam at 190 pounds and was still growing. In 1933, he, under the supervision of his dad, became a professional bone bender. And from that day, the youngster began to make good. He proved that he was not only well acquainted with the American style of wrestling but also had the advantage over his opponents, inasmuch as he was acquainted with the Greco-Roman methods.

From the time he first entered the professional competitive field, Thesz was coming along at a rapid pace. His first important triumph came when he downed the great George Zaharias in short order. Then followed wins over such members of the elite like Pat M'Cleary, Pat O'Shocker, Hans Kampfer, Man Mountain Dean, Orville Brown, Bobby Bruns, Henri DiGlane, Ed Strangler Lewis, Daniel Boone Savage and many others, climaxing his spectacular rush to the top by scoring over Everett Marshall.

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

Thesz today scales 225 pounds and stands six feet one inch. He is a master of all holds but favors the airplane spin.

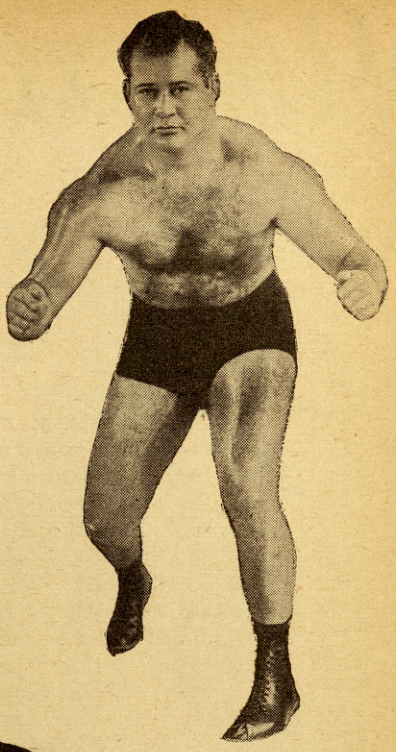
* * *

THE "Mad Missourian" is Jimmy Coffield. This bone bender from the "Show Me State" gained that moniker, not from the fact that he is one of the most brutal grapplers in the wrestling profession, but from his previous occupation, that of a fast car pilot. Coffield and his gas chariot were entered in numerous meets in the Middle and Far West, as well as the South. This Kansas City driver was noted as one of the most fearless wheelmen in the game. The daring chances he took gained him the Mad Missourian moniker. He drove his buggy like a maniac and it paid him. Jimmy has to his credit several records he broke in fast car competition.

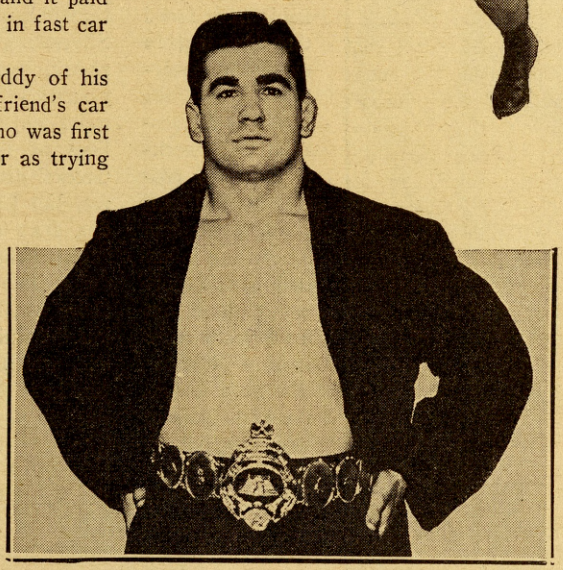
The Missourian quit the racing game when a buddy of his was killed. Jimmy was in that race and when his friend's car crashed and then burst into flames, it was Coffield who was first at the blazing automobile, but he was helpless insofar as trying to save his pal. From then on, it was no longer Jimmy Coffield, the "Mad Missourian" of the auto racing world, but Jimmy Coffield, the "Mad Missourian" of the wrestling art, for the Kansas Cityite entered the bone-bending profession and he made good practically from the very start.

In the five years that Jimmy has been grappling, he has progressed in such rapid fashion that today he is rated up there with the foremost mat stars in the business. He gained his high ranking through the fact that he chose to pursue the rougher side of bone tugging, instead of following the orthodox methods.

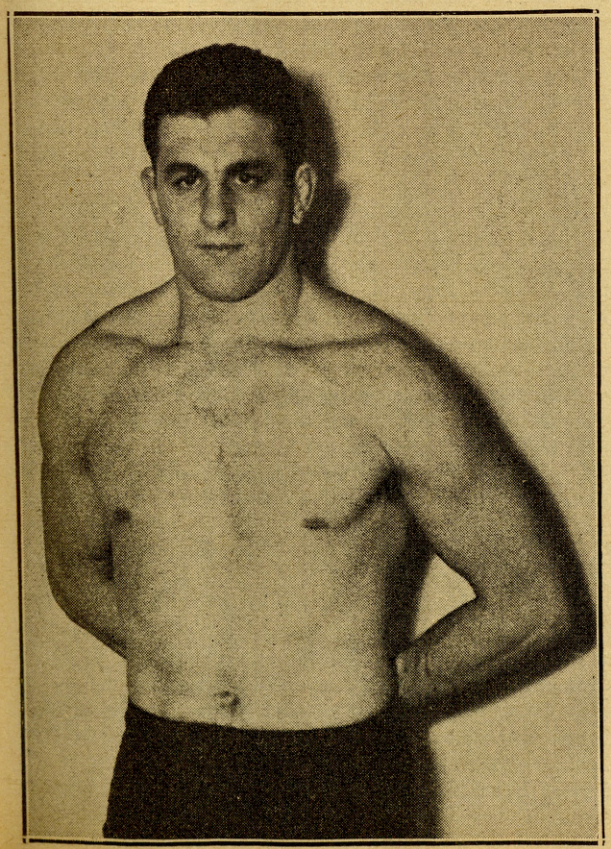
Coffield openly brags of the fact that within the past two years he was pinned but three times —BUT he was disqualified so often that he has lost track of them. Even the three times he was flattened, the referee had no right to count him out, if you desire to take Coffield's word for it.



Eddie Newman, the grappling cartoonist.



Louis Thesz, star Western matman.



Andy Rascher, four-letter Indiana University star, who has made good as a pro wrestler.

"With me it is always a case of the survival of the fittest and I believe in taking the first crack at my foes all the time. In that way, I take all the spark out of my rivals, and I generally have easy sailing. Most of my disqualifications were caused by referees who played up to the crowds," said the 5 feet 11 inch, 218-pound ex-auto speedster and present-day Mat Maniac Number 1, when asked why he has so often been disqualified.

* * *

ANDY RASCHER, the wrestling sensation from Indianapolis, deserves a world of credit. He is ambitious and treats his trade as a matman the same as any other man with a position or business.

"Wrestling is my means of livelihood and as such I must always be in the acme of physical perfection. Whether I have any bouts booked or whether I am idle, I am always in the gymnasium or on the road. You never can tell when I will be called upon to enact the roll as substitute and I believe in being prepared at all times," said the well-liked Hoosier.

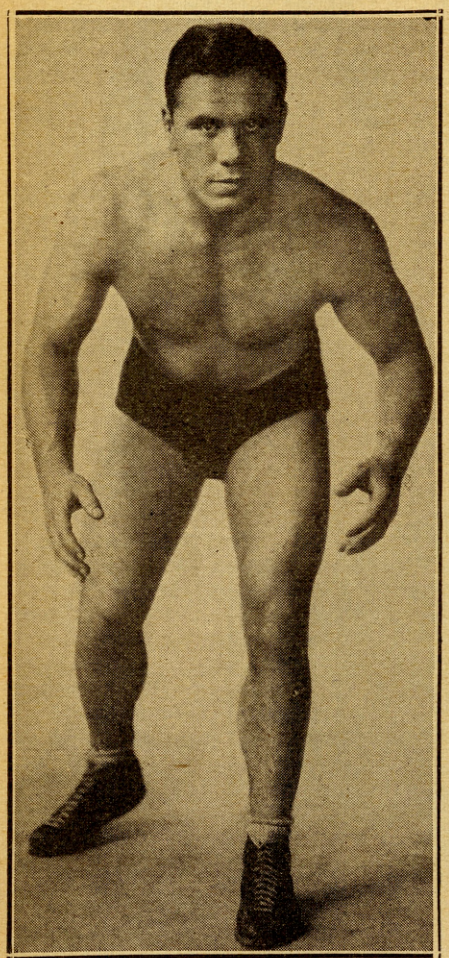
On the road in the wee small hours and in gymnasium duels; or tilling the soil, or chopping wood are but incidents in the life of Andy Rascher. He is not only a "physical nut" in his profession, but he always manages to see mat matches so that he can brush up on the more experienced men. He makes mental studies of their flaws and their good points and doctors up the mistakes and tries to "ape" the styles of the other grapplers. In addition, the Indianian is well stocked up with literature, such as books, magazine articles and newspaper clippings pertaining to his line of endeavor.

As a result of his keen interest in the game that is giving him a living, Rascher today is known as the "perfect wrestler." He works with machine-like precision. His every move borders on the spectacular.

And why shouldn't it? Wasn't he *(Continued on page 42)*

Wrestling Stalwarts

By HOWARD JACOBS



Raphael Simcha Silverstein, Illinois University athlete, who has a big Mid-Western following.

THE field of wrestling is full of newcomers who have been drawn from all walks of life. Tinsmiths, cobblers, college students, iron workers and athletes from other fields have found that there is more money in appearing before the public as a wrestler than in working at other professions and as a result there has been an influx such as the sport hasn't had in many years. Here is some information on a few of the new faces in wrestling, fellows who have been at it for a short time but have made good: "Look out for Silverstein!"

At first this was sort of a whisper, but now that it has spread from lip to lip, it is sounding like a bombshell throughout the country's wrestling haunts.

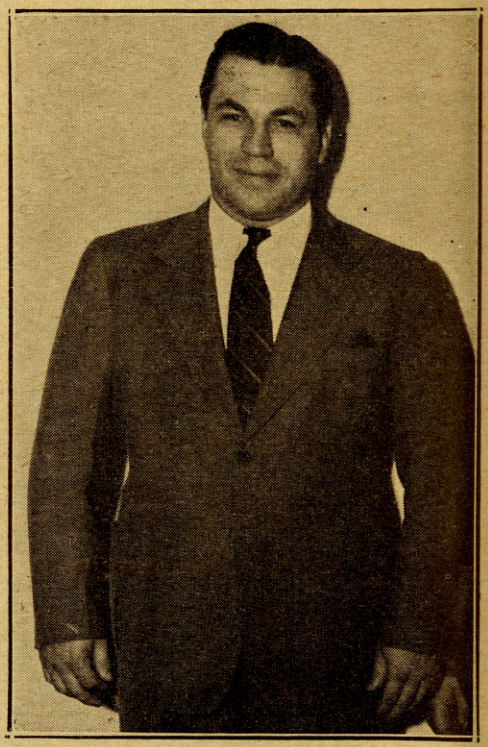
For this Silverstein—Raphael Simcha Silverstein—who is of Russian birth but is called "Ruffy" for short, is the mysterious superman performing locally in Chicago gymnasiums, cleaning up everyone in sight who has clashed with him in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match.

A recent graduate of the University of Illinois, this 23-year-old handsome youngster has decided to cast aside a promising architectural career to take a fling at professional bone-crushing, and taking a criterion of a few of his bouts to date, he bids fair to make a name for himself in the mat sport that will soon be known the world over.

Veteran writers and wrestlers alike are already tabbing him a second Joe Stecher, and it is likely that they won't miss their guess, so close does this "Ruffy" measure up to the standard of the old gangling world champion. The six-foot-one Dodge, Nebraska, farmer revolutioned the mat profession with the tremendous strength in his legs and ability to wrestle, and now along comes this brilliant college boy, who though he is opposite in stature—he stands 5 feet, 8 inches—applies the same technique like Stecher in mowing down his opponents.

* * *

STECHER, with large hips, calfs, thighs and strong ankles, patterned the scissors hold to such perfection that once he got this tortuous grip on an opponent it was all over. But he was not physically strong above the waistline, and couldn't stand the hard tugging, which proved his undoing in later years. His arms gave out from the continuous pulling, and left them useless for a year, ending a spectacular career. Silverstein, a short, stocky youngster, more on the lines of the Greek dynamo, Jim Londos, has the body to stand thepunishment above and below the waistline, which is why he is destined to possible greater heights than the Nebraska farm boy.



Bob Wagner, 227-pound California matman.

With a background that surpasses Illini's greatest athletes, "Ruffy" can look back proudly and boast of his astounding feats on the mat for his Alma Mater. He won the national collegiate heavyweight championship; the national A. A. U. title, and three times romped off with the Big Ten crown.

The outstanding all-around athlete at Nicholas Zenn High School in Chicago, "Ruffy" soared to even greater heights while at Illinois. He was an eight-letterman, having starred in basketball, football and baseball besides his great feats on the wrestling pad.

In the short space of a few months he has won recognition as State heavyweight champion of Illinois from the Illinois State Athletic Commission, and was given the rating of leading opponent for Bronko Nagurski, the present crown-wearer.

He comes from fiery stock. His father, David Silverstein, born in Russia, but now employed in the Marriage Bureau at Chicago, once fought as an officer in the Czar's army, while his brother, Max, is all-fleet wrestling coach in the United States Navy.

There is no clowning nor burlesque in his wrestling make-up, for he wrestles "straight."

And the cry of "Look out for Silverstein" may soon be heard the world over!

* * *

BERNICE SANDBOE, our Dixie correspondent, sends in the following:

Robert Wagner, 227-pound Californian, known to the wrestling world as Bob Wagner, has progressed farther in wrestling in four years than many of the boys do in a lifetime. For the information of those not familiar with Bob, he boxed out on the Pacific Coast for several years, but didn't like the sport—it didn't provide the excitement necessary for a fellow of his type.

Bob, now 28 years of age, was a paper-maker before he left the great Northwest—but paper-making wasn't fast enough in bringing in the dough. He tried to wrestle clean, but found the big bruisers in wrestling were too tough to be handled in a skilled manner. As a result, he began to take it rough and tumble

and during the past two years he has cleaned house from Houston to Norfolk, Virginia, and from Norfolk, Virginia, to St. Petersburg, Florida, and from St. Pete right up on to Knoxville, Tenn. If you know your geography you will understand that Bob is just about king of old Dixie heavyweights.

Wagner hooked up with Pete Moore, president of the Southeastern Co., Inc., a leading sports promotional concern, and this pair has made life a nightmare for southern heavyweight wrestlers. They have been in free-for-all brawls in every large city in the South—and more than once they have been lucky to escape with their scalps.

* * *

OVER in Norfolk, Va., last spring Wagner was taken to Police Court for some of his wild antics in the ring. The fine was to be $50 but Manager Moore objected to the arrest, raised sand with the commission, showed his license and Bob's wrestling license and demanded release—"We have already paid to fight and we aren't paying any more," the manager said. Wagner was released and the show went on.

Wagner, unlike most young fellows, does not lay claim to being a smart wrestler, nor does he desire to ascend the throne of heavyweight champion now held by Bronko Nagurski, but he does covet the honor of being the roughest gent in wrestling—and up Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina way you will have a hard time convincing the fans that Cowboy Luttrall, Ted Cox or George Zaharias has any more berserk weapons in their bag than the California juggernaut.

Wagner and Moore are as close as a set of Siamese Twins—Wagner won't wrestle in any city unless Moore is around—and so they go. "He may not be the best wrestler in the South, but the best one can't beat him and we are ready to meet them all for money, marbles or chalk."

* * *

MANAGER PETE MOORE has had Jim Henry, Cowboy Luttrall and plenty of other tough boys around, but Wagner—well "He's the toughest of them all," according to Pete.

Over in Bluefield, W. Va., where the coal miners come to the wrestling bouts with lamps on their caps and blood in their eyes, a husky gent challenged Wagner for a match. Bob crawled out of the ring and offered to fight it out right there. The fellow wanted time to train. Ralph Weinberg, the promoter, protested to Moore that he didn't want Bob talking to his customers any more. "That fellow that challenged him hasn't been back in three weeks and he was good for five ringsides every night," Weinberg said.

Bob is so much in demand in the old South that he has been wrestling there for nearly a year. He has had many offers to go elsewhere but the fans still flock to the arena when he is billed. It isn't his popularity—that is certain—but the addicts always know a real battle is in store when the husky Californian is in one corner.

So the next time you see Bob Wagner on the bill, drop around to see the gentleman ruffian and you won't regret it one whit. Outside the ring, Bob is the beau-brummel of the mat ranks—inside the hemps he is as crude as those cave men of centuries ago—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

* * *

ACCORDING to Hugh O'C. Sturt of London, Dave Armstrong is the cleanest and most scientific wrestler in England today. Dave was born in Choppington 26 years ago and since appearing in the ring has been dubbed "the Choppington Chicken." This husky boy is a magnificent specimen of physical culture, standing 6 feet, 2 inches, and tipping the beam at 14 stone, being a product of the amateur style of North Country wrestling. Upon leaving school, Dave worked his mother's farm, picking up the rudiments of the game by working out with noted amateur stars, and was consequently not slow in picking up the finer points of wrestling.

While visiting a fairground at Newcastle, Armstrong was picked out of the crowd and challenged by a booth wrestler; he accepted and surprised onlookers by pinning the professional in very quick time. It so happened that fortune again came Armstrong's way, for when he was wrestling at St. James' Hall, the great Atholl Oakley was an interested spectator and was so impressed with David's showing that he persuaded him to go to London and study the professional style.

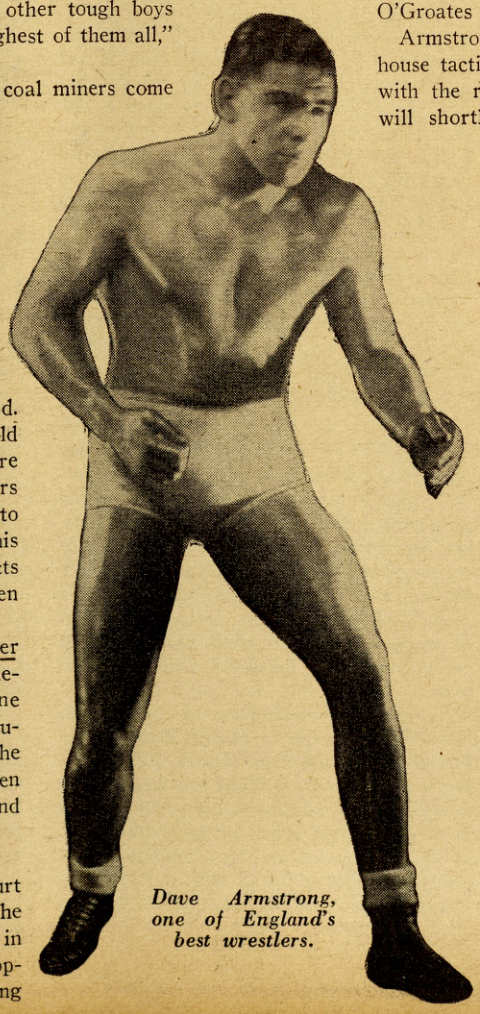
In 1930, Oakley gave the Choppington Chicken the opportunity to make good. Armstrong proved that the faith placed in him was well founded and since that time has slowly but surely climbed the ladder, he now being considered a match for any man in the world.

During his seven years as a professional, Dave has met such men as Jack Sherry, Tiger Daula, Carl Pojello, Henri Stoeff, Sailor Arnold, Henri Irslinger, Steve Savage, Bill Bartrush, George Pencheff, etc.

His best achievement to date was to wrestle Tiger Daula for 50 minutes at West Ham and then travel on to Lane's Club and hold the cagy Carl Pojello for one hour. This feat, against two of the world's leading matmen in one evening stamps Armstrong as a contender for championship honors. A week later he extended the famous Jack Sherry for 70 minutes at Liverpool under the promotion of William Bankier.

Readers may be interested to know that Armstrong's business affairs are handled by his wife, who is recognized as being one of the shrewdest managers in the game. Dave is very proud of her, and her popularity stretches from John O'Groates to Lands End.

Armstrong favors scientific methods to roughhouse tactics, but is certainly no slouch when dealing with the roughies. Dave hopes that his past record will shortly enable him to compete in the States. When he makes the trip, Armstrong states that he is confident of being the first Britisher to become heavyweight champion of the world. So watch out Uncle Sam, Dave Armstrong is coming through.



Dave Armstrong, one of England's best wrestlers.

* * *

BIG CHIEF SANOOKE, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian Chieftain, is a popular wrestler around New York. He stands six feet five inches in his mocassins and tips the Fairbanks at 380 pounds. The Chief is one of a family of giants numbering four brothers and three sisters. He is the biggest athlete in the annals of Indian history.

In wrestling, where men of great size, height and weight are no rarities, Sanooke nevertheless stands out in a class by himself. He is twenty-nine years old, and in spite of his weight and height is no cumbersome behemoth, nor a freak just good for a laugh. On the contrary, he is a well trained wrestler, a man who has studied the game, who went through the amateurs and finally received the final touches from Charley Cutler, a former world's champion.

Long before he became a pro wrestler, the Chief worked at many odd jobs. For a time he was employed in the R.R. yards in Chicago, then he drove a taxi, but perhaps he got *(Continued on page 42)*

A Corner in the Fistic Market

(Continued from page 50)

stepped into the limelight in England with a one-round kayo over Dick Lewis, a victory over Pat Palmer and a five-round foul victory over Jim Reilly.

Mog Mason whipped Al Castilloux. Jim Brady kayoed Young Gonzalez in 11 rounds. Jackie Brown scored over Fred Tennant and Pat Palmer. Ernst Weiss drew with Bernard Leroux. Mike Martyk whipped Pat Palmer. Little Pancho drew with Henry Moreno. Henry Hook whipped Danny La Verne. Harry Edwards scored over Syd Parker. Tommy Forte drew with Billy Passan and defeated Johnny Marcelline. Passan kayoed Chester Ruby in six rounds while Marcelline won from Al Brown of Philadelphia.

Benny Lynch, flyweight titleholder, was held to a draw by Peter Kane, his leading challenger, in an overweight match. Kane whipped Georges Bataille. Tiny Bostock kayoed Bernard Leroux in five and Peter Miller in six rounds. Leroux was also beaten by Fortunato Ortega. Little Dado drew with Donnie Maes. Frank Kid Bonser kayoed Peter Miller in six, stopped Jim Warnock in nine and whipped Gaston Vandenbos. Billy Nash was kayoed by Johnny Griffiths in five, Billy Nash in seven and Tut Whalley in 10. Whalley also scored over Pierce Ellis while Ellis kayoed Willie Smith in two rounds. Valentine Anglemann whipped Poppi Decico and Maurice Huguenin. Jimmy Webster whipped Dave Kellar. Al McCoy was beaten by Jim McStravick and Mickey O'Neill. Pat Palmer won from Tom Thomas.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Billy Ashton, England.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Urso, Detroit, Mich.
Featherweight—Eddie Haas, Worcester, Mass.
Lightweight—Joe De Jesus, Puerto Rico.
Welterweight—Andre Shelaff, Russia.
Middleweight—Al Bernard, New York City.
Light-heavyweight—Larry Lane, Trenton, N. J.
Heavyweight—Al Ryll, Southwick, Mass.

UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI

By KEN FERGUSON

WITH Ben Brown idle last month following his easy win over Al Diamond, the comeback of Bill Gore's Joe Knight is of paramount interest to Dixie fight fans.

Knight, the veteran light-heavy, who came close to winning a world's championship, blasted Harold Anderson of Flint, Michigan, and Eddie Boyle of Cleveland, aside with little trouble in 10-rounders at Miami Beach.

Bill Gore, veteran Florida fight manager, has signed Knight to a two-year contract and will guide the Cairo, Jawja, boy's comeback attempt. Thousands of fans below the Mason-Dixon line are wishing the popular gentleman, Joe Knight, the best of luck in his new career under a capable manager, Bill Gore.

Another development stunned Miami's fistic colony when Captain Peeples, Miami's leading promoter for years, leased the Miami Beach Arena, newly roofed and a swanky little club, out from under Arthur Einstein and Pat Wright. Promoter Peeples has staged Miami's leading matches for years and he is known all over Dixie as one of the "squarest shooters" in the business. He will hold weekly shows each Thursday during the year and will reserve the spacious Coral Gables Coliseum for juicy attractions.

Melio Bettina, portside puncher from New York State, journeyed down to West Palm Beach to blast rough, tough Tony Celli into the resin in two rounds. Celli had previously beaten Ralph Chong in fifteen rounds at Palm Beach and had compiled an enviable list of wins. There are not many light-heavies around the country who care to rub elbows with Mauling Melio. A great money match in Miami would bring together Bettina and Gus Lesnevich, the Jersey Russian who outgunned Ben Brown.

Sixto Morales, Lou Navarro's former Cuban lightweight champion, went on a rampage last month and whipped Abe Schneider, Pete Tarpley, and Johnny Cedar. His most surprising win, however, came over Irish Johnny Dean in a Miami Armory main event. Dean had twice decisioned Bobby Britton, who had whipped Yucatan Kid, and the Irishman from Philadelphia was topheavy favorite to knock Mr. Morales' ears off. But the Cuban's nifty left hand kept Dean off balance and Morales copped a close decision. Dean had been laid up with an infected ear, however, and this was his first start in more than a month.

Wishy Jones, Louisville lightweight, proved his mettle in outgunning Sixto Morales in a ten-rounder at Palm Beach. Wishy was too clever for the crafty Cuban and broke Morales' long victory string. It was the initial start for Jones since he returned from British Honduras, where he trounced the lightweight champions of Honduras and Jamaica.

Another victory march was halted by Joey Green, Washington lightweight, who decisioned Stanley Porado, Detroit kid, who had whipped the majority of semi-final lightweights around the state. Green and Porado drew in their first fight and Joey outmaneuvered Porado in the second match. Green also kayoed the rugged Ray Woodward in four stanzas at Palm Beach, and T.K.O.'ed Cocky Hayden in four in the same club.

Another surprise found Mike Kaplan, clever Boston 135-pounder, splitting a decision with the veteran Snag Trowbridge of West Palm Beach in a Miami Beach main event after Kaplan had beaten Joey Raymond of Tampa in ten at the Beach. Trowbridge, managed by Dale Gardner, veteran fight pilot from away back when, made good use of his lengthy jab and sharp right hand.

Yucatan Kid, the Mexican lightweight who zoomed to international recognition over such fighters as Tommy Speigal and Norment Quarles here last winter, whipped Paul (Tennessee) Lee of Indiana without much trouble in their second fight. The first match found Yucatan considerably puzzled by Lee's peculiar busy-bee style. Captain Peeples would like to pit Yucatan Kid against Petey Sarron in a Miami "natural." That may be one of his most lucrative summer bouts.

Percy Watson, the Hialeah "water works kid," trounced his second "name" middleweight in recent months when he decisioned Charley Jerome, Memphis fighter, who was fresh from a win over Ralph Chong. Watson had previously beaten Battling Burroughs of Pasagoula, Mississippi, now in Jimmy Erwin's stable. Watson is being carefully groomed by Dad Hale and may rise to recognized top billing ere long. His wins over Burroughs and Jerome may bring about the desired results.

Unencumbered fighters anxious to show in south Florida during the summer months might contact Bill Gore, Boxing Manager, c/o Gore's Gymnasium, Miami Beach, Florida. There will be two weekly clubs in action here all summer. Anyone wishing to contact the writer may reach him at Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 31)

high-class undercard, should develop into a good outdoor attraction. It would also result in a thrilling bout if the lads deliver as they are capable of doing. If Escobar can show the same stuff against Lynch that he exhibited against Harry Jeffra, and Lynch can fight here with the same vim and hitting power he has shown abroad, a Lynch-Escobar fight will be well worth tackling.

But to draw well in this country, such a bout must be backed by an extraordinary supporting attraction. Incidentally, I still have in my possession THE RING belt which Lynch won when he defeated Small Montana and if he comes here, it will give me the opportunity to present it to him.

* * *

SOLLY KRIEGER and John Henry Lewis have been keeping in the spotlight in recent months. Each has rolled up a record that should appeal to the leading promoters. Krieger, following his unsatisfactory fight with Popeye Walter Woods, a contest that created a furore in New York sports circles, Krieger went out to make up for that performance with a series of stirring battles and he has made good.

Five contests since January 1, each won by a knockout, is a record that entitles Krieger to recognition among those seeking a championship fight in the middleweight ranks. Starting with a three-round kayo of George Black in Milwaukee, one of America's outstanding scrappers of his division, Solly followed with a one-round knockout of Al Diamond, then landed the sleep producer on Johnny Rossi in four, put Stanley Hasrato to sleep in seven and his latest feat was to halt Izzy Jannazzo in eleven. Izzy is the boy who just returned from Australia where he lost to Jack Carroll and Dick Humphreys.

New Faces

(Continued from page 21)

In 1937, Ziggy was crowned welterweight champion of Palestine, and it was following that last battle in which he won the title that Lander decided to come to America.

* * *

A WEST INDIAN battler who is making rapid strides is John D. Fitzpatrick, recently crowned featherweight champion of the West Indies, who is better known to the followers of the manly art as Al Tunney, a 23-year-old youth who stretches into a 5 feet, 7 inch height.

Tunney has engaged in 25 amateur battles and 30 professional starts, and out of the 55 battles has found himself on the wrong end of the decision but once, a fight which he reversed some six weeks later. A record of that sort speaks volumes anywhere, and the fact that Tunney won those scraps in the West Indies should not detract from his ability. They have some pretty good scrappers in that vicinity.

Al holds decisions over Motee Kid Singh, the Indian featherweight champion, whom he whipped on two occasions in blistering battles, and in his most recent fight he knocked out Kid Tanner, the British Guiana 126-pounder who was cutting quite a swath in pugilistic circles up until the Tunney battle. At that Al has been ably coached, having received instructions in California in the gentle art by Young Harry Wills.

The West Indies fighter, who annexed the featherweight championship, is under the care of Stanley C. Cheong.

* * *

A FINE looking prospect boxing out of Fort Barrancas, Florida, and under the guiding hand of Jack Chancey, is Neno Falzone. He is a well built boy of Italian blood and who has his heart set on becoming a top-notcher in the fistic sport.

Falzone has had 73 amateur tussles and has lost but three times. He went to the quarter-finals in the National Golden Gloves tournament in 1935 and won the Southern Golden Glove title. He has fought 18 professional bouts and has lost but one decision. He has never been stopped and has himself knocked out 11 opponents, all under the eight-round limit.

* * *

ALFRED BLISS, English manager, has a young man under his wing who shows great possibilities in the pugilistic field. He is Charlie Bint, the Croyden lightweight, who is making things mighty uncomfortable for the best lightweights in Europe.

He has engaged in 53 contests, the majority of them being over the 10- and 12-round course, and has lost but two of these bouts on points. One of these decisions he has since reversed. Bint is at present a top-liner in the London boxing shows, and we have the word of Benny Caplan that young Charlie shows great promise.

Picking a Winner!

(Continued from page 16)

carry into the ring is that of the great punishers of the past—the masters of the profession. That's why boxing has come back into its own. When the sock market has as its leaders men who can hit, the sport is at its height. Between them, Louis and Schmeling have aroused such a keen interest in boxing that every division, not only the heavyweight, has benefited.

Crossing the "wise ones" is as old as the hills in boxing. Figuring on cleverness winning for you, you find yourself stymied when the long shot suddenly comes through with a lucky blow that brings home the bacon. Figure on a clouter as a sure thing because he carries too much "T.N.T." in his fists, and you find yourself crossed when your choice, the favorite, finds that he cannot lay a glove on the powder-puff hitter who has employed his cleverness to advantage.

The best solution is "Don't bet on fights."

They Discovered They Were Good

(Continued from page 29)

but principally, he said, because of the big crowd and the roaring of the lions.

As the Battler was being led out of the dressing room he almost bumped the "Unknown," who was on his way to the ring. The announcer stopped the "Unknown" and said to him: "Jack, here is the guy who will try to win $5 from you tonight. Don't hurt him too badly. He's only a boy."

Then the two walked out on to the platform where they were to box and the band played "Down Went McGinty."

The details of the battle need not be reviewed. Suffice it to say the Battler won his $5.00 and the "Unknown" was knocked for a row of goals. That victory, Bat told me, is what really gave him the idea that he was good and some day would be a great fighter, and his prediction, as we all know, came true.

Joe Louis Fistic Puzzle

(Continued from page 11)

non-committal, and too often his reply is a smile and a shrug of the shoulders.

He has an interesting story, which in some ways parallels that of his friend, Joe DiMaggio, outfielder of the Yankees.

They hail from the same section of San Francisco. In many ways, they are very much alike. They got going along about the same time, and they hit the big company at about the same time.

DiMaggio has become more talkative, and it is conceivable that as he rises, Apostoli will learn to talk, too. The ball player goes to see the fighter every chance he gets.

From North Beach in San Francisco, DiMaggio went to the San Francisco Seals and from them to the Yankees. Apostoli became a bellhop at the St. Francis Hotel in his home city, and from that unobtrusive beginning, developed into the outstanding middleweight of this period.

Lee's showing in that New York fight lowers him out of the No. 2 spot in the middleweight ranking. Glen is a fine fighter, but out of that crouch of his he does not get all the power he might develop in his punches.

* * *

IN the wake of the Louis-Thomas and Apostoli-Lee fights, it would seem that fistic action for the spring and early summer would have to stress those two divisions.

There are high potentialities, too, in Henry Armstrong, that phenomenal Negro featherweight, whose thirtieth victory in a row was achieved at the expense of the lightweight, Lew Feldman. Henry knocked Lew kicking in the fifth heat in New York lately.

It is interesting to note that not until he met Henry did Feldman suffer the ignominy of being knocked out cold. He had dropped two knockout decisions but had been conscious on both occasions, the verdicts being what erroneously are called technical K.O.'s.

This Armstrong is being touted as another George Dixon. Of those thirty straight victories, twenty-eight were by the K.O. route. Only Aldo Spoldi and Baby Arizmendi were able to stand off the knockout power of this freakish Negro from Los Angeles.

There was a warning in the Feldman fight for Armstrong, who possibly could afford a long layoff. His timing was off and his hands were swollen.

The coming battle between Henry and Barney Ross should be the biggest money-maker for small fellows in several years. It should be good for a gate of $200,000. It is a fight that will enable the public to judge Henry's real ability. If both are properly trained, the fans will be treated to a scrap worth while. My choice will be Ross to win.

And Now For Herr Max

(Continued from page 6)

All that can be said of Thomas as a fighter is that he is game, courageous to the nth degree. He can absorb punishment, but if he is not careful, he will land where many other fighters of the past have gone after they performed the Joe Grim feat. Thomas can sock and is dangerous at all times, but he'll never get beyond where he now is. After the shellackings he received at the hands of Schmeling and Louis, it is safe to say that he has now seen his best fighting days. He'll never be better.

* * *

AS for Louis, his slow start against Thomas didn't indicate anything other than he was out to give the fans a little run for their dough. He knew that he was master of the situation and after all, what good is a quick knockout other than as a means of comparison?

He accepted the Thomas bout as one more of a series of tune-up contests for the test of his career—the fight with Schmeling, and he got the proper kind of workout out of it. He missed frequently, something he had better eliminate if he intends to avenge his defeat at the hands of Schmeling. Some of the wild swings which were charged against him in Chicago would undoubtedly have been turned to Schmeling's advantage were they committed in a fight with the German. Max is too quick-thinking a fighter not to seize such openings and make the best of them. It behooves Joe Louis to perk up on his timing or to take the consequences when he faces the Uhlan.

Joe's hitting was, as usual, all that could be desired. He clouted Thomas with terrific blows to the jaw, short right and left hooks that carried dynamite and those are the kind of punches at which Joe has no master. If he connects, he jars his adversary from head to heels. Schmeling won't be an exception.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

BILL "BANGER" IRBY, the southern heavyweight, will train and fight out of Springfield, Mass. Irby will start in Holyoke and Boston rings and if successful will be ready for other larger clubs. Irby will train here with Terry Rogers, Jimmy Louis and Billie Crump.

Sal Canata, Holyoke, beat Danny Buckley, Holyoke, in a main bout of a local talent show of eight rounds. Doug Murchie, of North Adams, lost a close decision to Billy Connerty, of Boston, in six rounds. Bobby Little won over Romeo Ducharme; Roland Lecuyer won over Sammy Athas; Joey Washnis beat Al Mifflin in a three round scrap. Billy Stewart, of Holyoke, kayoed Eddie LaFlamme, of Central Falls, R. I., in two rounds. Earl Tashereau, of Central Falls, R. I., won a decision over Al Wallach, of Holyoke; Freddie Cabral, of Boston, kayoed Leo Genereau of Central Falls, R. I., in the first round. Jack Dekkers refereed, judges, Tommy Tompson and Harman Smith, timer, Eddie Kennedy.

Unknown Morgan, of Hartford, stopped Jerry Maloni, of Springfield, in the fifth round of an eight rounder. Jackie Clark, of Hartford, stopped Ruby Bradley, of Holyoke, in the fifth round of a six. Eddie McGraw, of Meriden technically kayoed Billy Adams, of Worcester, in the third round. Roy Carvell, of Springfield, won over Charlie Sespitito, of Worcester. Billy Stewart, of Holyoke, won over Larry Teans, of Meriden. George Pepe, of New Haven, defeated Francis Carter, of Worcester, Tommy Grady, of Springfield, defeated Tommy Dorsey, of Meriden. Domingo Montario, of Holyoke, won over Tommy Dunn, of Springfield, the last three bouts were three rounders.

Sal Canata, of Holyoke, won over Tony Gouvia of Brockton, in a main bout of eight rounds. Bobby Little, of Holyoke, kayoed Sailor Olsen, of New Haven, in the third round of a six. Danny Buckley, of Holyoke, won over Johnny Baranowski, of Pittsfield, in a four rounder. Billy Campanelli, of Worcester, kayoed Frankie Biancho in the second round of a three rounder. Tommy Burns, of Springfield, drew with Al Larivee, of Holyoke. Jimmy Jones, of Brockton, won over Joe Canty, of Springfield, in three rounds. Al Walleck, of Holyoke, won over Jimmy Armstrong of New Haven, in three rounds.

The Golden Gloves will be run in Springfield with Bob Feldman at the helm. Each year finds Springfield putting on splendid amateur boxing shows to help the needy boys on a fine vacation.

The writer will operate a training camp for boxers just over the Springfield line in Chicopee Falls, Mass., with accommodations for a half dozen boys. The camp is within sight of the Springfield airport where there is a cinder track two miles around and less than two minutes from a bathing beach. Bill Irby and Terry Rogers will be among those training there.

Selling Out

We have 100 beautiful, embossed heads of Joe Louis, made out of plaster of Paris composition, in a fine looking gold and red frame.

Were selling for $1.50 each. Our special price while they last, $1.00, plus ten cents postage for packing to insure against breaking.

Far better than a photograph. Each head stands out so that the Brown Bomber is looking squarely at you.

Unbreakable. A real bargain while they last. **THE RING BOOK SHOP**

307 W. 49th St., New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 37)

taught the art by two present-day champions of the world? His tutors, Billy Thom, holder of the N.W.A. light-heavyweight crown, and Jack Reynolds, 160-pound boss, have openly boasted that Rascher is just the proper tonic to create wide interest in the third largest sport in the country.

While at college, Rascher, who besides being an all-American on the I. U. football eleven, was also star catcher on his college nine, where he led the Western Conference three consecutive years in slugging; the roving guard on the court quintet; and the mainstay on the grappling squad.

In 1930 and 1931 he won the Big Ten heavyweight championship. In 1931, Andy also won the national inter-collegiate light-heavyweight and heavyweight mat honors. He never lost as a college wrestler.

In 1932, Rascher studied three offers from different sports to turn professional. Major football, major league baseball and wrestling promoters sought him. He decided to take a crack at the pigskin toting art and signed up with the Chicago Bears, but at the end of the season he took the advice of his mat tutors, Billy Thom and Jack Reynolds to go in for pro wrestling.

And from the tail-end of 1932 up to the present time, the name of Rascher has been in the limelight. He is one grappler who constantly goes about his duties of winning his bouts, but most of all in his mind is to satisfy the paying customers. Invariably he does that.

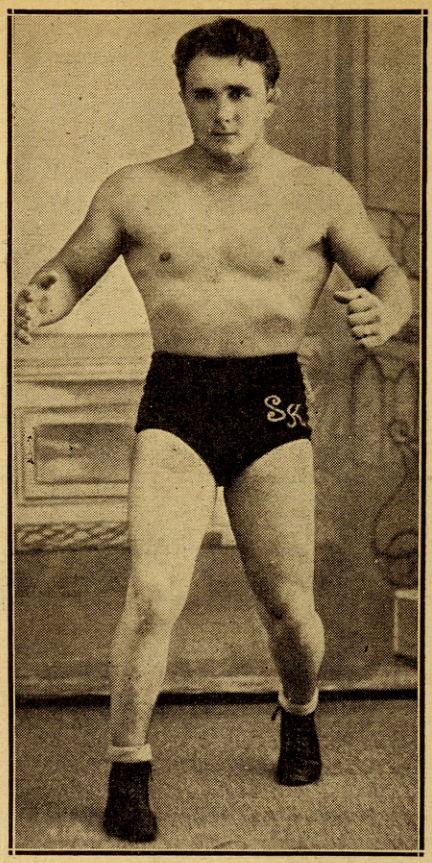
He employs all kinds of holds, but usually depends on the flying scissors, flying tackle and drop-kick. Andy stands 6 feet 1 inch and weighs 215 pounds.

* * *

AN artist in the ring and out of it is Eddie Newman, the Hungarian Frankenstein of the grappling world. In his ring togs, Newman is one of the roughest and toughest bone benders that ever dared climb through the ropes for purposes of committing assault and battery upon his wrestling rivals. Newman is one individual who doesn't exactly figure on winning his battles according to legal code. But little does he care how his bouts are won so long as his name eventually winds up on the winning side of the ledger.

Out of the ring, Newman is a first class cartoonist. He had his training for an art career under the world famous Hungarian artist, Willie Pogany. His tutor had foreseen that this Jewish youth was sure to go places in painting, as well as in ink and pencil drawings. Eddie had what it takes to be a success, and for that reason Professor Pogany classes him as one of his ablest students.

Upon being told that he was an accomplished artist, the first thing that Newman did was to hook up with Walt Disney, originator of Mickey Mouse. Newman drew the various drawings that have been seen on the screen. He had a knack of foreseeing unbelievable feats, accomplished by the animal world of the pencil or pen or paint. Newman let the cat out of the bag when he said that his greatest inspirations came from reading fairy tales.



Steve Kozak, welterweight champion of Winnipeg, Canada. He has an excellent record.

Give him a cardboard and he can build up any structure or smash it to smithereens. Some of Newman's cartoons have appeared in the leading newspapers of the country, not to say of his drawings that have been shown on the silver screen.

But Newman is a restless individual. He has numerous hobbies, and one of his greatest is that of wrestling. Believe it or not, Newman wrestles just because he likes to hear the roar of the crowd; likes to crash his foes into helplessness. Excitement is his dish. For that reason this matman, who has become a menace to his rivals, is one of the most sought after grapplers by the various promoters.

He has been cracking bones; twisting his rivals into various shapes and getting hooted for his unruly methods for five years now. Besides being a wrestler and an artist, Newman also was a former football star in the semi-professional ranks; a baseball player; a basketball player; a swimmer and a pugilist. In addition, he was a Deputy Sheriff in Las Vegas, Nevada.

The grappling artist was born in New York City; went West, made good and is now back along the Atlantic Seaboard to continue to show the "home folks" his wares. He stands 5 feet 11 inches and tips the beam at 225 pounds.

* * *

CALL him any name you desire and George (K. O.) Koverly, the crack Hollywood grappler, still will continue to be one of the outstanding bad-men in the grip and get gripped game. The K.O. part of his name is due to the fact that he at one time was a fist slinger and many a foe he put to sleep with his haymaking wallops. And Koverly still relies on the sleep producer to bring him his conquests in his mat tiffs. For that reason, Koverly has become known as the Clouting Californian. It is nothing for Koverly to shove his rivals off him with full force against the ropes and then on the rebound, smack the hapless individual on the "kisser" to knock the rival into the Land of Nod.

Another pet name for the Jugo-Slav matador is Hollywood Howitzer. This was earned through his ceaseless efforts in cutting his opponents to ribbons. He slashes at them with reckless abandon.

Don't be fooled by Koverly's unorthodox style. He knows how to wrestle, and wrestles in there with the very best of them. But first he usually wears his rivals down with a series of smashes to the chin or body. He knows all the holds, and he knows how to properly apply them so that it would be practically foolish for the antagonists to break the grasps. In rebuttal, Koverly also has a style all of his own in scampering out of the bone breaking grips applied on him.

Wrestling Stalwarts

(Continued from page 39)

too big for his cab, for a little later we find him private chauffeuring, the limousine being more suited to his massive frame.

Big Chief Sanooke was born in Lawrence, Kansas, his brothers are all big men, stand over six feet and weigh more than 250 pounds. The generous poundage also runs in the female line and one sister reaches the pleasant height of six feet one, is only eighteen years old, and is champion basketball player for the Cherokee Indian School Reservation. His brothers are exceptionally well educated and all are Civil Service men for Indian affairs. His father and mother are both tall, and the Chief has an uncle who measures seven feet even.

The Chief has been mighty successful in the wrestling game. He has met some of the best wrestlers in the country. Though not of championship calibre, he is a pleasing wrestler.

Another Welshman Makes Good

(Continued from page 35)

with everything in the catalogue and made up a few choice morsels of mayhem as he went along. He kicked, bit, kneed, gouged and stomped. Between times he scattered Jonathan's glossy face shrubbery to the ringsiders—handful at a time. The end came when the Welshman sank a right swing up to the wrist in the "Brother's" blubbery mid-section. Jonathan was out for five minutes.

"But I didn't get my share of the twenty after all," said Evans in relating his first match. "You see I had a baseball season to finish out and one of the birds with me was captain of a rival school."

Canny guys, these Welshmen.

Lovers of the Noble Art

(Continued from page 22)

that ever trod English turf. It was not love of money, nor yet hatred of his opponents that gave Tom the strength and will to fight, as he did many a time almost to the death. It was his simple creed that a fighter owed it to his backers and the spectators to stay in the ring and give battle to his adversary with as little thought of retreat or retirement as had the soldiers who stood in squares and engaged the enemy's charging hosts under Wellington in the Napoleonic wars. All the tremendous fights in which Sayers participated did not yield him more than a few hundred pounds—a sum that would be scoffed at in these days by men with not a tenth of Sayers' ability. Actually before he died Tom received several thousands of pounds but not for fighting. The money was subscribed by sympathetic friends and handed to him on condition that he did not fight. He was a man without guile and without enmity to anyone and to thousands of well wishers there was something painful in the sight of the amount of punishment that Sayers would endure without a murmur rather than take a backward step in the ring even against men nearly twice his weight, so they paid him—to stop fighting.

* * *

I WONDER whether old John L. Sullivan ever cared about the dollars that came so plentifully his way in the height of his career. Personally, I am convinced that the game ranked high above money in his estimation, and I am sure that the art of boxing, as distinct from prizefighting, owes a lot of its present day advancement to bluff old John, though he was a bare fist bruiser for many years. Knuckle man as he was however he went to great lengths to popularize the then new Marquis of Queensberry Rules, and had it not been for his efforts, another generation might have gone by before they received general recognition.

John was a lover of the noble art if ever there was one, and although he was a totally different man from Tom Sayers in his attitude towards opponents his hates and prejudices were not of the kind that alienates a man from his fellows. John was a good hater—even his lifelong feud with Charlie Mitchell, was free from anything mean or really bitter.

* * *

AND what of Jack Dempsey—our Jack, not the Nonpareil who fell before the fists of Fitzsimmons before the second Jack was born. Dempsey is a man who has made millions out of boxing, but there is nothing more certain that while fighting in the ring he has never given a split second's worth of time to thoughts of money. He has made money not through seeking it but almost by accident, and mainly through the good offices of a super promoter and manager.

Of all the giants of the game none has possessed a truer fighting spirit than the second Jack Dempsey—in that respect he stands four-square with Cribb, Molyneux, Sayers and Sullivan. A born fist-fighter, just as Lindbergh was a born airman, Dempsey is as big a credit to the game of boxing as Lindbergh is to flying and both are the sort of men who make for peace and welfare in the world.

There is nothing wrong in fighting, so long as it is done with two honest fists, like the fists of Jack Dempsey, strangers for all time to the feel of knife haft or gun butt—honest fists, the weapons of a true lover of the noble art. Lord send us more of them!

Overconfidence

(Continued from page 8)

made to order for me. I can catch him coming and going, and his jaw will never again stand the punching I gave it at Goldfield," was Gans' insistent argument.

Well, the shoe was on the other foot, and now Gans has passed outside the charmed circle of pugilistic contenders.

Willie Fitzgerald was the most confident man I have ever seen enter a ring when he clashed with Harry Lewis in Philadelphia a couple of years ago. Fitzgerald was a 2 to 1 shot, and even money was being bet that he would stop Lewis inside of the six rounds.

"What I'll do to this lawn tennis champion is a shame," Fitz remarked before he entered the ring. "I stalled with him a couple of times and let him stay. But just watch things now."

Fitz started to fight the same old Fitz way. He rushed at Lewis and battered Harry all over the ring. The round ended with Harry looking like a sure loser.

But the second was different. Lewis came out smiling, and Fitz rushed at him as usual. Lewis started a long swing, and the blow caught Fitz coming in. Fitz stopped, toppled, and fell over on his face. He staggered up, thinking somebody had made a mistake, and again was pelted with that right hand on the jaw.

The referee stopped the fight to save Fitz's life.

Young Erne entered the same ring a year before to battle Jimmy Briggs. Erne was certain of a picnic.

"What's the use of training for a slow fellow like Briggs. I'll just jab his head off and lose him at the foot-working game," he remarked, when Jack McGuigan insisted that he train for the bout.

Steve Mahoney had Briggs, and he figured out the battle correctly. He knew Erne was faster than Jimmy, but that Erne must set in order to be at his best.

Steve sent Briggs into Erne every second, keeping him on top of the Philadelphian. Erne never landed the jab and Briggs, a 1 to 5 shot, was an easy winner.

Terry McGovern was a 3 to 1 shot against Young Corbett when he met the Denver man at Hartford for the championship.

"Just a little practice gallop," said Terry. "I'll run up there and cop that easy change and back to Brooklyn on an evening train.

Well, again the result is history.

Jimmy Britt came to New York two and a half years later to fight this same McGovern in Madison Square Garden. The fight was looked upon as a benefit for Terry.

"I don't think he can win, and here's a chance to let him have a nice piece of change before quitting the ring forever," said Joe Humphreys, who made the match for Terry.

Terry did little training, and Britt even less.

"I won't knock good old Terry out," said Britt. "Just jab him and keep him at long range, so he won't be dangerous. This is the easiest money I've ever taken."

But Terry nailed Britt in the second round and gave him an unmerciful beating. Overconfidence had cost Britt the fight and lost him a chance to make a fortune.

It all goes to prove that more battles are lost before the fighters enter the ring than are lost after the mitts are donned.

Just What Is Ring Courage?

(Continued from page 3)

over the hill, with the gates gradually growing smaller and smaller.

It is a well-known fact that the public, the people who make the mare go so far as box offices are concerned, just won't stick to a loser. He may come back and fight before record crowds. Not for long.

With each succeeding appearance, the gates fall off, and the star of former years passes out with them. Jack Dempsey was an outstanding exception. He doubled the gate in which he lost to Tunney at Philadelphia, in the return bout in Chicago.

Speaking of Dempsey and "retiring" reminds me of the night on which Dempsey met John Lester Johnson in a little club in New York. Dempsey was on the floor in that fight and the unknown Westerner wanted to chuck it. He had a good reason. Johnson's body blows had broken three of his ribs. He got up and finished and then beat it back to Salt Lake City. That was the Dempsey who became GREAT.

On three occasions I saw Tommy Ryan, greatest middleweight of his time, and some say of all time, fight in San Francisco. I recall that there were waits of over an hour for Ryan to appear in the ring. Once one of his opponents waited that long, wondering what had become of the champion.

The simple and homely truth is that Ryan, always highly nervous before an important bout, but as cool as a cucumber in action, had a bowel attack and for an hour could not leave the dressing room. There was no accounting for it. The gallery thought it was a display of the white feather and when Ryan appeared he was booed unmercifully. The bell rang and on each occasion Ryan went along to win with a knockout without any trace of the nervousness coming back on him.

* * *

BUDDY BAER will live down that tragedy of his young career. I'm almost certain that he will. He is a determined fellow and there is no reason why he shouldn't forget all about it and return to the ring a much better fighter.

As a matter of fact, those nearest to Buddy look upon the incident as the best thing which ever could happen to the big boy. He had taken on a little importance on his own hook. He was telling newspaper men that he could lick Max, and they were always afraid the two would hook up and kill each other in a bare-fist fight.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 34)

London Club, demonstrated exactly what is meant by clean and classical squirming. McLaughlin makes the arrow quiver at 182 pounds, has barnstormed through Africa and once held the middleweight championship of Canada and the world.

Making his debut at the Salle Wagram in Paris, stubby Australian Tommy Nilan dazzled the spectators by annexing a quick victory over the Canadian, Dick Perron, in a fray that lasted twenty-two minutes. On the same bill, Gaston Navailles (France), disposed of Joe Campbell (U.S.A.) in 16:40, and Vavra, a newcomer, trimmed Pierre Kostantinoff (Bulgaria).

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As this month fades into "grunt-and-groan" history, we hear that . . . . No wife in the mat profession supervises her husband's diet and training schedule with more care than does the charming Missus Van. Her hubby is Jack Terry Van, that spidery-limbed middleweight, who remains almost without a master during his English tour . . . . It may be a boy at the Tiger Tasker's sometime soon . . . . Rod Fenton, long-haired meanie, continues his reign of terror, only being equalled by Fritz "Red" Brokau in villainous tactics . . . . Max Krauser, back from a Swedish tourney, showed his wares in England as did Kola Kwariani, Karl Pojello, Herbert Audersch of Germany, Charles Ulscemer and Sergi Kalmikoff . . . . Count Karol Nowina left Europe for South American rings . . . . George Pencheff and Johan van der Valt may shortly return to England.

* * *

FROM Nat Frank comes this contribution: Did You Know That—Nick Elitch, the Jugo-Slav star, is one wrestler who overcame numerous obstacles in the bone-bending profession? Elitch boasts of numerous scars, received in mat combat, but he refused to quit the game, figuring that he had the ability to successfully cope with the best of them? And his predictions have run true?

* * *

That Larruping Latin, Gino Garibaldi, is back East again after showing the Mid-Westerners the proper way to prove superiority over the cream of the crop? His return to the Atlantic seaboard for competition hereabouts, has been greeted with wild acclaim by both promoters and fans?

* * *

Chief War Eagle, Iriquois Indian, is the latest Redskin to take the scalps of the Palefaces? This copper-colored gripster has brought a new grip into the art? He generally wins his engagements with the leg headlock, using his lower limbs in the same manner as the average matman uses his arms?

* * *

The Four Duseks still continue to be wrestling's greatest gate attractions? Every time the entire quartet of Battering Bohemians are billed to appear on the same card, the promoters play to overtaxed capacity audiences? Individually, Rudy, Ernie, Joe and Cousin Wallie always assure the promoters who use them of a very profitable evening? Collectively, on the same card, the clubs are not large enough to pack in the thrill seeking fans, who want to see them in action?

* * *

Few grapplers can compare with Slim Zimbleman as a reckless and daring individual? This giant Californian takes all sorts of chances in his bouts in the hopes that his attacks will flatten the adversary?

* * *

Stanley Pinto, the Ravenna Roughster, still continues to mow down his opponents with his devastating forearm smashes? The Nebraskan boasts of more quick victories than any other wrestler in the business?

* * *

A trio of Hungarians who are more than making good in the East are Eddie Newman, a rough individual; Geza Tako, noted for his various holds; and, last but not by any means least, Bert Rubi, who inherited the turnover body scissors from the late Big Jim Browning?

* * *

Everett Kibbons, former A. & M. football luminary, has been progressing along the mat highway in fine fashion, since he came East, after running out of opposition in the South and Rocky Mountain region? This Oklahoman has become one of the most popular bonebenders in the Eastern territory?

* * *

The wrestling fans are beginning to get wise to the fact that George Kondylis, moustached Greek, is a matman extraordinary? There are few bone-twisters in the entire grappling world who can boast of superiority over the Athens star?

* * *

Frank Bruce, the Jamaica sensation, who broke the leg of Tommy Draak, is bordering on stardom? This ex-life guard has improved so rapidly that he is seeking matches with the top liners in the sport? He is a spectacular showman and strikes out with a dangerous flying tackle, his pet means of conquest?

* * *

THE long awaited match between Danno O'Mahony and Steve "Crusher" Casey took place in Madison Square Garden, with Casey the victor. This "Crusher" Steve is now the champion wrestler of all Ireland. The match that made Casey the Irish mat king took place under the promotion of Stanislaus Zbyszko, the former world champion. O'Mahony had by far the better of the going for the first half hour. He had Casey in trouble several times with gruelling leg holds, and it looked as if Danno would boast the title the "Crusher" now holds. But as the bout progressed, Casey became stronger and he broke O'Mahony's grips with ease.

At the forty minutes mark, Steve lifted O'Mahony high into the air with a crotch hold and slammed him to the mat. The former champion landed with a thud, and Casey pounced on him for the fall. This was Casey's two hundred and sixty-second victory in as many starts since he came to the United States, and it places him in line for a world championship match with Bronko Nagurski.

On the same card as the Casey-O'Mahony mixup, Bob Gregory showed more than just being the husband of Princess Baba. Gregory, who holds the British light-heavyweight title, threw Henri Lassarets in short order. In defeating Lassarets, handsome Bob amazed New York mat fans with his speed, cleverness and knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu. Gregory should go a long way in the States, as he is a good drawing card and a polished matman.

* * *

"HE'S just a chip off the old block." That's what fans from Ohio to Missouri and the deep South are saying about Frankie Talaber, the spectacular young Chicago light-heavyweight contender, for in recent months he has literally set the 175-pound mat world afire with his flashing mat performances. In comparing him to a chip off the old block, they refer to his father, former world's middleweight champion, Lou Talaber of Chicago. Old-timers who saw Lou at the height of his mat career aver that Frankie is as much like his father as two peas from the same pod.

The same dynamic ring personality, the same catlike ability to move about the wrestling pad, and the same physical characteristics of his famous dad are possessed by young Frankie. Standing almost six feet in height and weighing the light-heavyweight limit of 175 pounds when he is in the pink of wrestling condition, young Talaber is one of the most talked about and popular matmen of the day in cities like Columbus, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Charleston and Louisville.

Although his professional mat career is only now in its third year, he's already a smooth, finished, accomplished workman, who has fought the best in the division and just lately battled the N.W.A. champion, Billy Weidner, to a scorching draw.

Until his draw with Weidner, Talaber had not been defeated in Columbus.

A handsome, likeable young fellow, Frankie has a huge following wherever he wrestles and many there are who predict the day will come when he will take the tough, unpopular Weidner.

* * *

OHIO WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS, by J. Jimmie Amann, follow:

The gallery gods yell, the ringside elite scream as we go down the wrestling highways and byways, to see, to hear . . . . that Freddy Von Lamm, bearded Teutonic welter star, gained a victory over Sheik Mar Allah in Mexico . . . . now back in the States, Freddy is shooting a challenge at both Jack Reynolds and Gus Kallio . . . . Kallio bulletins me from Minneapolis that his losing match against Johnny Carlin in the Miller City was a non-title affair . . . . Carlin tipped the beams at 192 pounds, Gus writes . . . . my exclusive Wrestling Ratings now issued yearly at only one dollar for twelve ratings, one a month, can be secured by sending along your buck to Jimmie Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Hy Albertson, Florida middleweight ace, is expected to invade Iowa and Nebraska territory this summer . . . . a word for Bengal Engblum, the Finnish middleweight, now campaigning in England . . . . Bengal is almost undefeated in nearly two years of campaigning and expects to invade the States after the English season is closed.

Gang Wars, Politicians

(Continued from page 27)

Or, at least, that's how it looked to the ringsiders. But just before the fateful beat of "ten," Wolgast painfully dragged himself over to where the referee was standing. Whereupon the sympathetic Mr. Welsh extended a gracious hand, grabbed the sufferer, assisted him to rise and—declared him winner!

Such an action by the third man in a ring was entirely without precedent in fistic history. Helping a temporarily disabled fighter to his feet before a count is finished certainly does not come within the scope of a referee's duties.

Loud and frantic were the angry wails of those who bet on Rivers. Many sport writers exhausted vocabularies of invective in scathing columns of criticism, denouncing the too generous gesture by Mr. Welsh which saved Wolgast his cherished lightweight crown. Some went so far as to assert heatedly that the "wise" money wagered on Wolgast had also to be saved, at any cost! Considering the grotesque conditions under which the bout terminated, these latter could scarcely be criticized for reaching such a conclusion.

"Gun-Shyness"

(Continued from page 18)

a myth, at least as far as he was concerned. After absorbing a murderous licking at Dempsey's hands, fight critics were in general accord that Willard would flinch in the face of another barrage of leather. How well he forgot the Dempsey incident is shown when he came back to the ring at the age of forty and kayoed young up-and-coming Floyd Johnson in eleven heats and was giving as good as he received against Luis Angel Firpo until his legs let him down.

* * *

LOOK at little Jimmy McLarnin. Remember the time Billy Petrolle literally slaughtered him in a ten-rounder back in 1930. Petrolle hit the Irish kid with every hook and wallop in the book for ten consecutive rounds, and in this day and era of weak-hearted officials, would have stopped him anywhere along the first three or four sessions. Anyhow, McLarnin took a licking that night that might well have broken the spirit of any fighter.

Was he afraid to give Petrolle another fight? Not so much as you could notice. The very next year he dished out a couple of lacings to the erstwhile Fargo Express that removed all the sting of that first drubbing. Another guy that didn't let the past interfere with the business immediately at hand.

Did the late Tiger Flowers let a few knockouts bother his fistic ambitions? Well, hardly. One who kayoed the Tiger was Jamaica Kid, an ebony-hued warrior who was a great favorite a dozen or so years ago. Jamaica Kid, a light-heavy, put the sleeper wallop on Flowers back in 1922. In the years that followed, Flowers' principal relaxation was flailing the daylights out of the boy that once laid him among the sweet peas. They must have fought a dozen times after that, with Flowers invariably the winner.

Jack Sharkey didn't let a knockout at the hands of Jack Dempsey ruin his fistic career. That was a crushing setback for the Lithuanian Larruper, coming at a time when he was a foremost contender for Gene Tunney's crown.

True, he never did get another chance at Dempsey, but he went on from there to fight many of his best battles, including wins over such illustrious ringmen as Schmeling, Stribling, Delaney, Loughran and Scott, eventually winding up with the heavyweight title in his lap. Not so bad for a fellow supposed to have gone "gun-shy" 'way back in 1927.

* * *

AND we could go on and on recalling fellows who beat their way back to the heights after the critics had given them up as hopelessly lost after absorbing a beating. After all, the ringmen are few and far between that do not at some time or other along the fistic trail, run into the licking of their lives. If one knockout or a terrific drubbing causes a fighter to be "gun-shy" then we'd have the spectacle of the whole brigade of beak-smashers afraid to toss a punch for fear he'd get one in return. Happily, professional ringmen aren't made out of that sort of stuff. You can bet your bottom dollar that the fellows you see in there mauling away at one another have more than the average amount of courage . . . . else they wouldn't be there.

Those critics of Joe Louis who raved and ranted that he had lost his courage and was a "gun-shy" individual following his bouts with Farr and Pastor, fail to take into consideration that the man has never been born who can score a knockout every time he goes to the post. The fact that he uses more caution and discretion nowadays strikes me as the one asset he needs more than anything else.

After all, any fellow who goes in after an opponent as did Joe Louis in the early days of his career when he was racking up such a remarkable knockout streak, is liable to run into one. Joe Louis was no exception . . . . as witness the Schmeling contest.

It is my humble opinion that that incident helped Louis more than it harmed. It revealed to him that, after all, he was a pugilist no more immune to a knockout punch than the other fellow. Suppose he has decided to add caution to his bag of tricks. I, for one, regard that as a smart move. Of course a cautious fighter isn't as pretty to watch as a rip-snorter, devil-may-care thumper, but then, he doesn't finish on the nape of his neck as often as the applause-gathered either.

I harbor the idea that a knockout ofttimes makes a fighter smarter and more wary, but seldom, if ever . . . . gun-shy.

And those of you who are depending on Joe Louis' fear of Schmeling's right-hand to bring the championship back to the Teuton, are in for a long period of waiting. That word "fear" seldom has a place in a professional fighter's make-up. Especially those who have enough on the ball to rise to the higher brackets of fistiana. The boys who possess the well-known "yellow streak" are in some business other than scrambling around in the upper reaches of pugdom.

A Match for Armstrong

(Continued from page 15)

That grand punching Philadelphia southpaw, Danny Kramer. What would have happened if he had exploded one of his pineapples on the chin of the easy-to-hit Mr. Armstrong. And the two-fisted dynamiter, also from the city of Brotherly Love, Lew Tendler, who let himself be talked out of a world championship in his battle with Benny Leonard, what would he as a feather have accomplished in a bout with Henry?

Let's not overlook that grand little fighting Scotch Wop, Johnny Dundee, he with the dazzling style, the great fighting heart, and the ability that stamped him as one of the truly greats of the ring. Can you picture Henry Armstrong whipping, much less knocking out a fighter like Tendler, Andy Chaney or Dundee?

In their days, every fight was a tough one, and every fight took more out of one's system to help speed the end of his pugilistic career. Today, it's more or less of a joke the way a fighter can go right ahead, knocking out one and two opponents in a week, without even working up a sweat. The writer has always wondered how long the career of the California Negro would have been, when, in the days of the not so long ago, every opponent he would have been forced to face meant a battle bordering on the sensational.

There is no doubt that Henry Armstrong is the greatest fighter, pound for pound, in the world today. His record is a tribute to a truly great pugilist, who has never shown an inclination to pick his spots, and has traveled all over the States to make his mark in the gloved profession. His knockout string is close to a record, one that may not be matched by a top-flight fighter in years, but the talent he has to face doesn't compare with the boys of a few years back.

Armstrong has proven that he is the best featherweight in the world.

Armstrong has proven that he is one of the best lightweights in the world.

Armstrong wants to prove that he is one of the best welterweights in the world.

That's all well and good. Such bouts will add to boxing interest, world-wide. Henry from California has proven to be a great stimulant for the game from which he draws his living and as such, we must do him honor.

But to go back to the days of Gans, Dixon, McGovern, Attell, and Wolgast for comparisons with Armstrong!

What was the matter with the Canzoneris, McLarnins, Terrises, Mandells, Petrolles, Dundees, Kramers, Tendlers, Chocolates, Kaplans, and the rest of the boys whose great fistic deeds seem to have been forgotten by the fight enthusiasts?

The recent article in THE RING, in which A. D. Phillips, Dan Morgan, Doc Bagley, Clarence Gillespie and Jimmy Johnson told what might have happened had Armstrong been pitted against the stars of thirty years ago, had its good points, but in my humble opinion, there is no need for going back that far to find fighters of calibre who would have given the new fistic wonder the battle of his career.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

AS you are regularly devoting space to your readers to express their views, I wonder if you will be good enough to print the following:—

I was very much interested in your remarks regarding Lord Lonsdale's claim of having knocked out John Sullivan; no doubt you made a very thorough investigation before expressing your opinion and there is very little doubt that the event did not occur at the particular period as stated by his Lordship. It is, however, incredible that a man with a sporting reputation like Lord Lonsdale should have been mistaken as to the identity of a person as well known as John L. was at that time, and even more incredible that His Lordship was drawing upon his imagination. Is it not possible that Lord Lonsdale has slipped up on his dates? The latter would seem a far more reasonable explanation.

Whilst dealing with John L. Sullivan, can you tell me why it is that he is lionized and idolized by all American sporting writers—including yourself? That he was a good fighter no one will deny, but you will not dispute the fact that in his day there were very few really outstanding performers and those who were capable of calling John L.'s bluff were never given the opportunity of doing so. John L. was much too wise a bird to try conclusions with Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin or Goddard, whenever the latter two clamored for a match John L. was conveniently "out of business."

The former he sidestepped by conveniently raising the color bar. Against Mitchell, who was only a middleweight, John L. could only draw after 39 rounds. Against Corbett he was made to appear like a novice and received as bad a thrashing as ever a champion was subjected to.

Corbett treated him to a dose of the same medicine as Peter Jackson had waiting for him, but by pleading the color bar he saved his skin. What would you say of a White Champion of today who would refuse a match against Joe Louis just because the latter happens to be colored? If that excuse is not good enough today, why was it considered good enough for John L.?

When all these facts are taken into consideration, it becomes quite obvious that the great John L. was not as great as some of his cronies would have us believe. Let us look into his character now as a sportsman; here we find that of all the champions of all times John L.'s conduct was the most deplorable of all.

The whole of his life story is brimful of accounts of brawls, and as often as not, he assaulted men who had no possible chance of defending themselves against him. These sordid escapades were generally perpetrated in the cheapest booze houses which John L. habitually frequented. How would you like it if Joe Louis, Baer, Farr, Braddock and other prominent fighters of today were to frequent the low haunts and booze shops and offer to "smash any . . . . . who thinks he can stand up to them?"

And yet it is with great pride that your sporting writers recount these disgusting escapades of the great John L.

Insofar as his fighting ability is concerned, please don't tell me that during a tour of the States, John L. knocked out umpteen hundred men. Why, any second-rate lightweight of today would have knocked the lot of them stiff in one night! As for his conduct out of the ring, it is of no use to pretend that such things were quite normal in those days. I refuse to believe that the sense of common decency has been developed only since the passing of Sullivan.

If it is really necessary to idolize great fighters of any period, then let us give credit to those who deserve it—in and out of the ring—amongst others, Johnson, Jackson, Langford, Corbett, Dempsey and a host of others who, apart from being great fighters who barred no man—irrespective of creed, class or color—were also gentleman by nature and confined their fighting to the ring and not to the brawling dens.

J. F. BURGER,
Chunya, Tanganyika Territory, East Africa.

(Editor's note—Thanks for your letter. You are entitled to your say, but the fact remains that John L. Sullivan was a great fighter and to him goes the credit for the development of world-wide interest in boxing. His was the romantic age of boxing and he brought so much color and romance into the sport, that none before or since have equalled. That's why we writers love to write about him. Don't forget, pal, that when he retired, he preached soberness, and exemplary living and was a big factor in youth movements. He preached prohibition and non-smoking and had a big following. Please, at least give him credit for that.)

* * *

I WISH to compliment you on your most interesting magazine. I find that there is more and more interest among the college boys in boxing and wrestling. Here in Dartmouth there are several teams, and some very expert boxers. Your magazine is greatly appreciated and is in constant demand.

Some of the poses you show are very suggestive. There is one picture in the April issue (page 15) of Battling Monroe that is one of the best posed positions I have seen in a long time. Monroe is a superbly built boy and even if he is colored, is as handsome a fellow as any white man. He could well pose as an Apollo. Many of the boxers are over-developed in the chest and arms, but Monroe seems to be well proportioned in every way.

This note is in no way official, but I have been so greatly interested in the sport, that I wanted to express my interest and congratulate you on your unusually fine magazine. I trust the general interest will vastly increase your circulation and that you may be able to keep the magazine up to its present standard for a long time.

EDWARD BROWN,
Hanover, N. H.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

* * *

IN your April RING Magazine was a picture of Jesse James and a note saying he attended the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. The writer is very much mistaken as that fight was held on July 8, 1889, and Jesse James was killed in St. Joe, Mo., April 3, 1882. So he had been dead 7 years, 5 months and 5 days when the fight took place.

CHAS. E. WILLIAMS,
Portland, Oregon.

(Editor's note—You are correct. Many other readers sent in the correction, which we appreciate. It shows that our readers follow our material and know their boxing history. Mr. Pardy erred in his story.)

* * *

LAST month's front cover on THE RING Magazine featuring the middleweight fighters reputedly supposed to be the leaders of this division is very interesting, but followers of the game and myself, from Ohio to the West Coast, cannot understand why if these are the leaders, they give such a sterling fighter as the Alabama Kid the run-around and refuse to fight him.

The Kid's record entitles him to a match with any of these fighters but on account of their refusal to meet him, he is forced to fight men in the light-heavyweight and heavyweight division, but the managers of these supposedly leaders of the middleweight division always have an alibi when asked to match their boy with the Kid. The real reason for this is that they know the Kid is a two-fisted puncher who hits too hard and too much for their pampered pets.

In the summer of 1937 the Kid stopped Joe Jaramillo, Emilio Martinez, George Nichols, Steve Larmer, won a decision over Marty Simmons and then had to fight a heavyweight named Cowboy Edgren on the Coast in order to obtain work, to whom he lost the decision.

LES HUFFMAN,
Columbus, Ohio.

AS a reader of your famous RING Magazine I am writing to you in regard to the Braddock-Farr fight. I say this now with cool deliberation.

It is still almost impossible for a British heavyweight to record a win in the U.S.A. However much a Britisher may knock his man about for eight rounds, when the American puts on steam in the last two, he gets the verdict. Is it true that Braddock was allowed to have his ribs smeared with vaseline after Farr's right and left punches to the body had made them look like raw beef?

In the majority of Britishers' opinions it is about time something was done to sort out the referees in the U.S.A. In the Louis fight Donovan simply didn't know how to mark a point for Farr.

Farr is the American heavyweights' bogey man, and if THE RING Magazine handled his future fights in America, he would clean the whole crop up, bar Louis. If Schmeling does fight Louis, I sincerely hope he will take the title out of the U.S.A. Even in Germany British boxers can win on points.

Well, so much for the fight. Here's wishing you, Mr. Fleischer, all the best and hoping I may live long to enjoy the contents of your great magazine. The greatest magazine in the world. The magazine that stands, with its great Editor, for fair play. Wishing you all success.

JESSE W. E. JEROME,
Corn Brae, Albert St.,
Redditch Wares, England.

* * *

I AM a constant reader of THE RING and personally think it is the best sporting magazine on the market. I am writing this letter to ask you if you would put a request in your magazine for boys to write to me. I am especially interested in corresponding with boys from different parts of the world, because I think it will increase my knowledge of boxing. The address by which you may reach me is as follows: 504 Main Street, Norwich, Conn. I am interested in cartoons and hope some day that you will have more in your magazine. Hoping that you will print this for me and that many boys will send letters to me. Thank you.

JOSEPH PEDACE,
504 Main St., Norwich, Conn.

* * *

I HAVE been a constant and enthusiastic reader of your fine and excellent publication, THE RING, for years and I can't tell you Nat, how us folks from far away New Zealand look forward for our issue each month. I have a standing order at my bookseller's and he never lets me down. So please accept my congratulations and thanks for giving us folks here an opportunity of keeping up with the latest ring news of your excellent country.

Well Nat, things are on the up and up here regarding the fight game. We have several importations from Australia who are boosting the game along. They are Young Gildo, Jerry Leonard, Jackie Sharpe, Herb Bishop, Billy Martin and several others of lesser lights. They are battling with our local boys, Mudgway, Harry Dunn, Jack Jarvis, Charlie Raynor, and perhaps the best of the bunch, Billy Aitken, who is the only one to get a decision over Young Gildo. So you see Nat, it reminds one of the good old days of Lackie Macdonald, Tommy McInnes, Tommy Fairhall, and of course our old champion who is living in your land now, Tom Heeney. The "rassling" game is doing very well here at present.

And now Nat, about our world's heavyweight champion. I sure made some money when Louis beat Braddock. I thought Braddock had been out of the ring too long and I bet on that. You can't have two years of idleness and keep up with a man that is fighting fit. But don't get me wrong, Nat. I don't think Joe Louis is any Dempsey, or Johnson. No sir. I was one of the wise guys who picked Schmeling to knock him out on account of his being wide open for a right. But if he meets Schmeling again, which I think he will, my cash will go on Joe.

Well, Nat, it looks as though I'm trying to tell you I'm a wise guy, doesn't it. But we'll see. I have never seen an American sports paper, and would appreciate if someone in your fine country would send me one, and I would post one from here back to him. Be a sport, someone.

Well, here's wishing you and your fine book, THE RING, the best of luck.

H. GARGAN,
Onehunga, Auckland,
New Zealand.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your famous book, THE RING, for over 10 years, or more perhaps, and am always interested in the page of "Letters from Our Readers." My reason of writing is this, it's one of the letters you published in February RING. It was by Mr. J. P. Mullen. I am not trying to belittle him, but my point is this. If Max Schmeling turned down the 12½% of the takings, how is it he weighed in for the fight the date that was fixed, and why were there quite a number of people to cheer him. Another eye-opener is this, Braddock was suspended by the Boxing Board although when he fought Louis the championship was at stake. Very funny to my mind. "Sidetracked" to my mind is not the word. Max lost the title by the narrowness of a decision which is still shadowed by many boxing fans. I had a strong regard for Max a year ago but I agree with Mr. Mullen that he will be stopped by Louis in their next encounter, but he will not go 10. About 6 rounds is my idea. Max is not the same man as a year ago. He should have more fights. His best fight was with Thomas, but not convincing; and Foord also. No, Max has seen his best days. A good man in his heyday.

I don't think that Armstrong will beat Lou Ambers or Ross. A good scientific boxer would find him not so good.

Look out in British boxing for another heavyweight champion in Jack London. He'll show them a few things. I do hope you will pardon me, but each person has their own mind. I have had my say, right or wrong, we will see. Publish this, if you have room, in your best boxing book, THE RING.

G. DOUBLEDAY, Norfolk, England.

* * *

ABOUT a month before the Louis-Schmeling fight, you received a letter from a Mr. Cecil Taggart of Spencer, N. Y., in which he severely criticized Hype Igoe for an article in which Hype was comparing Louis with the all-time greats.

It seems that Igoe contended that little Joe Walcott could have licked our Joe Louis. Mr. Taggart did not agree, as he stated in no uncertain terms. Frankly I don't think that Walcott could beat Louis myself, but when Mr. Taggart went on to say that "Po'k chop lovin'" Louis could have whipped Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Dempsey, Tunney and the rest, I'm afraid I must disagree.

We'll take Corbett and Tunney, first. Here are two fighters that would have out-boxed, out-generaled and out-thought Louis. The "Bomber" would have been completely bewildered by the type of speed and punch that these two men would display. In our current 15-round bouts, either one would take the decision with plenty to spare.

This brings us down to Fitzsimmons. Mr. Taggart admits that Fitz would have carried an outside chance, as he could both box and punch, but that size would have been against him. Where was Fitz's size handicap when he kayoed Corbett, Sharkey, Ruhlin and other heavyweights? Where was his handicap when he battered the giant Jeffries all over the ring until his hands gave out? Let me tell you, Mr. Taggart, that Louis couldn't stand Fitz's terrible wallops combined with his uncanny boxing skill and knowledge for more than four heats at the most.

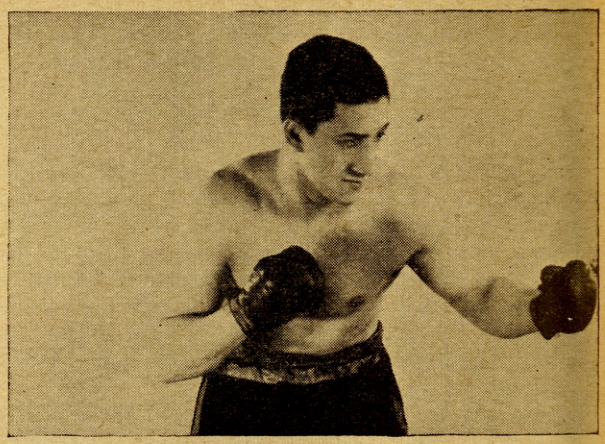
According to Mr. Taggart, Jeffries' main stock-in-trade was his ability to take a punch, However, he neglects to say that Jeff was also noted for his own punching power and speed. I am certain that Dempsey's speed and punching power would put Joe away in less than six rounds. Louis might have stayed longer with Jack Johnson, but Johnson's skill and power would have made the end inevitable.

Not only that, but I believe that Ketchel and Greb would have carried an outside chance against "glass jaw" Joe.

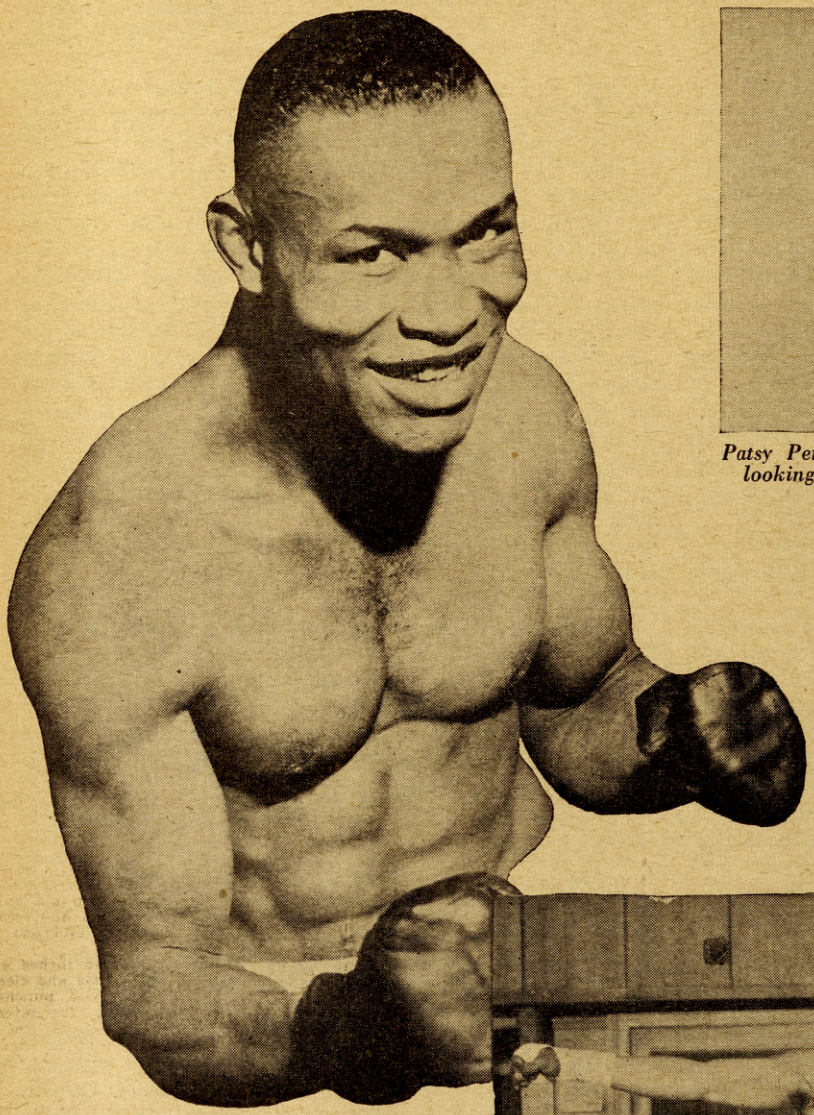
Well, this is only my opinion, Mr. Taggart. Yours is as good as mine.

MAURICE SHUEY,
Oakland, California.

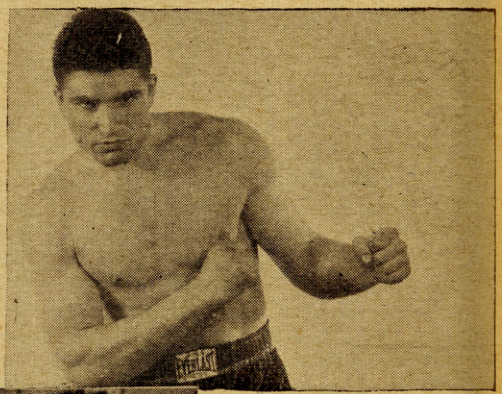
HEADLINERS *on* PARADE



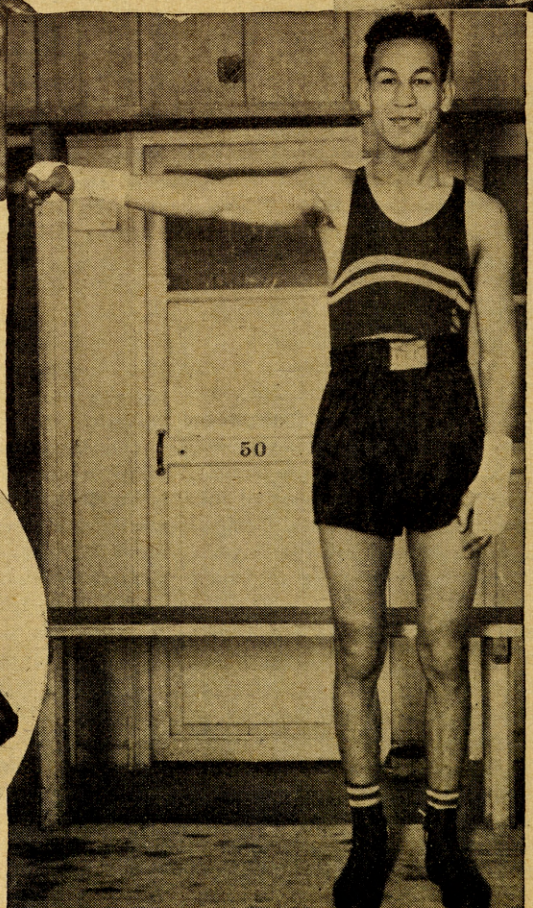
Patsy Perroni, classy Canton, Ohio, heavyweight, who is looking for the biggest game in the heavyweight ranks.



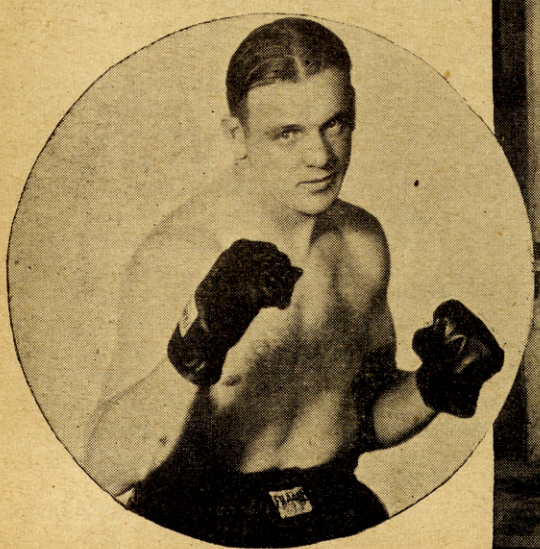
Tiger Jack Fox, a worthy opponent for John Henry Lewis. Fox has been compiling an enviable record among the light-heavies.



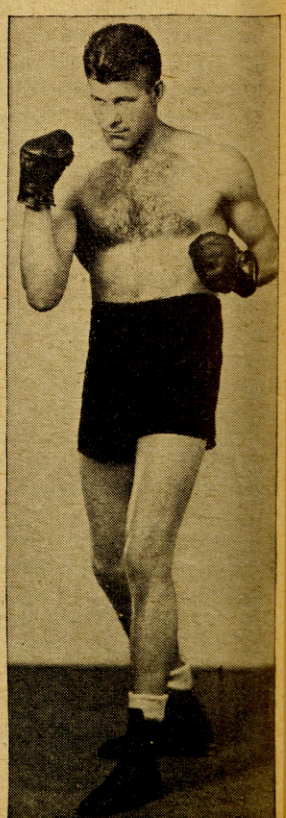
Lou Nova, San Francisco, who recently won the Pacific Coast heavyweight title.



Kid Azteca, Welterweight Champion of Mexico, who still classes with the best welterweights of the world.



Harry Thomas, who established himself as a rugged, aggressive, courageous heavyweight contender.



George Black, crack Milwaukee middleweight, who still ranks with the leaders.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Harry Kuschovitz, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Who was Billy Hilly, known as Pickaninny?

A.—He was a servant of William Muldoon at his farm in Purchase New York. He used to take care of Muldoon's chicken farm and when John L. Sullivan trained there, he would run on the road with him and do odd jobs around the gymnasium. He took a fancy to fighting and Muldoon made a fighter out of him and called him, Muldoon's Pickaninny.

Martin Frank, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Is the Atlas course all that it is supposed to be?

A.—Yes, Charles Atlas has done a world of good for boys who needed physical development. His physical culture teaches without the aid of paraphernalia and is well recommended.

Q.—Some of my friends tell me that it is not good for boxers but is good for wrestlers.

A.—It is good for both. Cannot hurt you.

Reader, Philadelphia

Q.—What do you think of Jimmy Tyghe as a contender? Why isn't there any news from Philadelphia? Why does Henry Armstrong foul so often?

A.—Just fair. There is. Armstrong is not a foul fighter. He comes in so rapidly that his opponents, to avoid the rush, leap aside, and that's how most of the fouls with which Henry has been charged, have taken place.

Ernie, Newport, R. I.

Q.—My doctor has told me to lay off training for three months because I am in a run-down condition. I think that is too long. What is your advice?

A.—Why go to a doctor if you won't obey him? He certainly should know better than I. Your physician's word should always be taken in preference to that of any other person. By all means, obey him and lay-off as he has advised or you'll pay a heavy penalty.

Harold Haughton, McGraw, N. Y.

Q.—Was it Fitzsimmons or Corbett who first used the solar plexus punch? Which scored a knockout with it? Was either the inventor?

A.—Fitz made it prominent when he knocked out Jim Corbett at Carson City in 1897. Fitz gets credit for its invention but the blow was invented 100 years previously by Jack Slack.

Michael Cavanney, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Wasn't George T. Pardy wrong when he said in a recent article that Jesse James was present at the Kilrain-Sullivan fight?

A.—Yes he was. James was killed in 1882. He was present at the Sullivan-Paddy Ryan fight. Sorry. We have received more than two dozen letters on this error showing how keenly Ring readers digest the stories we give them. Thanks for your interest.

Alice Sloane, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Is there any home exerciser you can recommend for use by a woman for reducing and keeping in proper physical condition?

A.—Yes. Why not try the exercisers issued by the A. Alan Hendrickson Company, 31 Cross Avenue, Midland Park, N. J., and the Hercules Exerciser, 12 East 22nd Street, New York City. Send for catalogues. Both have fine exercisers that are highly recommended.

Shirley Rubin, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—In your April issue you mentioned all the Jewish Champions. However, you overlooked Barney Ross. Also, isn't Max Baer partly Jewish? For any championship match what are the least number of rounds possible? Do you think Buddy Baer profited by his defeat at the hands of Barlund? Do you think a match between the Baer Bros. could ever be held? Why isn't Eddie Blunt rated?

A.—The name of Ross was overlooked. Baer has Jewish blood in his veins. In New York State fights must go fifteen rounds to be recognized as championship contests. In other states it is ten and twelve rounds but there is no accepted minimum. If Buddy continues to be active he should make up for that defeat. No chance of them ever meeting. Inactivity on his part.

Truman Fitzgerald, Gladewater, Texas.

Q.—Name Henry Armstrong's main bouts. If Henry Armstrong was to fight Lou Ambers, who do you think would win? I am 13½ years old, weigh 110 pounds and am 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Do you think I will be a light-heavyweight at 21? Will you please send me an autographed picture of Petey Sarron, whom I admire very much?

A.—He has been boxing main events during the past three years and all those fights are in the record books. You may grow into a welterweight but hardly that of a light-heavy. You can write to Petey Sarron, c/o Boys' Club, Birmingham, Ala., for the picture.

RING Reader, Old Forge, Pa.

Q.—What causes a fellow to be punch-drunk? Is it beatings about the head? Is it true that some fighters have poor eyesight due to ring battles? Is it true some fighters in the game have weak hearts? Whom do you consider the best heavyweight prospect around New York? How good is Jimmy Adamick? How tall are the following men and what are their weights: Fred Apostoli, Freddy Steele, Jimmy Adamick, Henry Armstrong? How old is Jesse James, the wrestler? How much does he weigh? How does he shape up against the rest of them?

A.—Dissipation following ring battles have often caused that condition. Not necessarily the beatings about the head, but most often caused by that. Yes. All boxers have to undergo a physical examination and those with bad hearts are not passed by the Commission. Buddy Baer. Very promising. Apostoli, 5 feet, 10 inches; Steele, 5 feet, 9 inches; Adamick, 5 feet, 11 inches, and Armstrong, 5 feet, 5 inches. 21 years of age. About 190. Plenty of color and knows all the tricks to the game.

Regarding the query on punch-drunk fighters, I might add that less and less of those are seen nowadays because of the good supervision by the medical authorities of boxing boards. When a fighter is on the down grade, he should not be permitted to continue and then the chances of becoming punch-drunk will be lessened. Repeated clouts on head and jaw soften the brain and the condition referred to is brought on.

RING Reader, Cottage Grove, Ore.

Q.—A friend told me that one of Tunney's arms is longer than the other. Is he correct? What is the weight limit for flyweight and bantamweight division? What belt did the Jack Dempsey who was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons hold? What was Sullivan's fighting weight? Are short, stocky men or tall, slender men the best boxers? Was Gene Tunney knocked out in Chicago at the long count or did he take a rest?

A.—No. Flyweight, 112 pounds, 118 for bantams. He held the belt which was presented by Richard K. Fox. Best weight was 188 pounds when in his prime. Slender make the better boxers. Problematical. Tunney says he could have while most boxing critics say no.

Leonard Thompson, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—I am 16 years old and will be 17 in three months. I am 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weigh 142 pounds. How tall will I be and how much will I weigh when I am 20?

A.—About 5 feet, 10 inches and 158 pounds.

Edw. Sobol, Speculator, N. Y.

Q.—Can you tell me how many times Dempsey fought Sharkey? I believe only once but I want to make certain.

A.—Once is correct.

W. G. Argyle, Minn.

Q.—Who would be favored in a Freddy Steele-Glen Lee fight? Where is the best place for a beginner to train in New York City? Who would be the probable winner in a Buddy Baer-Tommy Farr fight? Is Charles Atlas' training course good for boxers?

A.—Steele. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's Gymnasium, 1658 Broadway, New York City. Farr. It has been taken up by beginners and has brought results.

Frank Passamonti, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Is a fellow handicapped by wearing glasses prohibited from engaging in boxing? If not do you think it is possible and advisable to enter the Golden Gloves with this handicap? Could you give me the weight of both Joe Walcott and Joe Choynski fight? My friends say Choynski was not a heavyweight at the time.

A.—Not barred from getting a license but it is a great handicap to be under. Good eyesight is the most important requisite in boxing. It all depends upon how much ability you have. Walcott weighed 147 and Choynski 161 at the ringside weight for the fight.

Joseph Curry, New York City.

Q.—Which were Primo Carnera's main fights? How many fights has Henry Armstrong lost? How many has he won?

A.—All that information may be found in the Everlast and Post Record Book for 1937. Armstrong has been beaten by Baby Arizmendi, Davey Abad, Ritchie Fontaine, Tony Chavez and a few others, but his complete record must be obtained from the record books.

George Mosey and Emil Turf, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 15½ years of age and weigh 160 pounds, 5 feet, 6 inches tall. Do you think I will be a heavyweight at 21? Do you think Henry Armstrong will win if he fights Pedro Montanez? Who was the greatest heavyweight champion of all time? Who did he beat for the title? Who did he lose it to? Do you consider Al Reid a threat for the featherweight title? What was the most number of rounds ever fought and who were the principals?

A.—Yes. You should weigh about 190 pounds. He will be favored to win. Jack Johnson, in my opinion. He whipped Tommy Burns for the title and lost it to Jess Willard. A game, promising youngster. Andy Bowen and Jack Burke fought 110 rounds in New Orleans on April 6, 1893.

Arthur Froste, Ashcroft, B. C., Canada.

Q.—How about putting cross-word puzzles back in The RING? I think they are great. In the Louis-Farr fight who forced the fight most? Did Louis hit Farr with a solid right hand in the whole 15 rounds? Who did the most damage in the last round? Was Apostoli's win over Steele a fluke? Who was leading on points up to the knockout? Who won between Lopez and Londos in New York when they met? Who won the last bout between Marshall and Robert? O'Mahony and Robert?

A.—We used them a number of years but had to abandon them to make room for news. Louis nailed Farr quite a few times with his right but not solidly. Louis won the last round. Apostoli won a clean-cut knockout victory and was winning by a wide margin when the fight was stopped. Londos. Robert won both matches.

John Creighton, Johnsonburg, Pa.

Q.—At what point in Joe Louis' career does the book, "Joe Louis, Man and Superman," come to a close? With what ring champion does the book, "Ten and Out" come to a close? Also please send me a synopsis of "The Roar of the Crowd," by James J. Corbett.

A.—Max Baer fight. Dempsey-Carpentier battle. Complete career of Corbett as a boy, man, and everything pertaining to his life.

Adolph Camarota, New London, Conn.

Q.—I am 19 years of age, 5 feet, 3 inches in height and weigh 125 pounds. Do you think I will gain any more weight and height? How could I gain weight and height? How does a fighter develop a good punch? Why isn't something being done about the foul in the Steele-Apostoli fight? If it wasn't for that weakening blow I think Steele would have won the fight. I still can't see why Steele with his fine record isn't recognized as champion by everyone of the states?

A.—You may grow another three inches and gain 20 pounds by maturity. Exercise and clean, healthful foods will help you. Good punchers are born and very few developed. The referee did a smart thing in giving Steele a rest. I differ with you as Apostoli was his complete master throughout the fight. Steele is generally recognized as the champion in the U. S., but if he gives Apostoli a return match with the title at stake, then the winner will be heralded as the real world champion.

Vincent Gricus, Allston, Mass.

Q.—How much would a back number of The RING Magazine cost of June, 1932; June, 1930; June, 1933; July, 1927; February, 1929; and September, 1933? What is Paul Cavalier's weight, height, age and nationality?

A.—We have very few back issues on hand. 195 pounds, 6 feet tall, 33 years of age and is Italian-American.

Ed Sweeny, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Q.—Where can you buy pictures of boxers? Was Johnny Kilbane the greatest featherweight of all times? Who do you think is the greatest or was the greatest middleweight? Do you think Tony Galento will ever become heavyweight champion?

A.—At The Ring Bookshop. Size 8 x 11 inches on heavy glossy paper suitable for framing. There were several better than Kilbane. I would say Stanley Ketchel or Harry Greb. Unlikely.

D. M. McCarter, Galver, Alta., Canada.

Q.—I have been reading The RING for 10 years and I have never yet seen a picture or a story about Mike O'Dowd. I would like to see a good picture of him and read something about him? I would also like Jimmy McLarnin's address?

A.—When O'Dowd was fighting he received his share of pictures and publicity. McLarnin may be reached at the American Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif.

W. Byrne, Cambolin, Ireland.

Q.—Is Art O'Malony, who is wrestling as a middleweight in the United States, recognized as world's middleweight wrestling champion? Do you think Louis will beat Schmeling when they meet? Was Jack Dempsey an Irish-American?

A.—I think that Jack Reynolds is the recognized middleweight champion. No. He is of Scotch-Irish extraction.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE boxing game is teeming with activity with plenty of thrill-providing contests to keep the game alive. Champions, contenders and near contenders have been keeping in the spotlight. Joe Louis, world heavyweight title-holder, maintained his prestige when he disposed of Harry Thomas in five rounds in Chicago in a world heavyweight title bout, his third since winning the crown. Other contests of importance during the month were: Len Harvey, veteran British aspirant, winning the light-heavyweight championship of Great Britain from Jock McAvoy; Fred Apostoli established his superiority over Glen Lee in their 15-round return engagement; Baby Arizmendi gained prestige by lasting the distance with Henry Armstrong; Gus Lesnevich preserved his standing in light-heavyweight circles by winning over Lou Brouillard. Lesnevich is only a few pounds above the middleweight limit and seems handicapped in that respect. Eduardo Tenet captured the European middleweight title when he disposed of Joe Besselman in 12 rounds.

Here are the month's outstanding contests, beginning with the heavyweight division in which Joe Louis' kayo of Thomas takes precedence. Nathan Mann returned to action by disposing of Louis Le Page in two rounds. Jimmy Adamick, the youthful heavyweight from Detroit, turned back Al Ettore to win a well merited verdict. Red Burman scored over Eddie Mader. Maurice Strickland disposed of Charley Belanger in three rounds. Abe Simon triumphed over Elzer Thompson. Al Delaney kayoed Max Zona in the seventh period. Bob Nestell kayoed Sonny Boy Walker in the third round but himself was put away by Wild Bill Boyd in the first session.

Chuck Crowell finished Johnny Erjavec in eight rounds. Buddy Knox won over George Nicholson and kayoed Lloyd Clements in two rounds. Charley Coates disposed of Sandy McDonald in two heats. Joe Wagner scored over Nick Young. Dom McCorkindale made a successful comeback by finishing Ron Linley in four rounds. Jack Trammell whipped Yustin Sirutis. Abie Feldman defeated Gene Bonin. Otis Thomas kayoed Jimmy Brown in one round. Tony Musto scored over Salvatore Ruggirello. Phil Sommese bested Charley Massera. Larry Gaines defeated Pat Marrinan. George Sutka whipped and kayoed Junior Munsell in three rounds. "Jersey" Joe Walcott finished Artie Sykes in the fourth round. Henry Cooper defeated George Maselli. Jim Robinson finished Buddy Ryan in four rounds.

John Henry Lewis, the light-heavyweight leader, continues to be a champion of top-notch caliber. He defeated Bud Mignault and Bob Tow during the month. Tiger Jack Fox drew with Tony Shucco and kayoed Johnny Whiters in four rounds. Gus Lesnevich triumphed over Lou Brouillard. Len Harvey gained new laurels in his victory over Jock McAvoy. McAvoy disposed of Jack Strongbow in six rounds. Melio Bettina whipped Pat McDuff and finished Tony Celli in two rounds. Celli disposed of Steve Carr in 10 rounds. Dave Clark whipped Trader Horn and finished Bill Palmer in five rounds. Tiger Warrington scored a big upset when he whipped Juan Young Herrera in Jamaica, British West Indies. Carmen Barth scored over Teddy Yarosz. Johnny Romero kayoed Arch Peveler in two rounds.

Joe Knight whipped Eddie Boyle. Adolf Heuser kayoed Gustave Roth to gain the European light-heavyweight crown. Tony Bruno kayoed George Black in one and Herman Collins in five. Frank Zamoris kayoed Billy Ketchell in three rounds. Swede Berglund whipped Vic Nardoni. Joey Parks kayoed Johnny Davis in two and drew with Buddy Ryan. Ryan was kayoed by Herbie Katz in one who also finished Al Zappala in seven rounds. Billy Conn won over Domenico Ceccarelli. Lou Presto won from Ted Keating. Ambrose Palmer kayoed Frank Rowsey in six rounds. Tommy Freeman finished Jimmy Francis in one and King Cole in two rounds. George Brothers drew with James J. Johnson.

Fred Apostoli assumed ranking position among the middleweights with his decisive 15-round victory over Glen Lee. Solly Krieger stopped Izzy Jannazzo in 11 rounds because of a cut eye. Ossie Stewart defeated Domenico Ceccarelli and was credited with a no-decision victory over Haywood Storey. Walter Woods stopped Ralph De John in the third round. Alabama Kid kayoed Jimmy Brown in seven rounds. Eduardo Tenet finished Joe Besselman in 12 rounds while Besselman whipped Karel Muller. Eddie Peirce kayoed Charley Bundy in nine rounds. Ken Overlin won over Dick Foster. Ron Richards won victories over Tom Chester and Atilio Sabatino.

Jimmy Clark lost to Marty Simmons but whipped Charley Eagle. Gorilla Jones whipped Jack Moran and drew with King Wyatt. Gene Buffalo won over Tony Ciaccio and Jay Macedon. Frankie Caris defeated John Henry Johnson. Midnight Bell won over Billy Pryor and Al Laboa. George Baratko disposed of Babe Dunning in seven rounds. Paulie Walker scored over Cal Holmes. Jimmy Jones finished George Abrams in five rounds. Kid Tunero whipped Red Gregory. Al Bernard kayoed Jimmy La Marr in five heats. Emil Calcagni stopped Andy Melia in the fourth period.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, returned to action and stopped Henry Schaft in four rounds. Ceferino Garcia disposed of Tony Roccaforte in one and Otto Blackwell in seven. Saverio Turiello defeated Andrea Jessurun while Andrea scored over Gene Buffalo. Fritzie Zivic received the verdict over Charley Burley. Mickey Makar whipped Eddie Conley and Mike Frattini. Frattini defeated Augie Arellano and Vincent Pimpinella. Kenny La Salle scored over Chief Paris. Sammy Luftspring won over Felix Garcia. George Martin scored over Ralph Zannelli. Jackie Berg won from Vincent Pimpinella, Frankie Wallace and Johnny Horstman.

Jackie Burke won over Billy Pascal and Vidal Ballard. Jake Kilrain scored victories over Jack Lord and Jim Purcell. Wicky Harkins whipped Buster Hardy. Dave McCleave disposed of Moe Moss in one and Charley Parkin in four rounds. Battling Burroughs whipped Bobby Wilson. Wildcat O'Connor kayoed Bobby Cortez in nine rounds. Eddie Dolan whipped Nick Pastore. Mike Barto bested Johnny Craven. Billy Celebron disposed of Verne Patterson in three rounds. Willie Fool whipped Ley Raymond. George Odwell kayoed Griff Lewis in two rounds. Frankie Britt won from Babe Synott.

Davey Day stood out among the active lightweights during the past month when he turned in a victory over Tommy Speigal. Wesley Ramey won from Jimmy Buckler and kayoed Russell Hayes. Johnny Bellus whipped Frankie Klick. Tommy Cross won over Lew Massey and Gene Gallotto. Maxie Berger won from Enrico Venturi. Tippy Larkin kayoed Pete Mascia in two and Pedro Nieves in six. Nick Camarata scored over Ray Ingram and Pete Lello. Aldo Spoldi scored knockouts over Joe Connolly and Bricout. Tony Chavez whipped Willie Davis and kayoed Umio Gen in six rounds. Petey Sarron whipped Joe Temes.

Jimmy Garrison defeated Nick Peters. Harry Mizler whipped Harry Craston but was beaten by Dave Crowley. Eddie Brink scored over Al Roth. Joe Ghnouly whipped Red Guggino. Lew Jenkins kayoed Jackie Sharkey in two rounds and scored over Lew Feldman. Billy Marquardt kayoed Joey Alcanter in seven rounds. Johnny Rohrig outpointed Tommy Rawson in a no-decision contest. Honey Mellody whipped Dave Castilloux and drew with Johnny Mack. Mike Kaplan won over Joey Raymond.

Bernie Friedkin won from Paul Lee and Dom Colan. Colan scored over Young Chappie. Chappie was also beaten by Mickey Farber and kayoed Al Dunbar in five rounds. Farber whipped Victor Troise. Sammy Angott whipped Jackie Wilson. Lou Lombardi scored over Frankie Velez. Al Davis kayoed Benny Rubano in two rounds and defeated Jack Sharkey, Jr. Stumpy Jacobs was beaten by Frankie Terranova and Red Cochrane. Red also whipped Maxie Fisher. Al Nettlow kayoed George Vander Heyden in two rounds.

Henry Armstrong, king of the featherweights, continued his rampage among the lightweights. He trounced Baby Arizmendi, kayoed Eddie Zivic in four and Lew Feldman in five. Freddy Miller drew with Paul Dogniaux, beat Billy Charlton and kayoed Tommy Hyams in nine rounds. Dave Castilloux scored over Ginger Foran. Mike Belloise drew with Al Reid and whipped Augie Gonzales. Pete Scalzo defeated Nat Litfin. Johnny Brown won from Umio Gen. Kid Chocolate won from Fillo Echeverria. Joey Archibald won over Sammy Crocetti and kayoed Johnny Schibelli in two rounds.

Benny Caplan scored over Johnny Cusick and Alex Alston. Alston was also beaten by Antoine Schronbrood. Maurice Holtzer drew with Dubois. Johnny McGrory whipped Billy Charlton. George Marsden kayoed Tom Thomas in one, whipped Billy Masters, was beaten by Jackie Hurst and kayoed by Benny Sharkey in four rounds. Lew Farber whipped Dommy Ganzon in Australia. Dan McAllister whipped Johnny King, kayoed George Morgan in two and was knocked out by Spider Kelly in three rounds.

Tony Dupre won from Salvatore Bartolo and Armanda Sicilia. Sicilia drew with Joey Fontana and was beaten by Jimmy Lancaster. Lancaster won from Johnny Mirabella. Frankie Covelli kayoed Max Richards in six rounds and drew with Mickey Miller. Miller was beaten by Joe Hall. Emilio Magana defeated Joe Conde. Young Casanova won over Yambo Andredes. Moon Mullins defeated Johnny Cabello. Al Mancini won from Sammy Garcia and kayoed Ernesto Torres in four rounds.

K.O. Morgan assumed ranking place among the bantams. He disposed of Joey Izzo in eight rounds. Pancho Villa kayoed Tobe De La Rosa in seven rounds for the Mexican bantamweight title. Johnny Gaudes scored over Baby Yack. Lou Salica whipped Jimmy Urso. George Pace won over Katzumi Morioka. Aurel Toma disposed of Maurice Huguenin in two rounds. Kid Tanner

(Continued on page 40)

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending April 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Ceferino Garcia
2—Max Baer	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Jack Carroll
3—Gunnar Barlund	Gus Lesnevich	Al Hostak	Felix Wouters
4—Nathan Mann	Len Harvey	Solly Krieger	Saverio Turiello
5—Tony Galento	Eddie Wenstob	Glen Lee	Gustave Eder
6—Tommy Farr	Jock McAvoy	Carmelo Candel	Kenny La Salle
7—Jimmy Adamick	Melio Bettina	Ben Brown	Holman Williams
8—Bob Pastor	Dave Clark	Erich Seelig	Milt Aron
9—Lou Nova	Ray Actis	Ossie Stewart	Andrea Jessurun
10—Buddy Baer	Tiger Warrington	Walter Woods	Fritzie Zivic

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddy Miller	K.O. Morgan	Peter Kane
2—Davey Day	Leo Rodak	Pancho Villa	Tiny Bostock
3—Wesley Ramey	Dave Castilloux	Johnny Gaudes	Little Dado
4—Johnny Bellus	Ginger Foran	Lou Salica	Jackie Jurich
5—Billy Beauhuld	Jackie Wilson	Baby Yack	Frank Kid Bonser
6—Tommy Cross	Johnny Hutchinson	Indian Quintana	Tut Whalley
7—Maxie Berger	Al Reid	George Pace	Valentin Anglemann
8—Petey Sarron	Mike Belloise	Al Brown	Fortunato Ortega
9—Irving Eldridge	Pete Scalzo	Aurel Toma	Jim Warnock
10—Norment Quarles	Johnny Brown	Kid Tanner	Jimmy Webster

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

FANS throughout the country who have been wondering what has happened to Tony Galento should be interested in knowing that the Orange bartender has been recovering from an injured hand sustained in his knockout victory over Charley Massera and will be ready for an active outdoor campaign soon.

Allie Stolz scored his second K.O. victory in Newark when he stopped Joe Marciente in the second . . . . Dan Parker tells us Jack DeMave, former Hoboken heavyweight, is coaching boxing at the Anchor Club, Jersey City . . . . A recent visitor here was Joe Forcier, who trained Tunney, Armstrong, John Henry Lewis and Lenglet . . . . *Tip to Sports Editors:* The writer is looking for a job . . . . Jack Ennis, Long Branch middleweight, will try a comeback with Sam Rose as his manager.

New Jersey can use ambitious, experienced and worthy boxers from all other states. Fighters without managerial contracts can obtain fights here by writing I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Boxers who write must be willing to pay their own traveling expenses, have no signed contracts with managers at the present time, must enclose their complete fight records, clippings and self-addressed stamped envelopes for replies. *Please don't write unless you can fill all these requirements.*

To Max Baer, San Leandro, Cal.—We promised to send you that clipping from Reuter's dispatch to London papers, but regret that we have not received it yet. Your pal, Ray Caffrey, sends his best regards . . . . *To Saralee Novack, East St. Louis, Illinois*—We remember meeting you on the sands of Miami Beach and hope you'll write again soon . . . . Correspondents are reminded to include return postage if answers are desired . . . . Ruby Gross, great prospect a few years back, and former Duke University athlete, is now engaged in the brewery business.

Maxie Fisher is selling mineral water. Good luck, Maxie! . . . . Johnny Rohrig, Clifton, bested Tommy Rawson in ten at Portland . . . . Young John Buff, Jersey City, won a six-round decision over Tom Ford in Atlantic City . . . . Herbie Katz, New York Jewish favorite, stopped Al Zappala, Jersey City, in the sixth at Newark . . . . Paulie Walker, Trenton, licked Cal Holmes in New York in an eight-rounder.

Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside Park, is another Jersey boxer who is climbing higher each month. His latest victim was Lou Brouillard in a ten-rounder at the New York Hippodrome . . . . A return bout is being sought between Nunzio Bisogno and Maxie Fisher . . . . *Suggestion to Nat Fleischer:* Why not award a belt for the winner of a New Jersey state heavyweight championship tournament that would include Tony Galento, Steve Dudas, Freddy Fiducia, Jersey Joe Walcott, Joe Wagner, Roy Lazar and other worthwhile contenders?

D. W. Chester, Sutton, Surrey, England—Thank you for the clippings you sent of London papers. *Ted Broadribb, London, England*—The writer would appreciate receiving your address. *Alexander Ott, Miami Beach, Fla.*—We hope to see you when you come North.

Hope Sayles, attractive Chatham fistic expert, believes Andre Lenglet would kayo Farr. Hope says most fighters of today don't know how to train, and leave their ability to fight in the gym. She further opines that many boxers in training camps starve themselves in order to keep down their weight. Hope thinks Steve Casey is the strongest wrestler in the game, an opinion in which we concur.

Billy Wilson, Portsmouth, N. H.—Would not advise you to come here unless you get experience in ten-round bouts. *Bobby Amster, St. Louis, Mo.*—Hope you are feeling better.

New Jersey boxers were rated high in the latest rankings of the N. B. A. Tony Galento is considered fourth leading heavyweight. Tippy Larkin, Garfield, is rated sixth in the lightweight class, while Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, is fourth. Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside Park, is fourth light-heavyweight, and Mickey Makar, Bayonne, is tenth welterweight.

Young Phil Sharkey, Newark, is back from Texas, where he scored three knockouts, won three decisions and lost two . . . . Al Hart, Philly, whipped Tom Schenck, Passaic, in a six at Newark . . . . Buddy Paul, Philly, stopped Benny Thomas, Atlantic City, in one . . . . Louis Le Page, Riverside, N. J., was kayoed in the second by Nathan Mann at New Haven . . . . Promoters, managers and boxers in all parts of the country should be interested in having a copy of our list of promoters in New Jersey. It can be had by sending twenty-five cents in coin to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. . . . . Those who write letters to this column and who desire answers are reminded that self-addressed stamped envelopes must be included or letters will not be acknowledged.

Pretty Eileen Loesser of Short Hills says she would like to see a major fight in New York . . . . Our good friend, Billy Palmer of New York, enjoys seeing Jesse James wrestle . . . . Thanks to Florence Gross for helping compile these notes.

Jack Matthews, Richmond, Va.—Six-round fighters in Newark are paid from $25 up. *Leo Abreu, Orangestad, Dutch West Indies*—We are expecting to hear from you again. *John W. Connolly, Trenton, Texas*—We are glad to boost Dick Griffin, Dallas promoter, Mrs. Griffin and Lew Jenkins, Dallas lightweight.

Fred Fitzgerald, New Brunswick, drew with Dutch Lynch, Plainfield, in a six at Roselle Park while Bucky Jones' fighter, Bill Hildebrandt, defeated Jim Cogman in another six . . . . Buster Hardy of Newark dropped a ten-round decision to Wickey Harkins in Atlantic City . . . . Emil Calcagni of Cresskill stopped Andy Melia in the fourth at Madison Square Garden and is now being managed by Al Weill.

The New Jersey State A. A. U. boxing champions who won their titles at the tournament conducted by the popular Carl G. Anderson at the Newark Athletic Club are as follows: 112 pounds, Bobby Carroll, Trenton; 118 pounds, Leonard Hayes, Trenton; 126 pounds, Morris Parker, Newark; 135 pounds, Danny Tauriello, Newark; 147 pounds, Gus Balbach, Keansburg; 160 pounds, Vince Fratello, Hackensack; 175 pounds, Carl Eng, Newark, and heavyweight, George Moir, Irvington.

Tauriello, managed by Joe Grace and Mickey Moran, is a seventeen-year-old student at Newark Central High and is a terrific puncher.

Buddy Ryan, Roselle Park, has suffered a let down in his last two bouts. Why? . . . . Phil Serio, Union City, drew with George Higgs in six and was stopped by Cliff Kusterback in two in New York . . . . Joey Straiges, Camden, whipped Ray Ingram in Washington in ten . . . . Steve Martin, Camden, is a good prospect. Watch him climb . . . . To south Jersey promoters and managers: Send in results of your fights the first of each month . . . . Seaborn Ashley, Bayonne, outpointed Bill Arnold in ten at Atlantic City . . . . Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, outpointed Frank Velez, Puerto Rico, in eight and Mickey Makar defeated Ed Conley at Jersey City . . . . Sammy Santillo, Paterson, licked Jim Cogman in six at Passaic . . . . The fight firm of Roy Lazar, Norman Fischbein and Butch Burstien has a good prospect in Johnny Dolan . . . . Lazar, one of the best heavyweights around two years ago, is back in training at Tom Ross' Arena Gym, 104 Mulberry St., Newark.

PUNCHING THE BAG—Another heavyweight ready to get back into action is Joe O'Gatty of Toms River, who has been living at Maurice Cruls' Pen-E-Bryn Hotel in Sparta, N. J., for many months. While Joe was waiting for his sore hands to heal, he lived a vigorous life, chopping wood, running in the country roads and building a gym, where he has been doing considerable training. Sam Rose of Newark, Joe's manager, is happy to hear the good news. Sam is the best story teller in managerial ranks and is popular with the boxing fraternity.

Tippy Larkin, Garfield's sensational lightweight, forged forward by scoring three victories in a month. He decisioned Charles Badami in six rounds at the New York Coliseum, technically kayoed Pete Mascia, Brooklyn, in the second round and flattened Pedro Nieves in the sixth. The latter two bouts were held in Passaic. At this writing, Angelo Pucci's popular battler has scored 54 victories in 58 starts, with 28 knockouts. A bout between Larkin and Billy Beauhuld will draw a record house this summer.

Frank Zamaris, Orange, continues to win in Philadelphia. Frankie stopped Billy Ketchell, Millville, in the third round, while on the same card, Jersey Joe Walcott, Merchantville, a comer, won by a four-round knockout over Art Sykes, Elmira . . . . Paul Cortlyn, an in-and-outer, bowed to Roosevelt Rowe in the third at Atlantic City . . . . Mike Piskin, Freehold farmer boy managed by the ever-popular Paul Kiernan, is back in winning form after scoring a K.O. over Mickey Juliano, Paterson, in the third at Newark, and decisioning Felix Garcia in eight at Passaic . . . . Kiernan is deputy sheriff of Monmouth County and one of the squarest fellows in the boxing game.

Steve Yesko, Honolulu, Hawaii—Glad to hear from you again. Your fighting stance is wrong and should be corrected when you read Nat Fleischer's books. *William Henry White, Jr., Baltimore, Md.*—Since you have limited experience we would advise you to continue boxing at home until you can fight main events. *Heinz Volkmer, Gruenberg, Germany*—Would like to hear from you again. *Mildred Jackson, Hartford, Conn.*—Your last letter was eagerly read and we'd appreciate another soon. *Sam Rapaport (on board S.S. Veraqua)*—Your note that we are read in Panama and South America is very interesting.

Eddie Babler, Maplewood, Wisconsin—Advise you to start as a pro in Wisconsin before coming East. Beginners find it hard to get along here.

LEST WE FORGET: As it must to all men, death came to Joe Moresco, veteran of 211 ring battles after a courageous fight against a dreaded disease. Joe will suffer no more. He died March 10 at the age of 32, leaving his wife and four young children. Boxing fans eased his last days by supporting benefit shows that netted his family more than $2000. May his memory linger on!

But the best tribute to his fighting heart would be the creation by Commissioner Abe J. Greene of the State Athletic Commission and other boxing boards of a boxers' fund for indigent fighters. This fund would come from contributions by each final and semi-final event boxer of small percentages of their purses. Let's take care of boxers who can't take care of themselves and let's start the movement now!

A boxer who always trimmed the leading heavyweights as a sparring partner but who never reached the fistic heights on his own hook (no pun intended), Paul Cavalier, has been appointed boxing coach at the Paterson Y.M.C.A. Paul used to make Joe Louis appear like an amateur in training sessions at Doc Bier's camp in Pompton Lakes. He tried to develop Jack Torrance as a fighter but now Jack is an auto salesman in New Orleans. Occasionally Cavalier gets an assignment as a referee in this state.

MAKING THE FISTIC ROUNDS: *To several boxing fans*—Tony Galento is 28 . . . . Jack Dempsey was in Newark recently to referee several bouts in a show sponsored by his liquor company. Congratulations to Dempsey for his sound advice to athletes, to those under 21 and automoblie drivers—NOT to drink! . . . . Mickey Makar trimmed Mike Frattini at Holyoke in ten . . . . Vincent Reed, Newark barber, managed by the popular Sonny Banks, kayoed Patsy Sylvester in the second of a six at Newark. In the same club Al Hart stopped Jose San Jochim, Puerto Rico, in two . . . . Joey Ferrando, Jersey City, making a comeback, licked Charley Carroll and Eddie Alzek, both in six rounders in New York . . . . Jackie Corcoran, Elizabeth, was stopped in the fourth by Jimmy Tygh in Philly, but kayoed Ed Capanna in three at Roselle Park . . . . Jay Macadon, South Orange, fighting at least 12 years, lost to Gene Buffalo in Atlantic City . . . .

In his interesting column in the Newark *News*, Willie Ratner tells of an incident concerning Dick Griffin, Dallas promoter, who spent about $50 in telephone tolls in order to reach Commissioner A. J. Greene so that the latter would lift an N.B.A. suspension on Sal Ruggirello, who failed to go through with a bout against Mickey Walker here six years ago . . . . Ratner also tells a moving story relating to Young Johnny Buff's victory in an Atlantic City fight. Before entering the ring John was handed a telegram telling of his father's death in Jersey City. Commented Ratner, "Like a true little trouper, Buff went on and put up a thrilling battle to win the decision."

Bucky Jones writes from Morristown that there will be a new boxing arena at Mt. Freedom this summer built by Sam Sain and seating 2000. The matchmaker will be Bucky's former manager, Jim Reilly. We hope Bucky is in on the deal . . . . Maxie Fisher technically kayoed Nunzio Bisogno in the seventh when Bisogno sustained a cut eye in a good fight. Fisher then lost an eight-round decision to Red Cochrane, making their series even at two all . . . . Paul Cortlyn stopped Jack Tolson in the third in New York . . . . Tony Fisher of Newark drew with Steve Kahley of Hazelton in an eight . . . . Vincent Reed technically stopped Harvey Jacobs in the fifth when Jacobs suffered a cut . . . . Bobby Ruffin of Bridgeport is making good in preliminaries here . . . . Tony Galento's autograph (not his picture) can be obtained by addressing the writer. Galento will next fight Joe Wagner in Newark.

SUCCESS STORY: One, James J. Braddock of North Bergen, was on relief three years ago and didn't know where the next meal was coming from for the wife and kiddies. Today he is a retired champion and feeding others, being happily ensconced in his New York restaurant. Time does strange things! . . . . Leo Netreba, former Newport News, Va., boxer, will visit friends here soon. Leo is a strong advocate of walking for health and will hike with a group led by Bernarr Macfadden from Cleveland to Dansville, N. Y., starting June 4. The writer may go along.

A veteran if there ever was one popped up when Jimmy Francis, Bayonne, fell victim to a one-round knockout at the hands of Tommy Freeman, another vet, in Hot Springs. We saw Francis box ten years ago . . . . Larry Mangine won the Trenton lightweight championship by outpointing George Levy in ten . . . . Larry Lane of the same city bested John Duca, Paulsboro, in a six, semi-final . . . . Good health to you!

TO MY BRITISH FRIENDS

Will Buy or will exchange for other items.
The Colors of famous Fighters of Old.
I want these to add to my big collection.
Nat Fleischer, THE RING, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, New York, U.S.A.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE return fifteen round middleweight elimination contest between Fred Apostoli and Glen Lee at Madison Square Garden failed to provide the fireworks expected. Their last affair, a twelve round tussle, furnished one of the most exciting battles witnessed in some time and another such bout was expected but failed to materialize.

Lee failed to show the tenacious aggressiveness that he furnished on the last occasion and Apostoli fought in flashes and spurts but managed to compile enough damage with his superior boxing skill, to garner the verdict without any trouble.

Glen started off as if he were going to cause an upset. He won three of the first four rounds but then lost two rounds for low punching, and thereafter his work was so lackadaisical, that the spectators lost all interest in the battle.

One of the reasons that might be attributed to the poor display was the excitement that the preliminaries caused. Emil Calcagni, of Cresskill, N. J., and Andy Melia, of Long Island, caused plenty of explosion in their scheduled six round affair which ended with Calcagni winning by a technical knockout in the fourth round. Calcagni scored knockdowns in the second and floored his opponent twice in the fourth before the bout was halted.

Melia asserted himself dramatically in the third when he stunned Calcagni several times with solid right hand smashes to face and body and brought the house to their feet with his game rallies. Watch Calcagni!

Sammy Luftspring, a newcomer from Toronto, made a swell impression when he banged out a decisive victory over Felix Garcia in their six rounder. He's a comer. Watch him also.

Sammy dropped Garcia in one of the rounds with the suddenness of a bullet. Garcia never moved a muscle for eight seconds but got up through some unexpected force and went to work on Luftspring. It was nip and tuck with Sammy landing the heavier and cleaner wallops. Joe Ghnouly outroughed Red Guggino after six tough rounds of scrapping.

Mickey Farber and Young Chappie went on in the concluding battle of the evening just about the time that the broadcast came in from the Louis-Thomas battle in Chicago. They punched and slashed away at one another and the constant rumble from the microphone marred what would have been one of the most gruelling battles of the night. Farber scored a knock-down in the last session and had no trouble in winning. Bobby Birch, colored middleweight, looked impressive in scoring over John Pavlovich in the four round opener. The paid attendance was 15,218 who contributed $43,496 for the fun.

Jimmy Erwin has started boxing promotions in Birmingham, Alabama, and would like to hear from managers who have worth while talent. He can be reached at the Boys' Club, Birmingham. Jimmy has an ace in Petey Sarron, former feather king who is doing well as a light weight. Charley Burley was given a mighty bad break in his recent clash with Fritzie Zivic. The critics thought that Burley won but the only vote he received was that from the referee. That failed to overcome the opinions of the two judges who voted in favor of Zivic.

One of the pleasing wonders of this age is the remarkable comeback made by Jackie Kid Berg in his local starts. When Jackie left here last summer he was universally decreed as "finished" but since he increased his poundage, Jackie has been confounding his critics with disconcerting regularity. Jackie is aiming at a tilt with Pedro Montanez and his recent bouts justify him getting that match.

Gus Lesnevich, New Jersey 165 pounder, was finally given an opportunity to show his wares before a New York audience. His opponent was Lou Brouillard and on the strength of his showing against the former welterweight and middleweight titleholder, it looks like plenty of work around here for him. Their meeting took place at the New York Hippodrome and Gus did not leave the decision in doubt because he won from the first round to the finish. He gave Brouillard one of the few real lickings that that young man has suffered. Henry Cooper outscored George Maselli in the ten round semi-final. Mike Gamiere, Cleveland lightweight, looked good in beating Sammy Julian of Brooklyn in their six rounder. Felix Garcia scored over Johnny Fernandez in another six while Allie Dee Amos, a likely looking Harlemite, won from Willie Pavlovich in the opening four.

Lew Diamond, who can give Lew Raymond a close race for the title of Roving Promoter is back in action on his home grounds. Lew expects to open Miller Stadium, located at West New York, New Jersey, this summer and has some classy shows in view. This spot was named "Little Shelby on the Hudson," by the late Silvey Burns several years ago and was responsible for some great shows being staged there. Al Davis, Brownsville Bomber, looks like the hope of the future for the local promoters. Here is a kid with the sock of a heavyweight and also has the faculty of drawing in the customers. In his first supreme test, he was pitted against Jack Sharkey, Jr., at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. They waged a hectic eight round scrap with Davis garnering the honors with his superior punching powers. The place was packed to suffocation with hundreds of people being turned away. Tab Davis for the future. He is on his way to stardom.

Henry Armstrong made an appearance at the New York Hippodrome for the benefit of the family of the late Charles Lynch, one of the foremost of the New York boxing judges. Henry donated his services and earned himself the sporting fan by his sportsmanship action. He took on Lew Feldman and experienced plenty of trouble for four rounds but finally finished him in the fifth. Henry scored a knock-down in the first round with a left hook on the chin. Feldman got tangled in the ropes and it was nine seconds before he extricated himself from the ropes.

With a flashy display of boxing skill, Feldman won the second and third rounds but tired in the fourth and was dropped again for a nine count. In the next session Armstrong stepped on the gas and put him away with a left hook for the full count. Feldman arose just as the count of ten was finished.

Bernie Friedkin outboxed Paul Lee in the eight-round semifinal. Matty Perfetti, a protégé of Tony Canzoneri and Marty Fuller, showed plenty of class in winning from Vic Corchado, a rugged Puerto Rican. Murray Brandt and Joey Greb engaged in a rough six rounder with Brandt the winner. Bernie Kaplan outroughed Al Mitchell in six while Phil Elaqua kayoed Jimmy Cool in the second round. The gate receipts amounted to $9,923 and a balance of $4,500 was turned over to the Lynch family.

Speaking of officials, why is it that Harold Barnes, one of the most efficient of the judging staff on the New York State Athletic Commission, is seldom seen where he belongs—in the judge's seat! If the Commission is sincere in avoiding unpleasant publicity with its staff of officials it should put Barnes right back in the spotlight, the same that is so occupied by Arthur Donovan and Billy Cavanaugh. Barnes is the outstanding judge of boxing in New York now that Lynch is dead. If politics isn't playing a part in the selection of judges, Messrs. Phelan, Weir and Brown, then let's get Barnes back where he belongs—in the big fight clubs—not the small ones.

Dave Knight sends word along that he expects to bring George Burnette, the highly touted Detroit middleweight, into New York—Frank Pocassi, who handled the tour of Max and Buddy Baer, has settled in Phoenix, Arizona, and is grooming a young heavyweight. His name is Michael Earl Nolan, a former All-American football star—Johnny Best, one of England's most successful promoters, is situated in Liverpool. He may extend his activities to London this winter if proper arrangements can be made.

Tom McArdle started his duties as a matchmaker at the Hippodrome when he offered Solly Krieger and Izzy Jannazzo to the fans in a 12-round bout. Jannazzo has recently returned from an Australian tour and his weight has increased to such an extent that he was forced to forsake the welterweight division and enter the middleweights. Krieger was too strong and too vicious for Izzy. The referee halted the bout in the 11th round when Izzy's nose bleed was serious and could not be stopped. The seventh round was Izzy's worst and that is when the bout should have been stopped—if at all. Jannazzo protested strongly when the contest was halted but to no avail.

Abe Feldman whipped Gene Bonin in the six-round semi-final. Phil Siriani outscored Dave Pastor in their six-round tilt. Augie Gonzales won over Johnny Rinaldi after six scrappy rounds. William Poland kayoed Bill Comiskey in the first while Mickey Donahue won from Wilbur Ackerly in the opening four.

Al Reid and Mike Belloise engaged in another gruelling eight-round affair at the New York Coliseum with honors even as in their previous encounter. It would take a bout of longer duration to settle the question of supremacy between them. Quentin Breese looked good in winning from Jimmy Murray in the six-round semi-final. Eddie Conley was credited with a technical knockout over Benny Schwartz of Philadelphia in the fourth when the latter failed to open up.

Bernie Friedkin, another of the clan from Brooklyn who is establishing himself as star bout material, won a hard fought scrap from Tom Colan in the feature eight-rounder. Jimmy Lancaster scored over Armanda Sicilia in eight rounds while Harold Valan stopped Geral Delia in the fifth. Friedkin and Al Davis will be one of the most sought after matches this summer.

Mike Frattini of Italy turned in another victory at the Royal Windsor by whipping Vincent Pimpinella over the eight-round route. Mike was stronger and more aggressive than the elusive Pimpinella but Vinnie still gave him plenty of trouble. Paul Cortlyn turned in another upset when he flattened Jack Tolson in the third round. This is the third straight knockout that Cortlyn has scored at this club, each time being a short end in the betting.

Nick Camarata and Mickey Farber were victorious in their eight-round bouts at the Windsor Palace in a double windup. Camarata trimmed Ray Ingram while Farber took the measure of Victor Troise—Maxie Berger took on quite a bundle in Enrico Venturi at the New York Coliseum but proved his mettle in an eight-rounder. He scored a convincing victory about which there was no question. It would seem that Montreal has quite a boy in Berger who may develop into championship material. Phil Siriani finished Marty Simmons in the second round and John Pavlovich humbled Larry Marinucci in other bouts on the program.

On a popular priced program at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn, Joey Fontana went to eight even rounds with Armanda Sicilia while Dom Colan, game and aggressive Irishman, upset the dope when he whipped Young Chappie over the same distance. Colan seems to thrive in scoring upsets and this is the club that is noted for those reversals of form. Willie Nussbaum disposed of Dom Zaccola in the third round—Al Roth can't get away from the jinx of injured hands. They are unreliable tools and always fail him at crucial moments. He was a favorite over Eddie Brink at the New York Coliseum in their eight-round fray but Brink's determined attack and Roth's failure to punch back lost him the verdict. Jimmy Fantini disposed of Buster Carroll in the fifth round of the six-round semi-final—Jack Trammell scored over Yustin Sirutis in their 10-round bout at the Rockland Palace. Trammell's left hand won the fight for him. Sailor Born kayoed George Dixon in two rounds.

Jackie Kid Berg turned in another victory over Johnny Horstman at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn which makes it four decisions and one knockout victory for Jackie since his return. He is meeting fairly formidable opposition and looks better as he goes along—Ossie Stewart, hard hitting Pittsburgh middleweight, was forced to tackle light-heavyweight Domenic Ceccarelli at the Rockland Palace. The Italian went the full distance but couldn't do enough to make it close. George Brothers drew with James J. Johnson in the eight-round semi-windup.

Pete Scalzo added another victory to his list when he vanquished Nat Litfin over the eight-round route at the Coliseum. Augie Arellano proved too strong for Doug Marsh in the semi-final of six—Young Nat O'Leary, bantamweight star of another era, and his brother Arthur, have opened offices at 100 West 42nd Street, New York City. Arthur is a licensed chiropractor while Nat acts as masseur.

Prosperity has returned to the fight game in New York as far as Stillman's Gymnasium is concerned. Daily crowds visit his gym.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

RUDY STILLER stormed into the Broadway Auditorium and won a spectacular victory over Lou Presto in six sizzling rounds. Stiller put up a great fight and stamped himself as one of the gamest fighters your correspondent has seen in many a day. In the fourth round, Stiller broke a bone in his foot but, instead of quitting, the injury only made him fight like a tiger. His two-fisted attack bewildered Presto and Siller won the official decision. Rudy had entered the ring with the odds 10 to 6 against him, but emerged as a real main event fighter, without a doubt the leading drawing card among the Buffalo pros.

The complete result of bouts on the Stiller-Presto card follows:

Rudy Stiller, 168, Buffalo, defeated Lou Presto, 170½, Buffalo; six rounds, official decision.

Charley Eagle, 162½, New York, technically knocked out Milton Shivers, 159, Detroit, in 1:57 of second round; bout stopped by referee.

Irish Eddie Dolan, 141½, defeated Howell King, 145, Detroit; six rounds; official decision.

Paulie Mahoney, 166, Buffalo, technically knocked out Eric Lawson, 173, New York, in 1:53 of second round; bout stopped by referee.

Jimmy Gilligan, 122½, Lackawanna, technically knocked out Joe Belmont, 125, New York, in 2:04 of third round; bout stopped by referee.

Joe Brandon, 160, Buffalo, and Billy Hughes, 157, Buffalo, drew; six rounds, official decision.

Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, Dan Russo, Art Scott; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

GRAPPLING NOTES — Wladyslaw Talun, mighty son of Poland, continued his winning streak when he threw the gigantic Tor Johnson in 13:19 . . . Johnson was so badly shaken up that he could not answer the bell for the second fall . . . . A newcomer, Don McIntyre, tossed Count Zarynoff in 20:24 on the same card . . . . A record crowd for the season, almost 8000 fans, saw Talun vanquish Johnson . . . . Promoter Jack Herman promises even more thrilling matches for Buffalo . . . . He has Crusher Casey and Bronko Nagurski, world's champion, booked for appearances at the Broadway Auditorium here . . . . Incidentally, Mr. Herman is going good with his pachyderms in Toronto, Erie, Rochester, Binghamton, Cleveland and other cities.

Jackie Donovan beat Woody Sweeney of Pittsburgh in a return match at the Orioles' big show. The Simon-pure stars again put up a hectic encounter.

Mayor Tom Holling and H. William Pollock tried hard to land the American Bowling Congress for Buffalo for 1939, but failed. Cleveland gets the bowlers next year. This means boxing, wrestling and other sports will continue uninterrupted in the spring of 1939.

Mayor Holling has requested the Common Council to raise rental fees at the Auditorium from $100 to $300, with the city having the privilege of accepting ten per cent of the gross receipts . . . . Formerly the charge was $350 for each night rented, but during the depression, local promoters persuaded councilmen to lower the rate to $100 . . . . With boxing and wrestling drawing big gates again, Mayor Holling feels that the new fee is not out of proportion with the size of the receipts . . . . And furthermore, the city loses over $50,000 a year maintaining the Auditorium.

A crowd of some 5500 saw the Queensberry Club's boxing show at the Broadway Auditorium. In the feature bout, Jimmy Clark punched his way to a clean-cut victory over Charlie Eagle in a bout that sizzled with action. Clark's body blows soon had Eagle backing away and accepting a licking. Charlie fought back hard, but could not cope with the rock-like fists of the Jamestown Negro. It was Clark's first Buffalo appearance in months. He has been doing his fighting in the Middle West.

Complete results of the card follow:

Jimmy Clark, 155, Buffalo, defeated Charley Eagle, 160½, New York, six rounds; official decision.

Lou Presto, 172, Buffalo, knocked out Pete George, 168½, Buffalo, in 2:02 of first round.

Irish Eddie Dolan, 142½, defeated Howell King, 146, Detroit, six rounds; official decision.

Joey Brown, 126, Syracuse, defeated Jimmy Gilligan, 123, Lackawanna, six rounds; official decision.

Mickey Devine, 135½, Batavia, defeated Tony Sciolino, 135, Buffalo; six rounds; official decision.

Roy Gore, 188, Buffalo, defeated Pete Tomalonis, 184, Buffalo, four rounds; official decision.

Joe Brandon, 159, Buffalo, scored T.K.O. over Tony Scabo, 164, Niagara Falls, in 1:53 of first round; bout stopped by referee.

Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, Art Scott, Dan Russo; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

HERE AND THERE—Pete George left Buffalo some years ago and fought around San Francisco, afterward going to Australia, where he did some good work in the ring . . . . Pete looked like anything but a good fighter in his local match with Lou Presto . . . . Irving Robbins calls our attention to the fact that Bert Courage was the loser on a technical K.O. at the hands of Bill Muldoon, Erie Negro. "Courage could have continued," says Irving, "and would have won the decision if he hadn't received a bad cut over his eye."

Good boxers of all weights, especially bantamweights, welterweights and heavyweights, who have had experience and can win fights, should write Hugh Shannon, Crescent A. A., 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial contracts. Those who can deliver the goods will be in line to make plenty of money.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Tom Timlin, the "Grey Eagle," was right again . . . . Timlin told your correspondent that Rudy Stiller would lick Lou Presto, and he did . . . . Bert Finch, the heavyweight second, did a fine job in Stiller's corner . . . . Uncle Bert handled Rudy while Manager Timlin was out of town on business . . . . Give us a few more fighters like little Jimmy Gilligan of Lackawanna . . . . The kid put up a sterling battle to knock out Joe Belmont, New York colored lad . . . . Gilligan is going places if he keeps on winning . . . . Jackie Donovan will stick with Art Johnson and Billy Michael if he is a wise boy . . . . Donovan, by the way, looks like the real goods . . . . He is growing bigger every day and will be a welterweight next year . . . . And while he is gaining in punching power, he is not losing any speed . . . . Jackie should be a whale of a fighter by next season . . . . Art Johnson is certainly putting on some great amateur shows . . . . Art would like to land the national championships for Buffalo, and probably could line up this great attraction if we had the proper sort of an auditorium to house the crowd . . . . It's just possible that this city will get a new convention hall under the wise city planning of Mayor Tom Holling . . . . The new chief executive is wide awake and on the job, and is easily the best mayor since Grover Cleveland.

Jim O'Day says Buffalo would be the best fight town in the country with big time matches . . . . Jim was at the ringside when Jackie Donovan beat Woody Sweeney and was elated over Donovan's showing . . . . Playfair Brown is packing them in at Toronto . . . . Playfair is one of the smartest promoters in the game and serves his public nothing but the best.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

FOLLOWING are the results of the more important amateur bouts staged at the Rochester Elks Club: Marvin Cicero, Niagara Falls, won by T.K.O. over Maxie Schindler, Lorraine, Ohio, featherweights (2); Jacko O'Sullivan, Niagara Falls, decisioned Billy Huff, Cleveland, heavyweights (5); Pee Wee Barnes, Cleveland, won from Chris Di Mezzio, Niagara Falls, bantamweights (5); Larry McCarthy, Boston, awarded decision over Joey Stefano, Rochester, featherweights (5); Red Johnson, Jamestown, won decision over Alonzo Brooks, Akron, junior welterweights (5); Ossil Sussman, Rochester, won from Milton Glass, Akron, Ohio, featherweights (5); Jim Roberts, Akron, Ohio, won by T.K.O. over Tilly Bellucci, Rochester, welterweights (5); Joe DiCarlo, Rochester, won by T.K.O. over Bob Fertig, Akron, welterweights (4); Tony DiCarlo, Rochester, won by a knockout over Santo Leone, Batavia, middleweights (1); Nello Nucelli, Rochester, won decision over Larry McCarthy, Boston, featherweights (4); Joe Maxin, Cleveland, won from Eddie Smith, Rochester, lightweights (5); Georgie Brown, Rochester, won by T.K.O. over Larry McCarthy, Boston, featherweights (4); Paulie Columbo, Batavia, decisioned Pee Wee Barnes, Cleveland, bantamweights (5).

Joe DiCarlo is considered a threat to the welterweight class of the National A.A.U. tournament to be held in Boston this month. Joe's younger brother, Tony, has compiled an amazing string of kayos, although he has only been fighting a little over a year. At Johnson City, N. Y., Joe Matisi, brother of All-American footballer Tony Matisi, won the five-round decision over Rochester's Al Fields in the main event. Other bouts were as follows: Don Stevens, Rochester middleweight, won from Jim Dennis, Johnson City; Tony DiCarlo, Rochester, kayoed Red Kane in the first, while Joey Stefano, also of Rochester, decisioned Marty Celeste.

FISTIC MORSELS—The one-time Charlotte Killer, Joe Denise, should not be allowed to fight any more . . . . Hughie Smith has hung up his gloves for good . . . . Johnny Mastrella successfully defended his intercollegiate welterweight crown . . . . Johnny attends Syracuse University and some day expects to become a lawyer . . . . Bobby Owens will most probably step into Johnny's shoes after Mastrella's graduation . . . . Downs has definitely quit boxing after having tossed the leather for the past twelve years . . . . Jimmy started out as a ninety-pound amateur flyweight but grew into the middleweight class and says the Nebraska Wildcat, Glen Lee, gave him one of his toughest fights on the Coast three years ago . . . . Hank Smith demands more action . . . . Frank Powderly is married . . . . Phil Verde's Joey Castle looks good . . . . Jackie Polvino predicts a bright future for a classy looking flyweight named Shorty Dowd . . . . Shorty's dad acts as trainer . . . . Matt Jackson's and Elliott Cushing's reports on Steve Halaiko's comeback attempt were very good . . . . Steve, his manager, old Vince Plunkett, and many others realize the comeback trail is a hard one, but Halaiko is determined to attain the heights he once scaled for the sake of his four kiddies . . . . Good luck, Steve!

MAILBAG—Clifford Stotelmyer, Martinsburg, W. Va.: Amateur boxers are always in demand here and am sure I can do something for you . . . . Freddie Baylestein, Schenley, Pa.: I have turned your letter over to Matchmaker Johnny Burba, and you'll hear from me soon . . . . Rocky Conti and Tiger Smith: Drop me a line soon and give your address. Have good news for you. I exchange boxing news. Address Jackie Polvino, 81 Hartford Street, Rochester, N. Y. Same goes for J. J. Andrews of Melbourne, Australia, and Janet Mayor of Honolulu, Hawaii, and Martha May Sherry of Halifax, Nova Scotia . . . . Leo Abrew, Aruba, Netherland West Indies: Will try and book your boy in U. S. A. and Canada. Send me more details on your boys.

Fighters, managers, promoters, matchmakers, and fans desiring information may do well to write the writer at 181 No. Union St., Rochester, N. Y.

Binghamton, Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, and Scranton, Pa., are running weekly pro shows and Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse, Auburn, Johnson City and Endicott are running weekly amateur shows, with Utica planning on running weekly amateur bouts.

If you want to read your notes in this column, send them in before the first of each month.

POMPTON LAKES

The place where all champions and top notch fighters go for their training. Joe Louis, Jack Sharkey, Jimmy Braddock, Bobby Garcia, Lou Ambers; all have trained at Dr. Bier's Camp. How about you? For terms write to

DR. BIER, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE N.S.C. staged a successful charity show at Bognor Regis when over 3,000 people saw a splendid card.

Tommy Hyams of King's Cross and Len Lemaux of Portsmouth boxed ten hard rounds to a draw.

George Markwick continued his unbeaten record by easily defeating Tony Arpino of Bedford.

"Little" Mike Martyk, the Canadian featherweight, proved himself very popular with the crowd with his non-stop methods. His opponent, Billy Pleace, was in for a bad time during the bout, and when the referee intervened in the fourth in Martyk's favor, the crowd gave both boys a big hand.

Bill Curran of Walton-on-Thames and Johnny Hughes of Worthing fought a smashing draw over twelve rounds.

Moe Moss of Mile End was ruled out in the sixth of a ten-round contest against Dave McCleave of Smithfield for an alleged low blow at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. Moss seemed to be on top at the time and was unlucky to lose.

George Odwell of Camden Town knocked out Griff Lewis of Wales in the second of a ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

Jack Powell of Sheffield and Paddy Roche, Ireland, fought a thrilling ten-round bout that ended in a draw.

Billy Armstrong stopped Billy Nash in the fifth of an eight-round bout when the referee stopped the bout with Nash suffering from a badly cut eye.

Jock McAvoy met Jack Strongbow of Leicester at Belle Vue, Manchester, and it turned out to be sparring practice for the champion, who K.O.'ed Strongbow in the sixth after having him down for several counts.

Ken Robinson of Canada outpointed Bobby Dobbs of Newcastle in ten rounds, and Aldo Spoldi of Italy stopped Joe Connolly of Scotland in the second when the towel was skied.

Tiny Bostock of Leek defeated Peter Miller of Gateshead in the sixth of a ten-round bout at Sutton-in-Ashfield, when the referee stopped the one-sided bout, and declared Bostock the winner.

Bill Hardy of Leicester defeated Len Rowlands on points over ten rounds at Cambridge after a gruelling battle.

Tommy Martin of Deptford and Merlo Preciso of Italy were featured at the N.S.C. show at Earls Court. After ten rounds, with the Italian chasing Martin for the whole of the fight, Referee Jack Morris raised the hand of Preciso.

The best bout of the night was between Mike Martyk, from Canada, and Griff Williams, in their eight-round skirmish. Martyk won.

Dom Lydon, Ted Broadribb's protege, defeated Harry Rowles of Chatham in the sixth of a scheduled eight-round bout, when Rowles retired.

Jimmy Britt of South Africa took all Bill Wainright could give and then threw a few good punches himself. Wainright began hitting the deck and was counted out in the third.

George Reynolds, Welsh lightweight champion, accomplished a smart performance at the White City, Hull, when he outpunched Jack Carrick of Hull. At the end the big crowd cheered when Referee Jack Smith raised Reynolds' hand as the winner.

Jack Lewis of Bournemouth staged a late rally to win on points over Lefty Flynn of Jamaica in their ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

Dave Finn of Stepney defeated Les McCarthy of Manchester at the end of the seventh at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when the latter's seconds forced their man to retire owing to a badly cut eye.

Cut eyes are prevalent these days. At Newcastle, Benny Sharkey of Newcastle won over George Marsden of Notts when the latter was forced to retire with a cut eye in the fourth of a twelve-rounder.

Another cut eye ended the contest between Raymond Renard, Belgian lightweight champion, who suffered it in his bout at Derby with Tommy Jones of Derby, and was forced to retire in the fourth.

Roby Leibrandt of South Africa was ruled out in the sixth for an alleged low punch against Darkey Ellis of Hull at the Colston Hall, Bristol.

The annual charity boxing show staged by the Jewish Sportsmen's Committee at the Royal Albert Hall was a huge success. It was extremely regrettable that Lord Melchett, the chairman, was unable to be present, owing to an indisposition, and his place was taken by the well-known sportsmen, Mr. Norman Laski and Mr. Moss Deyong, whose speeches drew donations from the packed house to the tune of £1,350 ($6,750).

Dave Crowley, the Clerkenwell lightweight, was too strong for Harry Mizler at the lightweight limit and Crowley won comfortably on points over twelve rounds.

The curtain-raiser between Sammy Shaw, the Human Buzz, and Harry Silver from Clapton, put the crowd in a good mood. A draw was given at the end of four rounds.

Then Jack Hyams and Nat Franks of Dalston entered the ring for their ten-round battle, which resulted in a narrow points victory for Hyams.

The Jackie Brown and Pat Palmer scrap was a hummer. At the end of the eight rounds, Referee Barrington Dalby gave his decision to Brown, but both came in for a share of cheers.

Frank Hough of Battersea was extremely lucky to receive the decision over his French opponent, Emile Lebrize, who seemed to have been in front.

The last bout proved the best of the lot, for Boy Boon of Chatteris and Johnny Softley of Poplar just mixed it from gong to gong. Boon was rightly declared the winner.

The high light of the N.S.C. at Earls Court was the first professional appearance of Arthur Danahar, last year's A.B.A. champion, who demonstrated by his clean hitting and footwork that he will soon be a thorn in the side of the welterweights.

The way he performed against a seasoned boxer in Fred Lowbridge of Birmingham was of the highest order, and at the end of the six rounds, it was only a formality for Referee Jack Morris to raise Danahar's hand.

Jack Powell of Sheffield was ruled out in the third of a ten-round bout for an alleged low blow in his bout with Frank Erne of Glasgow.

Jack Treadaway gained a narrow points decision over Jackie Hurst of St. George's in eight rounds.

Jack Smith of Worcester outpointed Tommy Brown of Hackney over six rounds.

Ginger Sadd and Ben Valentine of Fiji Isles fought a clever ten-round contest at Corn Hall, Norwich, which ended in a draw.

Bob Scully of Scotland scored a K.O. in the second of a twelve-round bout against Dick Allen of Plymouth at the Stadium Club, London.

George Davis of Notting Hill was in great form for his bout with Charlie Parkin of Mansfield at Paddington and the harder punching of Davis was soon evident. In the fourth of the scheduled ten rounds, a right to the mark put Parkin down for the full count.

Frankie Hill of Barrow and Tommy John of Wales had a turbulent scrap over ten rounds at Hackney before the Barrow lad was returned the winner.

Promoter George Dingley staged a good fighting program at the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, the return match between Jake Kilrain, the British welterweight champion, who reversed a previous decision when he outfought Jimmy Purcell of Australia over ten rounds.

Frank Erne, Glasgow, the Scottish welterweight champion, stopped Jack Lord of Bolton in the fourth of a ten-round bout when the referee intervened when Lord had received a badly cut eye.

The other ten-round bout lasted only four, when Roy Underwood's (Australia) seconds skied the towel when he was well beaten by Johnny McManus of Glasgow.

"The Graveyard of Champions" is what they call the Liverpool Stadium, and Johnny King, the British bantamweight champion, was outpointed by the brilliant young Belfast featherweight, Dan McAllister, who has only been boxing as a professional for six months. He outpointed King in every department for the ten rounds, and was a ready winner.

Another surprise was in store for the fans when Johnny Best put in a youngster from British Guiana, who is fly, bantam and featherweight champion of his country. He boxes under the name of "Kid Tanner" and in his English debut, he was pitted against the southpaw flyweight, Tut Whalley of Hanley, who is one of the best flyweights in England. This did not deter the colored boy, whose boxing and hitting were superb, and he finished a good winner.

Frank Hough of Battersea gained a points decision over Jack Robinson of Notts after a hard-hitting ten-round bout at Sheffield.

Larry Gains was taken the full distance by Pat Marrinan of Ireland at West Ham, because the Irish heavyweight would not open out, and was in there to run and hide behind his gloved hands for the whole twelve rounds.

Freddie Miller, ex-featherweight champion of the world, confirmed a previous win over Billy Charlton, when he again outpointed him over ten rounds.

Another Joe Gans, was the decision of the critics when Kid Tanner made his second appearance in a British ring, and knocked out Dick Lewis of Wales in one minute, forty seconds of the first of a scheduled ten-round bout. Watch out for this boy, you feathers and bantamweights.

Frank Hough, Battersea, paid the penalty of entering the ring without being properly trained at Earls Court for his return contest with Tommy Martin of Deptford, and he received a severe drubbing by the colored boy, who was credited with a win by K.O. in the ninth of a ten-round bout.

"Fighting" Mike Martyk of Canada improves every time out. His non-stop hitting in his eight-round bout against Pat Palmer of Battersea was a revelation and after scoring a knockdown in the fifth, swayed the bout over to his side and ran out a clear winner at the end.

Joe Quigley of Ireland and Bob Scully of Glasgow battled four of a scheduled eight rounds before the referee stopped the contest in Quigley's favor when Scully received a badly cut eye.

James J. Britt of South Africa beat Alf Luxton of Birmingham in the second of an eight-round bout, the referee intervening.

Johnny McManus of Glasgow had an easy task against Johnny Griffiths of Wales in their eight-round contest, and the latter was ruled out for ducking below the hips of his opponent (a new "rule," readers) in the fourth round after many cautions.

George Markwick continued his run of victories at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when he met Paul Nolan of Rugby over six rounds and dealt out severe punishment to Nolan, who proved very game to last the distance.

Jim Toohig of Croydon outpointed Tom Bodell of Swadlincote over ten rounds, and Tommy Allen of Leicester won on points over Tommy Clegg of Dalston at the end of six rounds.

Ben Valentine of Fiji Islands won a scrambling bout of ten rounds over Butcher Gascoigne of Sheffield at the Ring, London.

Willie Smith of Margate won convincingly over Billy Armstrong of Blackfriars in an eight-round bout.

Johnny Rice of Hounslow knocked out Arthur Novell of Hammersmith in the sixth of a twelve-round bout at Hammersmith Stadium.

At the N.S.C. Earls Court, George Burke of Canada started his ten-round bout with Merlo Preciso of Italy at express speed, and outpunched the strong Italian for the first three rounds, but cracked up himself by the pace he set and succumbed to the Italian's heavy punches. In the fifth, the referee intervened when Burke had received a badly cut eye.

Arthur Danahar, former A.B.A. champion, boxed in championship form to outpoint Boyo Rees of Wales in a sparkling six-rounder.

Ben Valentine of Fiji Islands outpointed Bill Hardy of Leicester over nine rounds, as Valentine had boxed the previous day, and the bout was cut down to nine rounds.

Mike Martyk, the Canadian fighting featherweight, seemed to have the edge on Billy Walker of Stratford, but after a good bout of eight rounds, a draw was the decision.

Billy Bird of Chelsea, who is nearer forty than thirty years of age, boxed brilliantly to K.O. Ted Barter of Kingston in the seventh of an eight-round bout for a sidestake of £10.

Jack Powell of Sheffield knocked out Mick Miller of Mansfield in the third of a twelve-round bout at the Stadium Club, London.

Tut Whalley of Hanley won by a K.O. over Billy Nash of Clerkenwell midway through the last of a ten-round bout at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

Len Beynon of Swansea K.O.'ed Jean Locatelli of Burslem in the fifth of a ten-round bout at Swansea, the latter being outclassed from the first bell.

Jackie Brown of Manchester outpointed Freddie Tennant of Dundee in a ten-round bout at Darlington.

Len Wickwar of Leicester dealt out severe punishment to Kid Oliviera of Portugal in a scheduled ten-rounder at Nottingham, but the referee intervened in the ninth to save the colored boy unnecessary punishment.

Len Rowlands of Dagenham stopped Jack Fitzpatrick of Wales in the fifth of an eight-round bout when the referee intervened at West Ham Baths.

Johnny Clements of Glasgow gained a good win at Liverpool Stadium when he all but K.O.'ed Jack Lord of Bolton, Northern Area welterweight champion, in the seventh of a ten-round bout. The referee stopped the contest when Lord appeared helpless against the ropes.

In the supporter of nine rounds, Tut Whalley of Hanley easily outpointed Pierce Ellis of Manchester after a good bout.

Don McCorkindale of South Africa made a return to the ring after an absence of over two years, and met Ron Linley of Harrogate in a ten-round bout at Paddington Baths.

The referee stopped the bout in the fourth after Linley had taken severe punishment and had his eye closed.

Jimmy Webster of South Africa gained a good win over Dave Keller of Billingsgate,

Bill Cadby of Birmingham scored a good win at the expense of Peter Price of Worcester, whom he outpointed in a twelve-round bout at Birmingham.

Cal Rooney of Canada was too strong and heavy for Bill Hardy of Leicester in their ten-round bout at Yarmouth and won by a good margin.

Dave McCleave of Battersea scored a spectacular win over Moe Moss of Mile End at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. In the first of a ten-round bout, when coming out of a clinch, he whipped over a hard right to the jaw that put Moss down for the full count.

Lefty Flynn of Jamaica won with a bit to spare in his return bout with Jack Lewis of Bournemouth at the Ring, London.

Billy Bird of Chelsea continued his run of success when he forced Paddy Roche to retire in the seventh of a ten-round bout.

Len Rowlands of Dagenham and Ernie Simmons of Leicester put up a hard bout over eight rounds at Devonshire Club, London, before the former was declared the winner on points.

Teddy O'Niel, Scottish bantam champion, was held to a draw by Jim Reilly of Glasgow over ten rounds at Dumbarton.

Tim McGrory of Glasgow was beaten in a ten-round contest by the hard-hitting Glasgow lightweight, Johnny Lafferty, at Greenock.

Johnny Clements of Glasgow stopped Johnny Morgan of Glasgow in the third of a ten-round bout, the latter being outclassed.

Busy Freddie Tennant of Dundee gained a points decision after ten rounds against Johnny McManus of Glasgow, at Edinburgh.

Tommy Jones of Derby, late Wales, despite being at a disadvantage of fourteen pounds in weight, gained a smart points victory over Cyril Johnson of Nottingham at the end of ten rounds at Leicester.

Dan McAllister, the Belfast "Flash," gained another smart victory at Ulster Hall, Belfast, when he knocked out George Morgan, ex-featherweight champion of Wales, in the third of a ten-round contest.

On the same card, Jim McStravick of Belfast scored a comfortable points victory over Al McCoy of Wales in a fast ten-round contest.

Johnny Jenkins, the Glasgow lightweight, easily outpointed Pat Burns of Chyston in a classy ten-round contest at Glasgow.

George Dingley, the Glasgow promoter, intends to make a flying trip to America to induce Sixto Escobar, world's bantamweight champion, to sign a contract to meet Benny Lynch, Glasgow's popular world's flyweight champion, in a contest for the bantamweight championship in Glasgow.

This contest will draw in any of the big Glasgow football grounds a crowd of at least 50,000 boxing fans.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOXING will boom this season generally throughout the Dominion if advance indications mean anything. Toronto is going strong and Montreal promises to be back in its boom of a few years ago. Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and Maritime Province cities show signs of being active this summer. Smaller cities and towns in the various provinces are making early starts and quite a few new centres promise to flourish. Interest among the fans seems to have heightened and it looks like a year for promoters, managers and fighters etc., to prosper while the public revels in plenty of keen ring action. Good old summer time!

Raoul Godbout has exclusive promotorial rights at the Forum and will stage the first of ten shows he has contracted to present during the season on April 28th. Foremost amongst the fighters he will card regularly are Andre Lenglet, Oliver Shank, Dave Castilloux, Orville Drouillard, Al Shank, Babe McLeod and Desse Green, also Albert DiSalvo, promising young local lightweight recently turned pro.

There may be other promotorial interests to give Raoul some rivalry. Whoever operates at the ball park (Royals' Baseball Stadium) will be his main competitors for public patronage. However, nothing definite has materialized in that direction. It's grapevined that Lou Dettner and his associates will operate there with Al McCoy, Maxie Berger, Tiger Warrington, the Shank boys and the Marsh brothers, Joe and Doug, as regular performers. It is also rumored that Rosario Delisle and Jules Racicot, who teamed up years ago and first built up Al McCoy into the limelight, are combining again to promote at the ball park. They would use Lenglet, the Shank brothers, Babe McLeod, Henri Auger, Desse Green amongst others, if they operate. Anyhow, it promises to be an interesting season, and a busy one for the commissioners.

Montreal fighters have been doing well afield. Maxie Berger and Dave Castilloux grabbed their measure of the spotlight by scoring notable victories late in March. Maxie whipped the highly rated Italian lightweight, Enrico Venturi, in convincing fashion in an eight rounder in New York while Castilloux surprised with a clean cut win over Ginger Foran, rated as the best featherweight on the other side, in a ten rounder in Toronto.

Johnny Gaudes, Winnipeg boy boxing out of Milwaukee, also popped into the Canuck limelight by scoring a surprise ten round win over Toronto's bantam pride and Canadian champion, Baby Yack, in a non-title bout. It was a good fight with Gaudes beating Yack to the punch pretty consistently. They are to be rematched for the title and a bumper house is anticipated.

STRAY SHOTS—Oliver and Al Shank are set for a busy season and should make it pretty miserable for a lot of heavyweights and middleweights, respectively . . . . these heavy socking Alberta boys are aiming for the Canadian titles this summer in their respective divisions and will be hard to stop . . . . they are coaching a horde of youngsters at the new Crescent A.C. gym for the monster Golden Gloves meet being staged at the Forum during the first week in May . . . . Al Foreman, who was British Empire and Canadian lightweight emperor a few years ago, has been refereeing amateur fights and is likely to get a license to referee pro fights this season . . . . the Montreal Commission would like to have him on their staff . . . . which reminds us that Tommy Sullivan, who refereed the McCoy-Lenglet battle last fall, is doing well as an insurance salesman now . . . . Bobby Leitham, who retired undefeated Canuck bantam champ a few years ago, has not been enjoying the best of health since . . . . he was laid up for nearly a whole winter with a serious attack of pleurisy and left the hospital with one of his legs affected somewhat . . . . Bobby took on weight at an alarming rate, getting rather portly . . . . he has just got out of the hospital again after an operation for acute appendicitis . . . . it takes a lot to keep Bobby down just as he was a gritty ringman . . . . the popular-priced fights at the St. James Market hall staged by Ray Lamontagne have been doing well lately . . . . the last two shows showed good profits though it is hardly to be wondered at considering the "peanuts" given to the fighters . . . . anyhow it keeps the boys in shape and builds up some local attractions . . . . amateur boxing is in for a big boost hereabouts with the Crescent A.C. staging the Golden Gloves meet the first week in May . . . . it will be a four-night tourney . . . . winners get gold watches . . . . winners each evening will get bathrobes, etc. . . . . classes for open and novice entries . . . . about 300 entries already indicated and more coming from all points of province . . . . hordes of kids training earnestly at the Crescent A.C. gym every night . . . . other gyms show increased activity too.

CANADIAN RATINGS

THE Western Canada Boxing and Wrestling Federation has forwarded the following ratings to THE RING:

CANADIAN BOXING RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS—No champion. 1, Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton; 2, Tiger Warrington, Liverpool, N. S.; 3, Oliver Shank, Athabasca, Alta; 4, Danny Paul, Drumheller, Alta.; 5, Packy Paul, Drumheller, Alta.; 6, Jack Tebo, Fairview, Alta.; 7, Charles Bird, St. Catherines, Ont.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton, champion. 1, Tiger Warrington, Liverpool, N. S.; 2, Chuck Nickason, Vancouver, B. C.; 3, Sonny Buxton, Victoria, B. C.; 4, Ted Keating, Toronto, Ont.; 5, Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—No champion. 1, Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg; 2, Len Wadsworth, Hamilton; 3, Eddie MacSporran, Edmonton; 4, Irving Pease, Toronto; 5, Louis "Kid" Dalke, Moose Jaw, Sask.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Frank Genovese, Montreal, champion. 1, Tommy Bland, Toronto; 2, Sonny Jones, Vancouver; 3, Joe Marsh, Montreal; 4, Sammy Luftspring, Toronto; 5, Gordon Wallace, Vancouver; 6, Doug Marsh, Montreal; 7, Johnny Loftus, Lestock, Sask.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Maxie Berger, Montreal, champion. 1, Billy Marquart, Winnipeg; 2, Orville Drouillard, Windsor; 3, Dave Castilloux, Montreal; 4, Gordon Thompson, Black Diamond, Alta.; 5, Al Ford, Lethbridge, Alta.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Jackie Callura, Toronto, champion. 1, Frankie Martin, Montreal; 2, Spider Armstrong, Toronto; 3, Billy Buxton, Victoria; 4, Jimmy Chapman, Edmonton.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Baby Yack, Toronto, champion. 1, Harry Gerson, Montreal.

FLYWEIGHTS—No champion. 1, Katsumi Marioka, Vancouver; 2, Aurelien Lamothe, Montreal; 3, Desmond Green, Montreal; 4, Paul Harvey, Montreal.

WESTERN CANADA RATINGS

Following are Western Canada ratings of professional boxers released by the Federation:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—No champion. 1, Jack Tebo, Fairview, Alta.; 2, George Shanks, Athabasca, Alta.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton, Alta., champion. 1, Chuck Nickason, Vancouver; 2, Sonny Buxton, Victoria, B. C.; 3, Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Eddie MacSporran, Edmonton, champion. 1, Louis "Kid" Dalke, Moose Jaw, Sask.; 2, Louie Lavoie, Edmonton; 3, "Sailor" Goodland, Sundre, Alta.; 4, Johnny Blochlinger, Kamloops, B. C.; 5, Alcide Shank, Athabasca, Alta.; 6, Bobbie Carrington, Calgary; 7, Gordon Grayston, Edmonton; 8, "Young Tunney" Lust, Medicine Hat, Alta.; 9, Emil Lust, Medicine Hat, Alta.

WELTERWEIGHTS—No champion. 1, Johnny Loftus, Lestock, Sask.; 2, Mickey McGuire, Paynton, Sask.; 3, Vincent Homulus, Lethbridge, Alta.; 4, Don Carmichael, Stony Plain, Alta.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—No champion. 1, Gordon Thompson, Black Diamond, Alta.; 2, Ray Kaiser, Calgary; 3, Al Ford, Lethbridge, Alta.; 4, Sammy Chapman, Edmonton.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—No champion. 1, Billy Buxton, Vancouver; 2, Eddie Ryan, Vancouver; 3, Bobby Jones, Moose Jaw, Sask.; 4, Harvey Bailey, Edmonton.

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IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—"Irish" Eddie Dolan, Jack (Doc) Moore's welterweight from Waterbury, Conn., punched out a decisive ten-round victory over Nick Pastore of Brooklyn in the feature attraction at Town Hall. Dolan with Wildcat O'Connor would draw a capacity gate.

In the other bouts, Eddie Saxon of Syracuse was a T.K.O. winner over Wally Sears, Minersville light-heavyweight, in the second round of a scheduled eight; Jackie Munley of Old-Forge decisioned Johnny Hoffman of Syracuse in another eight-rounder; Jack Downey, Scranton heavyweight, gained a split verdict over Johnny Snyder of Wilkes-Barre in six rounds, while in another bout, Tommie Scavo of Old Forge slugged it out with Lenard DeAndrea of Dunmore in a "hair-raising" scrap.

At the Scranton Town Hall, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor, Carbondale's Coal Region welterweight champion, continued his kayo march at the expense of Bobby Cortez of Mexico. O'Connor stopped the tough Mexican in the ninth round of a ten-rounder. In the semi-final, Eddie Saxon, clever Syracuse Negro light-heavyweight, punched out a six-round decision over Joe Orlosky of Herrick Center. This made it two in a row for the dusky Syracuse battler in a Scranton ring. Promoter Hank Stezar plans to show him on top in a future show.

In another bout, Johnny Dan Durek, Scranton welterweight, was held to a draw in his bout with Gene McColligan of Hyde Park in six rounds. This was the third meeting between the pair and was the best battle of the three. Jackie Munley of Old Forge stopped Billy Rose of Syracuse in the fifth round of a scheduled six. George Marinko of Swoyersville kayoed Mickey Kress of Mayfield in the fourth round.

Eddie Brink, Scranton's sensational lightweight fistic star, defeated Al Roth of New York City in eight rounds at the Bronx Coliseum. Newspaper accounts of the scrap gave Brink the edge throughout. This was the fourth meeting between them. In the four scraps to date, this pair drew over sixty thousand people.

A BIT FOR ALL—Jack (Doc) Moore claims that Eddie Dolan will beat Wildcat O'Connor any time they fight. This is a "natural" for Scranton . . . . Looks like Tony Rock, Gus Browne's pride, will do it over again with O'Connor. In their first and only two meetings, this pair grossed gates of around seven thousand dollars . . . . Mike Latzo is keeping his stable of boxers busy. Any promoter wanting any Coal Region fighter from flyweight to heavyweight would do well to contact Latzo . . . . Fighters unattached can get plenty of work by contacting the writer at Boxing Enterprises . . . . Pete Usiferi, veteran fighter, now is grooming a stable of young fighters.

Chick Feldman, Scranton sports writer, is vacationing on the sands of Miami . . . . Pete Latzo, former welter champ of the world, has decided to make Scranton his home again and will go in business here operating a restaurant . . . . Johnny Dan Durek, Scranton welterweight, will soon be tied in the bonds of matrimony . . . . Pete Susky, who has forsaken the ring to devote more time to his wife and two sons, claims he is through for good. Susky was one of the best middleweights ever developed in the entire Coal Regions . . . . Tommy Moore, Jamestown, N. Y., promoter, plans to operate throughout the summer months if he can obtain a suitable open-air spot . . . . George Pottinger, Binghamton promoter, is dickering to open the Johnson City ball park to conduct his summer shows . . . . When in the Coal Fields you can buy THE RING at most newsstands. When in Scranton, you can purchase THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, corner Wyoming and Linden Streets.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

CHICAGO played host to its second world's heavyweight championship within a period of one year. Joe Louis who annexed the title from James J. Braddock June 22 last, successfully defended his laurels for the third consecutive time, annihilating the muscular Harry Thomas, from Eagle Bend, Minn., in the fifth round of a scheduled fifteen rounder. Louis displayed respect for Thomas' punching prowess as exemplified by his reluctancy to open up until the third, being content to score a deft left-jab for the first two stanzas. In all, Thomas hit the deck six-times, before succumbing to the Brown Bomber's lethal blows. The preliminaries were not up to expectation 'cepting the Buddy Knox versus George Nicholson battle which was awarded to Knox of Dayton, Ohio, on his final round spree, the sixth. In the other sixes, Abe Simon, gigantic New Yorker, scaling a mere 250 pounds to his 6 foot 3 inch frame, outmauled Elza Thompson in a dull contest. Thompson, an Indianapolis colored lad, tipped the beam at 224 pounds. Dave Clark, ranking lightheavy, from Detroit, Michigan, defeated by a kayo, Bill Palmer of the C.Y.O. in round five. Alex Kettles, twenty-year-old South Bend, Ind., puncher, subdued Russ Wasser of Minneapolis, Minn., in the opening stanzas. In the opening fray Johnny Stevens of Cincinnati, Ohio, repeated his recent victory over the colored lightweight champion, George Dixon II —his southpaw style remaining a puzzle to the lanky southsider. 10,468 paid admissions with an aggregate gross total of $45,760 constituted the gate-take.

Davey Day, Chicago's ranking lightweight contender, won an uphill encounter from Tommy Spiegal of Uniontown, Pa., in a tenner at Pittsburgh. Tony Musto, "baby tank" protégé of Billy Williams and Bob Capocy, continued with his undefeated record, this time at the expense of Salvatore Ruggirello whom he pummeled from pillar to post throughout their ten-rounder at Dallas, Texas. On that same card, Buddy Stark, stablemate of Musto's, soundly whipped rugged Roy Beard, in a prelim. Bill Jensen is in Texas at present with his sterling welter, Chester Rudy. Rudy just recently fought on the coast, scoring a pair of knockouts and fighting Chief Paris a draw in a main event in Los Angeles. Over at Texas, Rudy was declared loser against Midget Mexico in the semi-final to the Musto-Ruggirello headliner . . . . Jimmy Clark, sensational middleweight from Jamestown, N. Y., who is at present residing in the "Windy City," continued his good work by stopping Ernie Horn in three markers; he then appeared in Buffalo against Charley Eagle winning before a capacity audience of five thousand fans—following this triumph, Clark opposed Marty Simmons, who scaled 162 to Jimmy's 154 on the Armstrong-Zivic card at Detroit and received a setback at the hands of the "Motor City" brawler.

In a triple eight-round windup at the Marigold Gardens Arena, Billy Celebron of Rockford, Ill., who is re-establishing his dynamic punching power, this time as a full-fledged middie, won via a technical knockout over Nick Nicholson of Indianapolis, Ind., in the fourth canto; Varias Milling, "dyed-in-the-wool" Filipino plodder, repeated his win in a second slugfest over Lloyd Pine, from Akron, Ohio . . . . Featherweights and King Wyatt of Fort Wayne, Ind., drubbed Nate Bolden's midriff with rapidity to eke out a creditable win. In the opener Joe Law won a hectic encounter from Eddie Shipiro, promising Jewish 126 pounder—four rounds.

Billy Cepak, prominent promoter manipulated one show during the month. Matchmaker Eddie Purvis, paired the C.Y.O. heavyweight contender and former state champion, Max Marek, with Pal Silvers, elusive Jewish heavy, from Brooklyn, N. Y. Marek was returned the victor in the eighth round, by a technical kayo, although it was obvious that Silvers could have withstood Marek's aggressiveness; but Spike McAdams saw differently. Silvers gained the fans' admiration with his showing. In the semi-windup, Johnny Barbara, fast rising welter, now headquartering in Chicago, slambanged Frankie Kolborn at will, scoring a three-round kayo. In another interesting bout on the card, George Van Der Hayden, South Bend sharpshooter, beat Harry Booker in a sixer. Booker afterwards lost in eight hard rounds to Tommy Howell of Danville, Ill., and outscored Larry Greb of Milwaukee at same city in six . . . . Billy Marquart, hard-punching Canadian from Toronto, Canada, hammered Joey Alcanter for seven settos before stowing the Mexican away for keeps. Alcanter hails from Kansas City, Kan.

Billy Joyce, young colored battler and '37 Golden Gloves featherweight champion now campaigning in the 135 pounds division, put the crusher on Billy Sparks of Indianapolis in the fourth on a technical variety and followed this victory with a fast win over Danny Spun's Red-headed Irisher, Frankie Agnes, in a semi-final on one of the weekly Marigold cards. Pat Robertson won his first start prior to a nine month layoff due to illness, against Johnny Fairchild of Elgin, repeating in a rematch . . . . In a double eighter at the Marigold, Moon Mullins, rugged little feather from Vincennes, Ind., beat Johnny Cabello, a lanky Puerto Rican. In the other half of the windup, Tony Cianciola of Milwaukee, won handily from Nick Nicholson, Indianapolis shock absorber who was hopelessly outclassed. In a prelim, a former A.A.U. (National) champ made an appearance, in Tommy Palatin who can be tabbed as a future prospect. Palatin in his bout with Billy Morgan, let Billy paw harmlessly for a minute in the opening stanzas and then unleased a timely left-hook which befelled Morgan for the "count." At a later date, Palatin engaged George Nelson in a swatfest which was a humdinger!

Johnny Brown, a leading Chicago feather, returned from a successful invasion of the coast, beating in his last out, Umio Gen of Japan, at the Hollywood Legion. Elza Thompson before his departure from the metropolis and back to the homestead, scored a good win over George Maselli of Mount Vernon, N. Y. Elza's accomplishment was Maselli's first loss after compiling a total of twenty straight decisions. Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha bombarder, trounced Jack Kranz and Art Oliver to further his prestige in the heavyweight ranks. Holman Williams, ranking welter, achieved two victories on his coast sojourn, trimming Jimmy Barry at the Olympia in L. A., and thrashing Emanuel Victoria which was held at the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. Billy Celebron administered the resin sniffle to Verne Patterson in the fourth; although Verne was handicapped by a weight deficit of ten pounds. A great amateur but a farce as professionals go . . . . Pete Lello, Izzy Kline's young stalwart, found his master in Nick Camarata of New York, losing in six to Nick on the Baer-Barlund card in New York and before a packed house at the Marigold Gardens; he was thwarted in a fast tenner. Tony Zale returned to the squared-circle once again and his first fisticuff combat since his exit via Jimmy Clark's piston-like maulies, obtained a win over King Wyatt. Zale's heavier artillery floored King on two different occasions, that resulting in the margin of his victory over the erstwhile body-mauler from Fort Wayne. Al Nettlow, up-and-coming lightweight of the C.Y.O. engaged George Van Der Hayden at Milwaukee and pilfered George in two innings.

Johnny Helstrom, popular northsider, blasted Henry Huerta into oblivion in the third heat—an impressive gain for this lad as the Peoria antagonist possessed considerable experience in comparison to Helstrom's . . . . Remo Fernandez, clever Mexican weaver, from L. A., was rematched in Milwaukee with Tony Cianciola, and, respecting newspaper accounts, Remo obviously won due to his frequent flurries and receiving two rounds on fouls, yet was declared the loser to the hometowner. This is unfair sportsmanship on the part of Milwaukee officials as can be attested by the result of the Cianciola-Barbara biff, earlier in the year, with the former getting a gift win over his conqueror.

IN AND AROUND THE FISTIC CIRCLE—George Trafton had the novel distinction of presenting three world's champions at his swatorium in one afternoon. Joe Louis (heavy), training at the time for his resultant tiff with Harry Thomas; Barney Ross (welter), who was prepping at the time for Henry Schaft and John Henry Lewis (lightheavy), who made one appearance and then continued to Minneapolis to fulfill a tentative engagement there. An average attendance of 400 daily for nearly three weeks were there . . . . The Northwest Arena where co-promoters Sam Spunt and Mike Hechinger hold forth, have been handling capacity crowds numbering 800 or more at their arena, 3968 Milwaukee Ave. . . . . Danny Spunt has announced that he will turn his amateur headliner, Eddie Lander, bantam, who in the '38 Golden Gloves tourney, lost a split verdict to Frank Kainrath in the quarter-finals. Other amateurs who are making rapid strides in the ring are: Paul Shuran, heavy; the Sopko brothers, Tony and Mike; Norman Roth, classy Portage Park welter; Eddie Conroy, Ted Tanner's protégé; Mike Simko, Ed McNiel's prodigy; Sammy Kaplan, a seasoned campaigner; Martin O'Gradney, a good looking middie; Eddie Steel, heavy and Lou Bara are notable amateurs who bear watching!

Jack Otey, colored lightweight who needs no introduction to fight-goers, has come out of temporary retirement to place himself under the managerial guidance of Mitchell Jacobs and Mauri Goldman. Danny Spunt, manager of Harold Brown, is readying his charge for future activity and in the meantime he has signed five-year contracts with Frankie Agnes and Barney Ryan—welters . . . . C. W. Rapp has turned his fleet-footed featherweight, Charley Casseola pro who in turn has emerged victorious in his only two pro-engagements, beating Johnny Fairchild of Elgin twice. Casseola previously was a topnotch amateur and is in reliable hands, having been schooled from the very rudiments of the sport by the agile Rapp. Don't forget to have your news bits in not later than the first of the month to yours truly, 5340 Winthrop Ave. Until next month, "bye!"

THE RING IN MEXICO
By CHARLES V. FULTON

IN the most interesting fight of the month, Panchito Villa knocked out Tiburcio De la Rosa, bantamweight champion of the Republic, in the seventh round of a twelve-round title bout.

Previously, Villa beat Harry Jeffra, before the Baltimore lad lost his championship at the hands of Sixto Escobar in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

In another good fight held at the Mexico Arena, Emilio Magaña, from Los Angeles, decisioned Joe Conde, Mexican lightweight champ. On the same card, Manuel Villa II beat Mario Ramon from Veracruz. Ricardo Manzanillo returned from Miami, Fla., and beat Frankie Anslem and Quintin Rangel.

Rodolfo Casanova, former featherweight champion, scored over Yambo Andrades from Puerto Rico in ten rounds. The promising Manuel Villa II beat Willie Cheatum.

Yambo Andrades, in his only triumph in this city, beat Luis Zaldivar in a hard ten-round affair.

Hernan Palomo, Mexican fighter, who has been fighting in Cuba and Miami as "Yucatan Kid," arrived here. Hernan remained here just eight days with Promoter W. H. Peeples from Miami and Ben Brown, middleweight contender from Atlanta, Georgia.

Bantams, feathers and lightweights wanting to show their wares here, can get in touch with the writer at "La Afición" Newspaper, Iturbide No. 16, Mexico City.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

KENNY LASALLE, classy welterweight, who has made a consistent drive toward the top in the past year, turned in a couple of brilliant wins during the month of March. He handed Kid Azteca, fourth ranking welter, a terrific beating. So decisively did Kenny trounce the Mexican champion that some sports writers said "there must be something wrong with Azteca. LaSalle just can't be that good." He was, however. The writer has seen the Kid on a number of occasions and he never fought a better battle than he did against LaSalle. He was simply outclassed.

Against Chief Paris, LaSalle found a tough hurdle, but came through with a decision, although a close one. The Indian gave Kenny his hardest battle so far and a rematch will probably see the pair clash again soon.

Al Bernard, middleweight knockout artist, continued to belt them out, this time at the expense of Jimmy LaMarr. LaMarr never had a chance against the hard-hitting New York youngster and went out in five heats. Mark Maxie Ross' protege as a comer, he has what it takes!

Buddy Ryan, West Coast light-heavy, exploded the invincibility myth as regards Joey Parks, long a favorite here. They went ten fast rounds and ended up all even as far as the officials were concerned. Your humble correspondent saw Ryan the winner, but inasmuch as they have been booked for a return match, the issue should be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Lew Jenkins, whose blasting blows have scored seven straight knockouts in Dallas rings, has made fans in the Centennial City forget other local favorites. Louis Arriola, Frankie Graham, Ray Serrano and Jackie Sharkey all failed to last the limit with the Sweetwater swatter.

RAMBLINGS—Pat McDuff, Houston's heavyweight hope, went down to Florida and made a great, although losing fight with Melio Bettina. Both were on the deck, which was Pat's first trip to the canvas . . . . Tony Musto, Bill Williams' heavy, took Pio Pico and Salvatore Ruggirello in his stride at Dallas . . . . Promoter Hugh Benbow at Houston and Dick Griffin at Dallas are drawing capacity crowds. Galveston, Corpus Christi and Port Arthur clubs also doing well. Looks good hereabouts . . . . State champions in all weights will be designated this month . . . . Good thing for boxing . . . . Best prospect of the month is Buffalo Barcus, young colored heavyweight, who flattened Leo Haynes, Louis Leemon and Harry Brown. Barcus has something . . . . Mike Pereira took a ten-round duke over Jimmy McLaughlin . . . . Joey Parks starched Johnny Davis in two . . . . Danny Doran trounced K. O. Castillo and Julio Esquirdo . . . . Chief Evening Thunder, stablemate of Chief Paris, is a wow . . . . Thunder beat Kid Leva, Ted Tellos, K.O.'ed Phil Sharkey and drew with Cullen Williams . . . . Manager Onyx Roach and his stable of Indians are welcome additions here . . . . So is Joe Roybal, who has the sensational lightweight star, Ted Garcia, and a couple other boys . . . . Garcia boxed four times the first week he was here, stopping Ted Tellos, K. O. Lowry and Mike Flaherty, and winning over Cullen Williams.

Billy Pereira, classy feather, K.O.'ed Chick Sanchez in five and beat Vernon Palmer in ten . . . . Joey Zodda, New York lightweight, wore his bathing suit in the ring with Frankie Graham. Zodda missed his calling . . . . he should have been on one of Uncle Sam's Olympic teams . . . . the aquatic squad . . . . Kui Kong Young, colorful Chinese bantam, showed plenty of zip in beating Lou Hasso, Benny McIntosh and Frankie Higgins . . . . Stanley Adams looks like a comer. K.O.'ed Eddie Flores and beat Ralph Vitela . . . . Ted Tellos flattened the highly touted Jackie Carter in six . . . . Jimmy Hall lost a close tenner to Pete Girolamo . . . . Frank Kaponowski got a T.K.O. over Maxie Long when the latter was cut about the eyes . . . . Tracy Cox, Billy Deeg and Cullen Williams are consistent winners at Corpus Christi . . . . Bill Raggio handed Cowboy Marlin Owens a lacing . . . . J. D. Turner beat Pio Pico but was beaten by Tony Musto . . . . Red Farmer defeated Johnny Case, K.O.'ed Irish Kennedy and drew with Al Globe . . . . Midget Mexico T.K.O.'ed Jimmy McNeil and beat Chester Rudy.

Billy Deeg punched out a decision over Julio Esquirdo . . . . Frankie Rao drew one and won one with Ted Tellos and beat Frankie Adams . . . . Stuart Adams drew with Eddie Schaffer . . . . Schaffer beat Russ Curry but lost to Mike Flaherty . . . . Henry Newmann and Clarence Wilkins beat Huey Long . . . . Wilkins trounced Jack Rodriquez . . . . Ran Jackson, colored welter flash, defeated Douglas Rhone and "Pork Chops" Alexander . . . . A plum to Dallas sports scribes who really go to town for boxing . . . . Ft. Worth, where the Simon-pures recently drew crowds of 7000 fans, is due to start pro shows again . . . . Was once the best glove town in the South . . . . Also talk of San Antonio trying it again . . . . Wishy Jones is due to return this month to challenge Lew Jenkins . . . . Best fight column in these parts is Vic Emanuel's "Pardon My Glove" of the Houston *Post* . . . . Fighters or managers wishing to head this way would do well to contact Promoter Hugh Benbow, 214½ Main St., Houston, Texas.

TO OUR READERS

When moving, many of the surplus, reserve copies of The Ring were lost and I am anxious to get some odd copies to complete my personal bound volumes. I would deeply appreciate your help. If you have any of the following numbers, and you no longer need them, please send same to me and in return, I'll offer you either one dollar for each copy or a copy of Gene Tunney, or Jack Dempsey or Jimmy Braddock book. Here are the ones I particularly want:

February, 1923—April, 1924—September, 1924—April, 1925—June, 1925—August, 1925.

Nat Fleischer, THE RING, Madison Square Garden, New York City, New York, U.S.A.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

KEN OVERLIN, a very smart hombre from Virginia, long a top-flight middleweight, handed Dick Foster, promising young Berkeleyite, a gosh-awful ten-round lacing in their setto at the Dreamland Auditorium. Foster had naught but a fighting heart with which to combat the wily, hard-hitting Southerner who floored Dick seven times, no less, gave him a vicious body battering with a sweet left hook and confused the Dolph Thomas' protégé no end with the cleverest boxing performance local fans have seen for quite some time. Overlin is a flashy, tireless workman and will be welcome here any time, although the pleasure of his next appearance will be denied us until such time as he returns from his Australian invasion. The "Down Under" fans seem to go for scientific boxfighters, and they'll go for Mr. Overlin, mark our word!

Displaying valor above and beyond the line of duty, Phil Brubaker, Dinuba's gift to heavyweight society, came through a decisive winner over Domingo Valin, the Peck's Bad Boy from Haywards, after ten bruising rounds of fist-fighting at Oakland's Municipal Auditorium. The ex-parson was spilled twice in the second round by his hard-socking Portuguese foe and seemed all through for the night, but he managed to survive the storm of leather and come back furiously to outslug Valin completely throughout the remainder of a bout that deserves the Academy Award for being the most savage heavyweight brawl these parts have seen for quite a spell. It all went to show that, while Brubaker's chin is rather delicate and easily dented, his heart will pass any inspection. Talk has it that a rematch is in the offing, but methinks Parson Phil will pass on this question. It was the toughest evening of his current comeback campaign.

Donnie Maes, a sturdy young Mexican bantamweight from Los Angeles, pulled the month's prize upset by holding the Filipino star, Little Dado, to a draw in their ten-rounder on the same card. Dado's conquest of Jackie Jurich led everybody to believe that Maes would be duck soup for the tiny brown boy, but at the conclusion of hostilities, the edge, if any, belonged to the pint-sized caballero from the busy little southern metropolis.

"Texas Jack" Thompson, Tommy Cello's good-looking light-heavy, trounced Nash Garrison of San Jose in a third ten-round feature.

A fistic career that once ranked among the most promising, came to a bombastic end when Sonny Boy Walker, who not so long ago was tops among the coast heavies, went down in four rounds under the bludgeoning fists of Los Angeles' Bob Nestell, another of the exploded "boy wonders." Walker was dropped three times before the Dreamland Auditorium bout was halted.

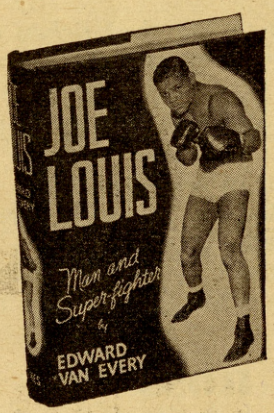
And one week later, Nestell was clipped for the count by Wild Bill Boyd in the first round of their Seattle meeting. Boyd is the latest scourge of the Northwest pachyderms.

Dave Lefton, Tommy Cello's crack featherweight, went ten fast rounds to a draw with Tomboy Romero in their San Jose battle. Originally hailing from Aberdeen, Wash., Lefton is a slender kid whose unimpressive physical appearance hides a terrific wallop and loads of real ability. He is definitely a comer, having scored knockouts over seventy-five per cent of his thirty-odd opponents.

"Newsboy" Millich, smart Russian light-heavyweight from Sacramento, won another National Hall start, when he trounced one "Dutch" Ulmer in the six round top at the tiny Sixteenth-and-Mission arena. Millich is capable of taking on better men than the likes of Mr. Ulmer.

HERE 'N THERE:—Jimmy Berres of Sacramento announced his retirement after he had been laced most thoroughly by "Little Tiger" Wade, the Peoria, Ill., colored welterweight . . . . Fred Pearl packed some five thousand of the faithful into Sacramento's Civic Auditorium when he presented a ten-round "natural" involving Joe Gavras, Norman Smiley's rugged Grecian lightweight, and Tomboy Romero, the veteran Sacramento favorite. It turned out a draw after ten good rounds of action . . . . Al Laboa, Mountain View light-heavyweight, dropped a six-round decision to "Chuck" Nickason, at Seattle . . . . Johnny Shumway of Idaho wiped out the lone black mark on his professional record when he pounded Harry Cahill out of commission in the fourth round of their National Hall main event. Cahill, the local boy who trimmed Johnny last December, receipted for a nasty licking before the referee intervened.

Young Joe Roche, the classy North Beach 118-pounder, has been acknowledged as State bantamweight champion. Roche would pack any local arena with Little Dado in the opposite corner . . . . Eddie White, hailed by many as a promising welterweight, got hisself knocked cold by Johnny Vierra of San Jose at National Hall . . . Dave Lefton and Henry Hook, the "Hoosier Hurricane," went ten to a tossup at San Jose . . . . Young Joe Roche whipped Tommy Cobb over ten frames at the same city . . . . "Chuck" Crowell, the big bully, weighing 222 pounds, looked very good in stopping Johnny Erjavec, 178, in the eighth at Los Angeles.



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IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

IN the biggest heavyweight battle in many years in Seattle, Wild Bill Boyd, former Pacific Coast Golden Glove finalist, knocked out Bob Nestell, Los Angeles puncher in just over two minutes of the first round.

The scheduled ten round bout ended in the initial canto when Boyd connected with three perfectly-timed punches. Nestell did not live up to advance publicity as Boyd gave him little chance to demonstrate his reported punching powers. The gate was reported as $5,700.

Al Hostak, Seattle's brilliant middleweight contender, scored a second round technical knockout victory over tough Swede Berglund, San Diego middleweight, before an overflow crowd of 8,000 people in the Civic Arena.

Freddie Steele, world's middleweight champion, returned to Tacoma with manager Eddie Miller and trainer Jack Connors. Steele is taking a short rest before he begins serious training for some major bouts on the Coast this summer. The champion is tentatively scheduled to meet Young Corbett in San Francisco in June for Promoter Tony Palazola. Win, lose or draw, Steele will probably meet Al Hostak in Seattle this summer in a gigantic outdoor show.

Midnight Bell, sensational Portland middleweight, is piling up an impressive winning streak around the Pacific Coast in the 160-pound division. Bell's last opponent was Ernie Campagno of Seattle who was belted out in the third round.

Logger Jack Hibbard, Klamath Falls middleweight, went to a surprise ten round draw with Johnny Shumway, hard hitting 160-pounder, in the main event of Matchmaker Stub Nelson's show in Portland. Nelson is putting on shows sponsored by the Portland Municipal Boxing Commission.

The Vancouver Boxing and Wrestling Commission is hesitating over the naming of a new boxing promoter in the British Columbia metropolis. Ted Moore is battling Chuck Nickason in court so several prospective promoters have filed an application. Sid Beech and Hector McDonald suddenly withdrew their application without announcing an explanation. Other applicants are Noel Jones of baseball fame, Stan Patrick (of the hockey Patricks) with Nate Druxman and the combination of George Mendels and Dave Cavadas is the third application. Ted Moore, of course, still retains his license.

On Ted Moore's last card in Vancouver, Chuck Nickason, promising light heavyweight scored a fourth round T.K.O. victory over Sonny Buxton, Victoria 175-pounder before a near capacity house. Nickason had Sonny on the canvas a half dozen times before referee Tommy Moore stepped in to save the one-sided affair. Buxton seemed a little out of shape and his confidence was badly shaken after losing to Eddie Wenstob in a Canadian light heavyweight championship bout.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Dapper Gus Wilson accompanied Bob Nestell to Seattle for his fight with Wild Bill Boyd . . . . Billy Buxton is recovering from an injured hand and is after a fight with the new Canadian feather king, Jackie Callura of Toronto . . . . Ted Moore, former star British middleweight, thinks that Max Schmeling is too smart for Joe Louis and should beat the Brown Bomber again this summer . . . . Ted fought the Teuton Schlager, so he should know.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Salt Lake City, Utah: Jackie Burke, veteran Ogden welterweight, pulled a surprise by hammering out an eight-round win over Billy Barnes, Salt Lake youngster, who has been going like a house afire out on the West Coast.

At Delta, Colo.: Steve Jackson, Delta middleweight, scored a quick win over Bob Nash, Denver fighter, Nash going out in the opening round from a right-hand blow to the chin.

In the eight-round semi-final, Ross Romero, Durango, Colo., decisioned Lloyd Ulibarri of Montrose in a slashing mill. The two are lightweights.

Recommended to those who like to read about the rip-roaring old days of bare-knuckle pugilism, Jack Kofoed's "Brandy for Heroes." It's a pip.

At Craig, Colo.: Hershey Wilson, Eagle, Colo., scored a knockout over the veteran Frankie Russell, Craig, in the second round of a scheduled 10-round go. Russell was on the deck four times during the abbreviated fray. They are welters.

Johnny Flynn, promising Cheyenne 175-pounder, continued his winning streak with a six-round decision over Tiger Woodbury of Rawlins, Wyo.

At Albuquerque, N. M.: Tony Chavez, New Mexico's ace entry in pugilism's ranks, came back to the old home town long enough to pound out a 10-round decision over Willie Davis of Mexico. Chavez held the upper hand throughout the mill. The pair are featherweights.

B. N. McNamara, Grand Junction, Colo.: Well, your guess is as good as mine, but personally, I think Frank Gotch could have tossed any half dozen of the present crop in the same ring the same night. Providing, of course, wrestling rules were adhered to.

In my book, this rough and tumble stuff isn't wrestling at all. Consequently, I maintain there isn't anyone entitled to the heavyweight wrestling crown. That's my opinion, take it for what you think it is worth.

Remember the writer has a complete list of fight promoters in this neck of the woods that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also answer any questions relative to the fight game out this way. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Incidentally, this Cyclone Lynch is one of the hardest hitters it has been this writer's privilege of seeing in many moons. What with such a scarcity of heavyweight performers in this region, seems like the Cyclone ought to be much more in demand than he is. Evidently somebody is overlooking a bet in this colored thumper.

M. D., Fargo, N. D.: Battling Nelson was born in Denmark on June 5, 1882.

"Reader," Delta, Colo.: Yes, Jack Johnson defended his heavyweight title in France in 1914. Winning a 20-round decision over Frank Moran with none other than Georges Carpentier doing the officiating.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

LIGHTWEIGHTS headed the professional boxing show at the New Haven Arena, Frankie Klick, San Francisco leather swinger, meeting Johnny Bellus, New England's lightweight champion. Bellus outboxed his opponent from start to finish in 10 rounds.

Johnny Mack, popular lightweight, registered a ring triumph in outpunching Sedgewick Harvey, New York fighter, in a six-round semi-final. Curran "Spotty" Spottswood landed a hard right to Paul Kelly's head and a left and right to the jaw that ended the fight in two rounds.

Julie Kogan battled through six rounds to capture the verdict over Joe De Jesus. Frankie Young, New Haven, spilled Pat Callahan with hard blows to the chin in the fourth round to end the fight.

At Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, Conn., Johnny Mack, New Britain ringster, won all the way in the feature eight-round bout over Tommy Logan of Holyoke.

In the semi-final, Joey Izzo, Hartford mitt tosser, and Jimmy Ritchie exchanged punches for six rounds with the verdict being a draw. The bout that contained many thrills was the four-round bout between George Pepe and Joey Wasnick, with Pepe the winner.

In a return bout of five rounds, Jackie Clark smashed his way to gain the decision over Joey Rosier. They drew in their first affair recently. Bobby "Poison" Ivy was the winner over Carlo Ponde in the third frame on a technical knockout. Sammy Maltempo, Willimantic light-heavyweight, got the decision over Joey Klemba in a four-rounder.

Nathan Mann, Hamden heavyweight, knocked out Lou Lepage in the second round of their scheduled 10-round feature bout at New Haven Arena when Mann let fly a terrific wallop to the jaw.

In his first professional battle, Joe Triano, Naugatack belter, was successful when he scored over Freddie Pease of Willimantic in four rounds.

George Fitch, New Haven light-heavyweight, proved the better boxer in defeating Gene Bonin in the eight-round semi-final. Al Boros, a heavyweight from Bridgeport, put over the sleeping wallop to the chin of Joe Jackson in the second canto. Joe Dowguillo of Worcester outboxed Spotty Spotswood to win in four rounds.

Eddie Reed received the decision in the star bout of eight rounds over Johnny Compo at the Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, in a bout that was tame.

Unknown Morgan, hard punching Negro middleweight, won a technical knockout in the second round over Tommy Romano of a billed six-round semi-final.

Again Bobby Ivy gained victory when he flattened Pete Mikowski of Meriden in the second round with right hand blows to the chin. A technical knockout triumph was scored in the fifth round by Jackie Clark over Eddie McGraw. Another bout ended in the second round when George Pepe disposed of his foe, Joe Sobbie. The four-round battle between Eddie Mahoney and Jackie Kildare was brought to an end in the first round with Mahoney the victor.

Industrious Irish Eddie Dolan is the new threat in the welterweight class. He marches on continually, adding to his already long string of victories Howell King, Midget Wolgast, Nick Pastore and for the second time Howell King.

Dolan is aggressive, fast, clever and he can take it as well. He is under the management of Jack Moore and Dave Karess.

At Buffalo, N. Y., Charley Eagle, hard hitting warrior, slammed out a two-round knockout over Milton Shivers in a scheduled six, and then dropped a decision to Jimmy Clark, whom he had on the deck in the opening round.

The boxing news must be in my hands before the first of the month. Address 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By WILLIAM PIKER

DAVEY DAY, Chicago lightweight, decisioned Tommy Speigal of Uniontown at Motor Square Garden. Speigal survived two knockdowns in the early stages of the fight. The distance was ten rounds. Stealing the show was the return encounter between Harry Krause and Ray Sharkey, with Sharkey winding up on the short end of the verdict.

Teddy Yarosz dropped considerable prestige in a ten-round loss at Cleveland with Carmen Barth. Yarosz had been previously engaged to box Solly Krieger in New York, but the match fell through.

Fritzie Zivic, Luke Carney's ranking welter, registered a ten-round victory at Motor Square Garden when he met Charley Burley, colored welterweight star. Harry Krause, Johnny Ray's devastating lightweight, collected a two-round knockout triumph over Pete Leone of Akron, O., in the semi-final. Carmen Notch, classy East Liberty boxer, annexed a questionable decision over Ralph Gizzy, Donora buzzsaw, over the six-round route. Lew Berg, Pittsburgh heavy, who created a ripple in fight circles two years ago, came back to decisively whip Buff Mellinger of McKeesport. Billy Miller, the flashy lightweight from Lawrenceville, outpointed a fighter parading under the outlandish sobriquet of "Havana Kid" of Cuba. Bill Battles turned pro when he stopped Bill Mueller of South Heights in three rounds. The show drew $6,000.

GEMS FROM THE FISTIC BROADWAY—Ray Foutts, manager of Teddy Yarosz, may not be the greatest mentor in the game, but certainly he is one of the shrewdest . . . . Sammy Angott emerged the winner over Jackie Wilson when they clashed at Milwaukee in a ten-round encounter . . . . Al Quaill, middleweight slugster, knocked out Jimmy Brown, Canton, O., 160-pounder, at Akron in the eighth chapter . . . . Carmen Notch made a hit in Detroit by his clever boxing in whipping Joe Doty on the card which featured Henry Armstrong and Eddie Zivic . . . . Ossie Stewart, colored Smoketown middleweight, is knocking them dead in the neighborhood clubs around New York.

Fritzie Zivic turned the tables on Tommy Bland by stopping the Canadian welterweight at Motor Square Garden in the eighth round after piling up eight knockdowns. Leonard Bennett was proclaimed the winner over Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles Mexican, after an unpopular ten-round infighting contest. Ray Sharkey, sensational lightweight puncher from Cleveland, edged out Harry Krause in a bang-up six-round swing session. Billy Miller stopped Leo Rittenour in four.

Following are the results of the talent bouts held last month at Duquesne Garden:

Rich Gregory won decisions over Ralph Gizzy and Carmen Notch. Charley Burley knocked out Art Tate. Emil Joseph whipped Jimmy White. Freddie Lenn won over Kid Teeko and kayoed Oscar Gardner. Minnie De More drew with Troy Bellini. Irving Sarlin whipped Lew Martinek. Lee Sala won over Casey Rhodes. John Henry Thomas won from Carl Turner. Baby Miller whipped Tiger Walker. Joe Pohaskey scored against Tommy Daniels. Daniels stopped Wild Bill Niland. Tony Constantino defeated Tommy Green. Gigi Carabba decisioned Joey Sulk. George Raffa won the nod over Mac Verge. Jimmy Burns and Mike Slivensky drew. Burns beat Slivensky in return go. Eddie Tuscher whipped Leroy Franklin. Steve Kobeda kayoed Marty Sluka. Woodrow White beat Chuck Taggert.

The Allegheny Mountain Association junior A.A.U. tourney was staged in the Metropolitan Club. Eight new champions were crowned as follows: Heavyweight, Art Brown; light-heavyweight, Charles Dyer; middleweight, Bill Battles; welterweight, Patsy Saroka; lightweight, Johnny Rucker; featherweight, Tommy Loomis; bantamweight, Velmond White; flyweight, Buddy Williams.

Curiously enough, two of the busiest world fistic champions in the game were fighters who possessed a particular disregard for training rules. They were Maxey Rosenbloom and Harry Greb. Each engaged in more than 250 fights over a period of fourteen years apiece.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

TEDDY YAROSZ, former middleweight champion, lost a disputed decision to Cleveland's Carmen Barth in the feature bout of Al Sutphin's slam bang show at the Arena. Going into the second heat Barth tore a ligament in his ankle although he continued gamely, he was unable to get away from Teddy's right-hand blows to the heart region. It was a split decision with one judge and the referee, Lou Parker, voting for Barth. The duke was greeted with plenty of cheers, but the newspapers thought that Yarosz had a slight edge. Although everyone was happy, Ray Foutts would like a return match in his own back yard. (Pittsburgh promoters please note.)

Georgie Pace, fourth ranking bantam by the N.B.A. and fifth ranking in the monthly issue of THE RING, blasted out a 10-round duke over Katzumi Morioka, flooring the Jap three times. Ted Keating and Lou Presto put on the thrill of the night with Presto gaining the decision. Keating hit the deck once in the eight rounder, but came back strongly in the last three heats. George Baratko stopped substitute Babe Dunning in seven rounds. Jimmy White got revenge by defeating Hank Pershing in a great opener.

Gorilla Jones, past king of the middles, toyed with Jack Moran, the fighting policeman from Cleveland, to climax Johnny Hannison's show at Akron. Lloyd Pine defeated Pete Leone in the best fight of the night. Roger Brooks, Cleveland welter, decisioned Hank Snyder in a fast six-rounder.

Troy Bellini, former national amateur champion, boxing under the direction of Bill Thorpe, well known sportsman, stole the show on Jack Hollister's card in Pittsburgh, when he received a draw with Minie DeMore. Thorpe says that Bellini is in demand by Pittsburgh promoters after his fine showing with DeMore.

Jimmy White, after winning three straight fights in Pittsburgh, lost to the clever baby faced kid, Emil Josephs. Josephs was too cute for White, keeping him at range at all times. White never had a chance to let go with his lethal right hand.

Ray Sharkey seems to box in hard luck. He lost a disputed duke to Baby Miller down in Wheeling, W. Va. In Pittsburgh he lost another booed verdict to Harry Krause, although Sharkey a few weeks back punched out a duke over Krause.

Jules Beck of Pittsburgh is getting ready to promote again there. He is now making matches for Mike McKinney in Canton. On the first show Buddy Knox of Dayton knocked out Lloyd Clements in two rounds. They played to a nice house.

The Amateur Boxing Trainers' Association will put on a benefit intercity show for the Amateur Boxers' Medical Fund. As an added attraction they will try to get all the old-timers to appear. Some of the names already offered are: Artie Root, Young Kivi, Matt Brock, Frankie Chatterton, Lew Parker, Joe Sedely, Jimmy Avon, Pete Brancato, Johnny Papke, Tony LaBranch, Bryan Downey, Charley O'Connell and a host of others.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy LaMarr was stopped by Al Bernard at Houston, Tex. . . . . Jimmy Vaughn is boxing around New York . . . . Patsy Perroni and Mike Gamiere are headed for the Golden West with Manager Henry Andrews . . . . Lou Jallos is taking it easy around town picking up weight . . . . Lew Raymond is around Pittsburgh again (I sure have trouble keeping tab of Lew) . . . . Frankie Wallace, still in demand, lost to Jackie Kid Berg . . . . Midge Mangine is back in training after a little rest . . . . Bryan Downey is getting ready to take over another floor of the building where his gym is located, to build handball courts . . . . the boys will sure love that.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

JIMMY ADAMICK, Detroit's hard hitting heavy, scored two knockdowns in winning a victory over Natie Brown, wise battler from Washington, D. C., in a 10-rounder at the Detroit Olympia.

Wesley Ramey, veteran lightweight contender from Grand Rapids, continues to remain in the pugilistic limelight. During the past month Ramey beat Jimmy Buckler, Louisville, Ky., gamester in a hard 10-rounder at Muskegon. Two weeks later Ramey dropped Russell Hayes, Terre Haute, Ind., twice before scoring a technical kayo in the seventh.

Hurricane Henry Armstrong's savage attack was a little too much for Eddie Zivic to wade through, and the Pittsburgher's handlers threw in the towel in the fourth round. Zivic tried hard but did not possess the weapons to hold off the fiery little champion.

Maurice Strickland, New Zealand heavy, stopped the veteran Charley Belanger of Winnipeg in the semi-final. Strickland dropped Charley several times before a towel ended the bout in the third.

Kid Sila, hard hitting Cuban protege of Julius Gonzales, stole the show with his six-round kayo of Carl Fosnaugh. Sila got off the floor in the second to drop Fosnaugh twice in the fifth, and then finish him in the sixth. It was an exciting battle. Carmen Notch, a nice fighter from Pittsburgh, outscored Joe Doty, and Marty Simmons edged Jimmy Clark.

Tony Petrowski, rough going Muskegon welter, dropped a six-round decision to Frankie Hughes, hard hitting Terre Haute boxer, at Muskegon. In a return mill, Petrowski reversed the decision in a tough 10-rounder.

Louie Newman is running weekly shows at Arena Gardens, and George Sutka, rough Wyandotte slugger, upset the dope when he whipped Junior Munsell, sensational Oklahoma Indian, in a 10-rounder. Al Delaney, globe trotting Windsor heavy, topped Newman's last card and scored a kayo over Max Zona of Chicago.

Frank Kapanowski returned from a successful tour of the south and southwest, and reported the fight game in a healthy condition in those parts. Frank had three bouts in Florida, and then turned in three successive triumphs in Texas to establish himself as a favorite.

Bobby Wood, flashy red head from Flint, seems to have hit his stride and turned in impressive victories over Mike Arsomonia at Pontiac; Louis Pyde in Detroit, and a two-round technical kayo over Gary Rosett in Muskegon. Wood is one of the niftiest pieces of fighting machinery to be seen in these parts in some time.

Maxie Newman, a good young heavyweight prospect, ran into a tough break. After scoring three successive kayos in Fairview rings, Maxie broke his right hand in a battle with Willie Williams at Arena Gardens and was forced to box the remainder of the fight with one hand, dropping a close decision.

Bobby McIntire, Michigan's lightweight champion, is expected to box Wesley Ramey soon. McIntire has been turning in some good wins of late and seems to be headed for bigger things.

George Burnette, Dave Knight's colored middleweight star, has been doing well of late. In recent bouts he triumphed over Alabama Kid, King Wyatt and Sammy Christian. He will attempt to reverse a decision scored over him by Wyandotte's Joe Sutka in the near future.

Al Nettlow, River Rouge ace, seems to be getting a knockout wallop. In a Milwaukee ring Nettlow floored Georgie Vander Heyden, South Bend, stylist, five times in scoring a second round kayo.

Billy Bengal, Detroit welter, repeated a previous kayo victory when he stopped Dave Egan in the second round at Pontiac.

Davey "Red" Casson, Detroit's 122-pound "toy bulldog," was idle the past month. Manager Johnny MacIntyre is having plenty of trouble booking fights for Casson, as none of the little fellows seem to want to sample the redhead's wallops.

Joey Miehielove, Detroit Serbian star, is boxing again, and has taken on poundage. He will confine his work to the welterweight division in the future. During the month Joey turned in kayos over Jimmy Harper at Bay City and Major Brown at Detroit.

Eddie Scott, rangy sharpshooter from Merle Richard's stable, outpointed Gene Barrett at Bay City. Scott waged a cagy battle to edge Roger Bernard's hard punching protege.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOBBY KRAFT, Dayton's up-and-coming light-heavyweight, stuck his brown leather mitten right into the toplight of the national division at Dayton when he grabbed an eight-round verdict over Lou Barney, rugged veteran, in one of Ed Schaaf's Gymnasium programs.

Cincinnati will shortly return to the running when Herman S. Katz and his Parkway Club resume operations after a layoff extended since last summer. There have been no professional shows in Cincinnati general since the Parkway organization halted action. Mr. Katz can be reached at the Parkway Club offices in the Grand Theatre Building. Managers are requested to place their stable before Katz at once.

Results of two recent shows held at Fort Thomas, Ky., were Al Lunsford's duke over Mike Flarity and Arden Carder's surprise verdict over veteran Smokey Maggard. Both were eight-round bouts. A likely prospect at the northern Kentucky arena was Harlan Sammons, a lightie, who stepped out with a pair of six-round decisions over Jackie Shields in his last two times to the post.

Mrs. Evelyn Harper's 137 pounder, Kid Brock, looks to be going places. The little Louisville battler, who formerly threw the gloves under the name of Young Schmeling, bore through the month with a decision over hard-punching Cecil Powell and then a draw with Frankie Gilmore, improved Cinci lightweight ace. Mrs. Harper, No. 1 woman fight manager, a drawing power in her own rights alone, has in Brock, we believe, a prospect who will go far if handled right. Under his present management, the Kid has what he needs to click.

Louisville came through with a surprise battle when Wild Bill McDowell punched out an eight-round decision over Freddy Euler at the Columbia Gym. McDowell, fighting in both the welter and middle divisions, has been plugging along, winner after winner. He looks to have found himself, chiefly through his winner over Euler.

Alabama Kid, the colored cannon from Columbus, knocked out Jimmy Brown of Cincinnati in the seventh round of their scheduled 10-round bout at Newark, O. The writer still insists that if Alabama Kid would confine his activities alone to his rightful division, the 160-pound ranks, the Alabaman would remain tops for a long time. Taking into consideration Manager Less Huffman's plea that the top middies won't fight his Negro star, the writer thinks it is high time Freddy Steele, Apostoli, Ben Brown and the others sign on the line to put Alabama to the test. The Kid would go over big if shown in New York.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Lou Barney stepped back into Dayton's limelight with a score over Tony Usas . . . . Billy Adams, Cincinnati light-heavyweight, is punching a .500 around New York . . . . one winner, one loser . . . . Lee Cox and Dave O'Shaughnessy, Cincinnati fist tossers, are campaigning down Florida way at present . . . . Pat Wright of Louisville and Cincinnati is matcher at the Beach Arena in Miami Beach . . . . Pat put on a thriller between Joe Knight and Eddie Boyle of Cleveland . . . . Knight was topper.

Fight managers and promoters interested in securing twice a month up-to-the-minute boxing results review from all over the country, should contact the writer . . . . Jimmie Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . at once . . . . this also goes to shoot in your program results . . . . they'll be inserted . . . . Mike Griffin, veteran local manager, is still going along despite his years . . . . Mike's gym, located on McMicken near Vine, is one of the leading training quarters in the city . . . . visiting scrappers are welcome . . . . I have ready at fifty cents in cash a compilation of nearly 400 boxing promoters throughout the country . . . . first come, first served to promoters, managers and independent boxers looking for work through correct sources . . . . Jimmy Dell, according to reports, is seeking Bob Pastor for the feature on the Derby Eve program at Louisville . . . . Don Koons, prospective Hamilton, O., heavyweight challenger, is training daily for several outdoor shots . . . . Doc Shevlin is supervising the Hamilton hopeful's workouts . . . . Joe (Palooka) Matthews, Richmond, Va., welterweight, is pointing to a serious campaign through the Mid West . . . . Mickey Kilcher, up Cleveland way, is setting his protege George Baratko for a title shot . . . . Mickey looks like he has pay dirt in the punching Clevelander, a middleweight . . . . The writer if addressed at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, will welcome letters from boxers of all weights, without strings, who are seeking work in this section.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

KID CHOCOLATE, Cuba's pride and glory, proved that he is gaining rapid recognition in his comeback adventure by winning over Fillio Echevarria of Spain in 10 flashing rounds at the Polar Stadium in Havana. Chocolate appeared in tip-top shape, went through his assignment like a master, and all through the 10 rounds showed that he is still in the running for a crack at the title. He displayed his cleverness and speed like in his championship days, and throughout the contest was never in danger. In the second round, near the ropes, Chocolate landed a short right to the chin which floored the Spaniard for a seven count, the only knockdown in the contest.

Chocolate and Echeverria broke all records for little men in attendance, and the gate passed the $15,000 mark. This proves that good cards will always draw the customers in Havana, like Madison Square Garden or Yankee Stadium.

Juan Belmonte, who promoted the fight, deserves the title of "Cuban Tex Rickard" as he always supplies the fireworks and is never afraid to take a chance with his dinero. Good work Belmonte, and continue your efforts for Cuban sports.

Fernando Rios refereed the bout, and did splendid work. When he's in the ring there is law and order, and his long years of experience makes him an absolute master in the ring.

Commandante Marine, president of the Boxing Commission, presented both Chocolate and Echeverria with a platinum watch for their meritorious work in the ring.

Goyo Rico regained the Cuban heavyweight crown by scoring a seven-round knockout over Kid Caravajal at the Cristal Arena.

Pedro Herrera copped the middleweight title of Cuba in outpointing Kid Gibara in 12 rounds. Manolo Gomez scored a six-round decision over Cocoliso.

Rene Sanchez repeated his win over Kid Bradad in 10 rounds of good fighting. Chino Buides scored a T.K.O. over Valentin Pedroso, and Tommy Loughran of Cuba won from Chino Mercades in four rounds.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

LITTLE PANCHO, champion of the Philippines, and Henry Moreno were ordered by the commission to fight all over again without extra dough. In the last bout both were thrown out of the ring, the referee declaring "no contest." Pancho was to receive $600 and Moreno $300.

More than 3,000 fans were disappointed in the recent Pancho and Moreno bout which was stopped in the ninth round. Paying $1.10 to $2.20 they didn't show half of the amount paid by the customer. Moreno tried to make a fight by forcing the Fil but Pancho wasn't willing. Johnny Ladao decisioned Augie Curtis. These boys showed up the main eventers by a mile in performance.

An outstanding wrestling match of the year—Oki Shikina retained his Hawaiian wrestling title by subduing Matros Kirilenko, of Russia, in 54 minutes with his favorite Japanese Arm bar. The match was for an hour and attracted a packed house of 4,000 fans. Oki demanded a guarantee and received $500 in advance.

Johnny Ladao won from Adolph Samuels in an eight rounder which was not so impressive for his debut.

Adolph Samuels, local bantam champion defended his title by holding Cris Crispin to a ten round draw. The bout really proved a close one and full of thrills. Joe Ledesma won a close six rounder from Korean Chin in the semi-windup.

In his local debut Ceferino Garcia made an impressive showing by knocking the daylights out of Otto Blackwell, Los Angeles Negro, in the seventh round before a crowd of 3,000 fans. Otto hit the deck receiving a hard smash to the mouth.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B.W.I.
By JACK LOUIS

IN England, Buzz Barton and Lefty Flynn are suffering from lack of "battle practice," as it appears that all the good men are beginning to fight shy of these two worthy Jamaican boys. I am rather inclined to criticize the British boxing promoters for not giving the boys a square deal, in that they were never given a crack at the Empire titles in their respective divisions, to which I think they were entitled in view of their formidable performances here and in England.

Our five amateur boxers did very well at the Central American Olympic Games held in Panama recently, and with the experience they have gained, we hope for many more laurels at the next Olympic Games to be held in Costa Rica.

Jamaica secured one gold medal, one silver medal, and three bronze medals. I most heartily congratulate T. K. Wint, Jr., our only gold medalist, on his splendid performance, and wish for him every success in the future. Cameron, our silver medalist, did good work, and I wish him better luck in his next try. Walker, our middleweight; Johnson, our bantamweight, and Thompson, our flyweight, all earned bronze medals and deserve praise for turning in very good fights against their much more seasoned and experienced opponents.

Heartiest congratulations to our four weight-lifters, O. G. Charley, E. C. Williams, G. M. Espeut and C. L. Goldsmith. Charley and Williams won the heavy and middleweight crowns, thus gaining gold medals. Espeut and Goldsmith, our lightweight and featherweight hopes, took second places, for which they gained silver medals, and Jamaica is justly proud of their performance.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

IN the most amazing upset in local fistic history during the past ten years, Walter Woods, New York middleweight contender, scored a smashing three round technical knockout over Ralph De John, Syracuse's boxing star, before a crowd of 5,000 fans who jammed the Arena to the doors. After dropping the first two rounds on points, Woods walked out in the third round and floored De John three times with murderous lefts and rights to the jaw. When the handsome Northsider hit the deck for the third time, Joe Netro, his canny manager, leaped into the ring before Referee Jack Michaels could complete the count, automatically forcing Michaels to stop the bout, and thereby added a technicality to the knockout.

Arguments as to whether De John could have beaten the count after the final knockdown have been plentiful since Ralph's unexpected defeat. De John ruled an 11 to 5 choice to win before the battle, and a wealth of wagering prevailed. Woods backers reaped a harvest by grabbing everything offered on the local idol. The ending was so spectacular and dramatic the bout has been the main topic of discussion here for a month.

Most fans and members of the fight fraternity credit Netro with doing the smart thing by jumping into the ring, but one sports writer insisted Joe made a big mistake. Netro claims he lost his head when he saw De John on the receiving end of the terrific barrage unlimbered by the product of Gotham's celebrated Gas House district. He says he was thinking only of De John's welfare when he hopped into the battle pit. To our way of thinking, Netro used his head. A technicality robs an actual knockout of much of its sting. When De John regained his feet he fought with Netro and his seconds for ten minutes, claiming he was not knocked out and could have continued. Ralph still insists he could have got up before the fatal ten count.

Whether De John could have licked the count is a fact unknown. He looked dazed, groggy and finished as Referee Michaels reached the sixth decimal. In any event, a return match between the two would sell out a larger auditorium than the Arena which seats 6,500.

In the semi-final, a fast six round affair, Don Eddy, Niagara Falls junior-lightweight, won a close and unpopular decision over Pedro Lorenzo of Philadelphia. Carl Dell (Delberta), Oneonta welter, outpointed Joey Kolba, Utica slugger in a bitter six round slugfest. Making a successful comeback, Steve Halaiko, Auburn's brilliant welter, won easily over rugged Joe Rovelli, of Albany, in six interesting rounds. Steve had Rovelli on the verge of a kayo in the final stanza but did not try to finish him. In the four round opener, Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse lightweight, won all the way over Willie Hines, veteran New York Negro boxer.

Bert Courage now has 48 knockouts in 54 bouts to his credit. The colorful, hard hitting Hobart amateur heavyweight says he will turn professional when his kayo record numbers the half century mark.

The amateurs under the guidance of Irv Robbins have staged some excellent shows in the Arena, operating every Friday night at popular prices. Ollie Smith, giant Negro heavyweight is the newest threat to Bert Courage's laurels. A match between these two huskies would sell out the local club.

Vic Christy, popular Glendale, California, wrestler, won over Jack League of Oklahoma in a thrilling mat battle. Danno O'Mahony, the Irish grappler scored a one fall victory over tough Joe Cox of Kansas City in another exciting grunt and groan match. The matadors go here every other Monday night with boxing alternating. Wladyslaw Talun, the Polish skyscraper, is a big card here packing them in against Dr. Fred Myers and Baron Benny Ginsberg, both of whom he tossed in short order.

Eddie Saxon, local colored light-heavyweight, knocked out Wally Sears, of Scranton, in the third round in the Anthracite City.

LEFT-HOOKS—Hans Haverlick, getting in trim for his match with Nathan Mann at the Gotham Hipp never looked better . . . . He's hitting harder and punching sharper than ever before . . . . The Olympic license was transferred to Watertown, N. Y., for one pro wrestling show featuring Strangler Bob Wagner and Lieut. Bill Sledge . . . . Wagner won . . . . Dazzler Clark ran out of a match here with O'Mahony, pleading illness but three nights later threw Seelie Samari of Algeria in a thriller at Boston . . . . Curtis Sheppard, New York Golden Glove heavyweight champ, lost to Ollie Smith and was slated to meet Bruno Michaels in another scrap but took a powder on Michaels . . . . Charlie Moore, metropolitan Negro heavy subbed, and kayoed Michaels in two . . . . Frankie Custer, Minetto buzz saw of the amateurs, and Ollie Smith won upstate titles at a monster Buffalo tourney . . . . Custer copped the 126 pound berth, Smith the heavyweight . . . . Neither went to the Boston Nationals because of cuts . . . . Bert Courage knocked out Le Roy Evans of Chicago in two rounds at Fulton before a sell-out crowd . . . . Babe Risko is rapidly getting in shape for his announced comeback . . . . He will again be managed by Gabe Genovese . . . . Joe Brady's Scranton stable is composed of a bunch of healthy young hard hitting coal crackers . . . . Steve Gacha, a Brady lightweight, kayoed Tommy Tedesco here in a round . . . . Mickey Devine is coming along nicely . . . . He defeated Pedro Lorenzo and Tony Sciolino in his last two outings . . . . Gabby Gans, trainer of Joe Boscarino and other New York boxers is now acting in that capacity here . . . . Pro boxing has made a remarkable comeback here . . . . Good fights are the reason . . . . Two good summer bouts here would be Risko vs. De John and Courage vs. either . . . . Eddie Hogan made an overnight stopoff to watch Woods polish De John enroute to the coast . . . . Wesley Farrell, Jerry the Greek's welter, is now living here and training at Brady's gym.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

JIMMY JONES, of Baltimore, hung a knockout on young George Arbrams, of Washington, D. C., in the fifth round of a scheduled ten rounder at the Turner Arena in Washington, D. C. George had a string of 18 victories and looked like he was going to add Jimmy to his list until the fatal crash, that really was a well timed right hand punch to the jaw that put George on ice for at least two minutes. Arbrams had the better of the battle as far as it went although Jones was doing a good job in the clinches. Ivan Nedomasky handed a terrific pasting to El Brookman in the six round semi-final scoring three knockdowns, but, Brookman, who lacks experience, was in there punching at the final bell, holding the highly touted Nedomasky off from the final kill.

Joey Archibald, of Providence, had things his own way with Johnny Mirabella technically knocking out the latter after nine rounds. Joey put Johnny down for two no counts in the early rounds but on each occasion Archibald got off the floor to hand Mirabella a good licking. The game New Yorker took plenty battering before the bout was halted by Referee Denny Hughes in round nine.

Joey Straiges, of Camden, had the better of Ray Ingram of Washington, in a ten rounder at Richmond, Va. Straiges was too clever for the Washington entry who took quite a pasting for his game effort.

Sailor Leroy Born won a wide margin over Calvin Calp in a feature eight round bout in Baltimore. The former sailor had a close call himself in round two when he hit the deck for a nine count from a terrific right landed by the Baltimorean. In the latter rounds Born put Calp down for three counts but could not put on the finishing touch to the tough Baltimorean. Vic Finnazzo, of Baltimore, halted Joey Spangler, of Richmond, in three heats due to a badly cut eye. Frankie Litt easily outpointed Mannie Wible in eight rounds.

Baby Manuel, of Washington, knocked out Dominick Burrone, of Philadelphia, in the fourth round of a ten rounder at Salisbury, Md.

Tony Dupre, of Providence, easily outpointed Armando Sicilia, of Chicago, in ten rounds at Baltimore. Dupre who is just about the best featherweight to show in these parts in many a day gave the Italian boy a boxing lesson. Lou Transperanti knocked out Gerard Delia in the third round of the scheduled eight round semi-final.

Saverio Turiello, of Italy, scored over Andrea Jessurum, of New York, in ten rounds at Washington. The fight was a classy one between two of the best welterweights around. Willie Fool, of New York, had the better of Bob Wilson in the six round semi-final. Bill Teems defeated Leroy Zinkham in another six rounder.

Baby Manuel, of Washington, took the duke over Sailor Born, of North Carolina, in ten rounds at Baltimore. Born put the Baby down for a short count early in the fight but Manuel more than made up for this to earn an undisputed decision. Fred Jaworski licked Earl Chaney in a six round semi-final.

Red Burman, of Baltimore, had the better of Eddie Mader in ten rounds giving the New Yorker a terrific body licking most of the way. Mader hit the deck on three occasions but just would not stay put getting off the floor to carry the fight to his stronger opponent. Joe Straiges was too clever for Abe Denner in the eighth round semi-final. El Brookman licked Joe Reno in six and Chester Ruby won over Al Ditiman in four rounds.

PICKUPS—Kid Williams, former bantamweight champion, is now a boxing instructor for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation at Sparrows Point in Baltimore. The Century Club of Baltimore which was put on the side lines because of a fire destruction to the Carlin's Arena is now back in the picture in Baltimore on Monday nights with the rival outfit the Arena A.C. operating on Friday nights. Goldie Ahearn, matchmaker for the Griffith Stadium is lining up his summer shows.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

AN undiminished and hitherto undreamed of enthusiasm for boxing on the part of the Lima public was shown during the Latin-American amateur boxing tournament, which came to a close on February 7, and the extent of general interest in the sport could be somewhat measured by the large crowds that assembled to see the fights which came off consecutively for ten nights at the National Stadium, with boxers from the Argentine, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay taking part.

Under the enthusiastic leadership of Manuel Angosto and his associates comprising the Peruvian Boxing Commission, amateur boxing has, during the last two or three years, taken its place among the major branches of sports at present flourishing in this country, and Peru sent representatives to Cordova, Argentine, in 1935; to Berlin in 1936, and to Santiago de Chile in 1937.

The organization of the tournament just ended was carried out without a hitch, and its realization in the capital of Peru reflects great credit on the officials responsible. Indeed, the results obtained have tended to place Lima on a high plane among the sporting circles of the American continent.

In glancing through the list of the amateurs who have taken part in the different contests, it will be observed that only four champions have defended the titles they won in Santiago de Chile last year. These are Pedro Umpierrez, flyweight, of Uruguay; José Coronado, featherweight of Peru; Jack Rezende, lightweight, of Brazil, and Alfonso Aguila, light-heavyweight, of Chile. The absent champions, all Argentinians, are Federico Olaverry (bantam), Bernardo López (featherweight), Antonio Lozano (welterweight), Mario Brutis (middleweight), and Primo D'Orazio (heavyweight).

Brazil did not send boxers to represent her in the middle and heavyweight divisions, and singularly, those Brazilians who took part in the present tournament were all members of the Navy of that country, with the exception of Helio Vinagre.

The results of the tourney speak most eloquently. Peru obtained a total of 28 points, and has been classified first. She obtained four South American championships: Bantam, feather, middle and heavyweights, owing to the successful performances of La Torre, Coronado, Carty and Quiróz, respectively. The last three were undefeated throughout. Among the local fighters, the featherweight king, José Coronado, deserves special praise. During the tourney he proved to be the best man in his division, and as a fitting finale to his performance, he gave a faultless display of technique and skill against Trotta, the Argentine slugger. Carty and La Torre, as well as Quiróz, exhibited promising talent, and made their blows tell, whether delivered by right or left hand. Zacarias Flores was the only Peruvian to score a kayo, which resulted in the breaking of a few of his opponent's ribs.

Argentina, which showed a well-balanced all-round technique, came second in order of merit and obtained 27 points, carrying off four titles, one sub-championship and two third places. The best men on the Argentine team, in my opinion, were Raul Rodriguez (welterweight champion) and Francisco Risiglione (light-heavyweight king), both of whom came out of their respective contests unbeaten, Risiglione scoring a kayo. As a matter of fact, Rodriguez displayed a better brand of boxing than has been seen in Lima among amateurs in recent years. His lack of a crashing punch is his only drawback. Piceda y Miguez, who also won their respective championships, showed up handsomely, and so did Trotta, Tuttolomondo and Villarreal.

Chile took third place with a total of 20 points, carrying home with her one championship title and five subchampions. The boys comprising this team were noted for their courage, and the results obtained by them are deserving of praise, considering the fact that adverse health conditions prevented the lot from "giving all they could." The best men in the bunch were López, Portales, who possesses a sound technique, Aguila, Vergara and Balbotin. Aronowsky and Ramirez, though not of the best, impressed the fans by their exceptional courage and aggressiveness.

Uruguay came fourth with 19 points to her favor. She was accredited with one champion in the flyweight division, Pedro Umpierrez, four subchampions and one third place. For myself, I am decided that Umpierrez was the best boxer-fighter of his poundage to take part in the contests. He is not only built for hard going, as was proved by his ready assimilation of punishment during one of his fights, but can fall when effectively struck, can get on his legs again and can win by miles. He has the stamina, and can place a whole lot of sledge-hammer blows on both sides of his opponent's ribs before getting into a clinch. De Vicenzi's victories gained much applause from the crowd, and Martinez and Fernandez, after very stormy contests, turned the tide in their favor by the judicious and effective use of their fists and their intelligence.

Brazil only scored eight points and came last. However, she won a championship title in the lightweight division, as well as a sub-championship in the middleweight category. I am inclined to consider Jack Rezende, the holder of the lightweight title, the best man on the Brazilian team. He lost only one fight, which, in my opinion, was due to a faulty decision, but he won three. His technical knockout in the second round over Enoc Ramirez was very sensational indeed. It had the crowd on its feet while the round lasted. The Chilean fell three times for 8—7—8 counts, but came back as brave as a bull, and with the smell of his own blood about his face and body. Rezende's inside crosses, straight lefts and uppercuts delighted the crowd. His style and technique were excellent, being backed up as they were by his experience in the ring. Indeed, his display showed how justly he is recognized throughout South America as Brazil's most efficient amateur in the lightweight division. Another Brazilian, Oswaldo Silva, was classified subchampion in the welterweight division.

The twelfth South American Amateur Boxing Congress, generally held concurrently with the boxing matches, also took place in Lima under the presidency of Manuel Angosto, head of the Peruvian Boxing Commission, and a distinctive feature of the Congress was the atmosphere of cordiality which prevailed at the sessions among the delegates and officials comprising the different teams, a circumstance which enabled them to carry on the discussions and ordinary business of the Congress without even a discordant note.

There can be no doubt that the diffusion of sport, in one form or another, is highly beneficial. In the present instance, not only has the game of boxing enabled the combatants to display their technique, intelligence and resistance in this manly art, in order to obtain the victory in the contests in which they took part, but, by bringing the representatives of the five countries together, it has undoubtedly helped to foster that sincere confraternity, mutual understanding and good will so much needed in the world today. It has been announced by the Executive Committee of the South American Amateur Boxing Congress that the next tournament will take place in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1939.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

ANDRE SHELAEFF of Russia, after winning the welterweight Oriental crown from Clever Henry via the knockout route, lost to Kid Vincente by refusing to come out of his corner in the eighth round of a scheduled 10-round scramble. There were, however, no knockdowns registered. A capacity crowd saw the fight.

Shelaeff endeared himself to the hearts of the Filipino fight fans by his sensational showings over Clever Henry and was for a time dubbed as a "knockout king." His showings gave local fistiana a new lease of life. Had he won over Kid Vincente the chances of importing Ceferino Garcia would have been bright.

Dencio Cabanela, Jr., son of the late great Dencio, former triple Oriental champion and the terror of the Far East, won his first title, the synthetic junior-lightweight, from Vince Venturillo. Later, he defended it successfully, as far as the referee was concerned, against Joe Velasco in a 10-rounder. Velasco made him miss often and proved to the fans in general that Cabanela is still too green for fast company.

The Sangle brothers and Harry Goodman promoted the Shelaeff vs. Vicente go. The card was staged for the benefit of the WHITE CROSS.

Eddie Borden was in for a lot of criticism from local fight bugs and ardent RING readers when they found out that Little Dado was overlooked by Eddie in his monthly ratings. It must be remembered Dado decisively beat Jackie Jurich in Honolulu before the latter won the American flyweight title from Small Montana a few months later. Now that Dado has duplicated the feat, we hope Eddie would rank the Filipino to the place he really deserves.

Ralph Cuyugan, Dado's mentor, is one of the most scientific of his kind in the Philippines. Ralph knows the game from Z back to A. He loves nobody but his "boys."

Macario "Bayan" Rivera, president of the Managers' and Boxers' Association, took time out to campaign for the candidacy of the association's legal counselor, Hermenegildo Atienza, for a post in Manila's turbulent council. "Hermi" took top honors with a tremendous majority.

Captain Onrubia as usual hollered long and loud when two of his "boys" were robbed of sure victories by incompetent decisions. Young Dumaguilas, bantamweight champion, was given a draw over Star Frisco, while Velasco, as mentioned earlier, got the short end of the affair with Cabanela. The captain is aching for return matches over a winner-take-all basis.

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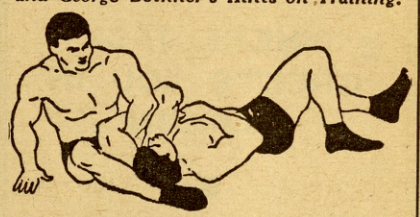

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

MUCH of the credit due to the comeback of professional boxing in Omaha, Nebr., should be given to Max Clayton, the live wire promoter. A hard working fellow, Clayton has actually injected new life in the sport with prospects for a very bright future. Omaha at one time was one of the leading fistic centers of the Middle West, then all of a sudden the bottom fell out of everything. Finally amateur shows took a hold, bringing back considerable interest. Soon there were several amateur stars, and two of these aces entered the pro ranks, Carl Vinciquerra and Paul Hartnek, both heavyweights. The result is Omaha is back on the fistic map, drawing from 4,000 to 7,000 fans per show.

Omaha, Nebr.—A crowd of 4,500 turned out to see Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, win a six-round decision over Art Oliver of Chicago. In the semi-windup, Paul Hartnek, Omaha heavy, belted out Jack Kranz of Gary, Ind., in the first round; Webster Epperson, Sioux Falls, So. D., heavyweight, and Paul Atlas of St. Paul fought to a draw in six; Bobby Venner, Omaha welterweight, beat Buddy McCrae of Wichita in six; Jimmy Gaughan, Omaha featherweight, drew in four with Jimmy Salvatore of Fort Dodge; Cappy Wooten of Council Bluffs, Ia., beat Joe Harris of Omaha in four.

Lake Park, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, knocked out Bob Jackson of Milford in seven rounds; Phil Montgomery, Sioux City, defeated Billy Krahn, Worthington lightweight; Bill Welldanger, Brewster, Minn., defeated Rich Boyer, Round Lake, Minn.; Wayne Ogle, Spirit Lake, knocked out Joe Harsha, Sioux City, in three rounds; Bill Griffiths, Worthington, Minn., knocked out Art Remtsma of Sibley, Ia., in three rounds.

READERS—It is urgent that you have your notes in my hands by the second of each month in order to have same appear in the following month's publication. Mail same to our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., or care of the Sports Dept., Sioux City *Tribune*, Sioux City, Ia.

Des Moines, Ia.—Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge featherweight, scored over Bobby LaSalle of Des Moines in six rounds; Jackie Gans of Des Moines won a five-round decision over Glen Musselman of Fort Dodge; Carl Brade, 142, Muscatine, Ia., defeated Don Milligan, 140, of Des Moines in four rounds; Chet Jones, 140, Dallas, Ia., and Jimmy Constance of Des Moines drew in four rounds; Johnny Egenberger, 155, knocked out Young Phillips, 165, in three rounds (both hailed from Des Moines).

AROUND THE TWIN CITIES—Robert Seiberlich was appointed to succeed Jim O'Hara as Minnesota Boxing Commissioner . . . . He knows the sport from A to Z . . . . In 1916 he was appointed to serve as boxing commissioner, and held the position until 1922 . . . . He was the first Minnesota delegate to the National Boxing Association . . . . Also assisted in having the Minnesota boxing bill passed in 1916 . . . . Percy Villa is one of the foremost boxing writers in the Twin Cities . . . . His copy is straight and to the point . . . . Billy Colbert is one of the leading boxing men in this section . . . . Johnny De Otis is one of the better class of referees . . . . Johnny Ertle, former bantamweight champion, lives in Stillwater, Minn., and tips the beam at 220 pounds . . . . In one of the feature amateur cards of the month at Gibbons Gym in St. Paul, Lefty Gillen defeated Bill Burden of Mason City . . . . In the semi-windup, Floyd Hagan, St. Paul featherweight, knocked out Billy Hawley in the second round . . . . Ted LaValle beat Louis Bell in a welterweight match . . . . Jack Burke beat John Yartz in a lightweight bout . . . . Leonard Lopez beat Jerry Hayes at the welterweight limit . . . . John McAndrew beat Walter Zelinski at the flyweight limit.

Several Twin City fighters showed their wares on a boxing card at Superior, Wis. In the main event, Al Bache, 131, Allouez, Wis., beat Ray Baker, 132, Grand Forks, N. D. Jimmy Collins of St. Paul beat Harry Greb, Minneapolis middleweight; Billy McFarland, St. Paul welter, stopped Eddie Lavalle of Portland, Ore., in two rounds; Cliff Coons, Superior middleweight, beat Joe Frnsi of Duluth in four rounds; Ray Bashaw, Grand Forks, beat Chuck Gallagher, Duluth lightweight, in four rounds . . . . The State Athletic Commission fined John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, $250 for failing to appear in St. Paul 72 hours before a bout.

In one of the best amateur fights of the month at Gibbons Gym, Don Staley of River Falls, Wis., won over Willie Staford . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, Minneapolis promoter, has uncovered a heavyweight fighter that tips the beam at 332 pounds . . . . His name is Gene Weiss . . . . He is 21 years old . . . . He has had four professional bouts, winning them by the kayo route . . . . Harry Lennon, St. Paul promoter, is full of zip on fight night . . . . Looking after every detail . . . . News for this column can be given to Billy Colbert.

St. Paul, Minn.—John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, won a ten-round decision over Bud Mignault of Brockton, Mass., in a non-title bout. Lewis won by a good margin, but the decision was booed. Mignault was handicapped throughout the fight by a sore right hand, but at that, showed plenty of punch.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Professional fighters around Sioux City have been meeting with considerable success on out-of-town cards . . . . Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, is a big attraction around the Twin Cities . . . . Clayton Johnson, Sioux City featherweight amateur boxer, was knocked out in the finals of the Golden Gloves tournament in Chicago, and also lost out in New York . . . . Eddie Dempsey won the featherweight title of the eleventh annual Golden Gloves tourney in Chicago . . . . Dempsey hails from Davenport, Ia. . . . . The first Sioux City diocesan boxing tournament in this section was a decided success . . . . Pret Ferrar, Des Moines, Negro heavyweight, dropped a decision to Red Bruce of Pittsburgh at St. Paul . . . . Bobby Venner, Hastings, Nebr., schoolmaster, has returned to the fistic wars . . . . Ronny Malcolm and Bill Thompson, two Iowa boxers, are now on the Waterloo, Ia., police force . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin and Mike Collins stopped off in Sioux City en route to Omaha . . . . Don Buchan and Jack Phillips of Graettinger, Ia., are seeking talent for their boxing cards . . . . They intend to hold weekly cards during the summer months and talent would do well to get in touch with them . . . . Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welterweight, is training again, along with Mel Rice . . . . Al Phal may return to the sport after several months of rest.

Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, has been spending a lot of time around the home town since his bout with Henry Armstrong . . . . Sammy Musco, Omaha featherweight, dropped a decision to Johnny Helstrom at Milwaukee . . . . At Lake Park, Ia., Bob Jackson beat Johnny Goodson in eight rounds . . . . In another card there, Burchie Trembly, Fairmont, Minn., beat Sleepy Thompson, while Swede Allen, Graettinger comer, beat Burchie Trembly . . . . At Spirit Lake, Ia., Tommy Jackman of Emmettsburg beat Johnny McCormick of Emmetsburg . . . . Swede Allen won by a T.K.O. over Eddie White of Camden, New Jersey . . . . Jack Phillips is one of the best third men around the Iowa Lake region . . . . Bob Capocy and Billy Williams of Chicago report they are finding plenty of work for their heavyweight comer, Tony Musto . . . . F. E. Wampler, manager of Forey Wampler writes us a very interesting letter from Riverside Cal. . . . . He has a great prospect in this boy Wampler, who fights at the middleweight limit

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

NEWS of interest is that Joe Knight of Cair Ga., is again at the business of fisticuffin. Joe is boxing mainly in South Florida citi and according to reports, is still packing them i

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It took Ben Brown, Dixie's sensation, to brin back the much needed interest in boxing to Flo ida. Any time Ben shows his wares a capaci house is enjoyed.

Congratulations to Art Riley, who is promoti the Georgia-Florida Amateur Boxing Tourn ment in Jacksonville, Fla. Art has revived t game to its fullest extent and his shows are w nessed by large crowds. Seldom has boxing he as much interest as now. Good luck, Art.

Notes received from Tom Ephrem of Jac sonville, Fla.:

Young Tom Sharkey, who is one of the mo outstanding boxers ever developed in Florida, making quite a name for himself since ent the United States Navy. His home town of Jac sonville is justly proud of him and much is pected from this youngster.

At Daytona Beach, Fla., Jim Bowden, spotted Tommy Parks 40 pounds and knocked out in three rounds.

Abe Schneider is going great guns in Mia George Moye is now handling Lyle Karnarth, heavyweight, and Maxie Coleman, a clever b tam. Both boys appear in Art Riley's Geor Florida Amateur Tournament.

With the amateurs in Jacksonville, a newco Lyle Karnarth, 176, impressed the fans by sec ing a T.K.O. over a local favorite, Jack Sen 175, in three rounds. Hard punching Truby menter, 143, won decision from Coy Ram 142. Jackie (Kid) Stebbins, 118, won over W Kennedy, 116. Ernie Ortagus, 155, outslu Henry Overstreet, 152. Chick Dedmon, 128, out a close decision over Gib Black, 129. Jimmy Stebbins, 140, had Marvin Platt, down twice in the fourth round to win a earned decision. Maxie Coleman rocked Paul to sleep in two rounds. Both weighed 114.

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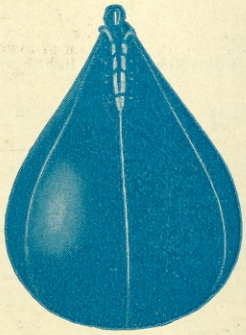

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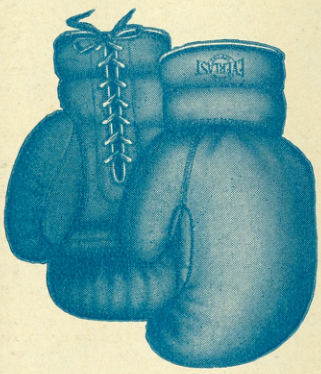

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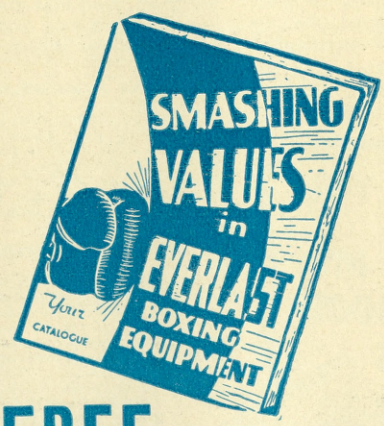

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